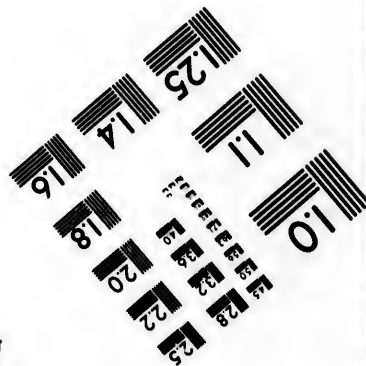
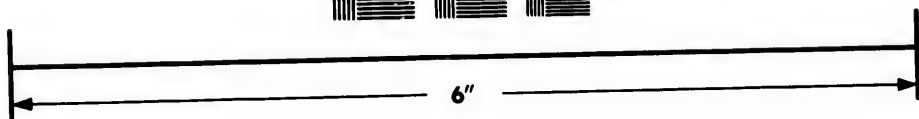
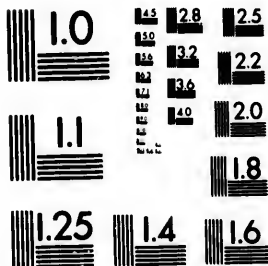


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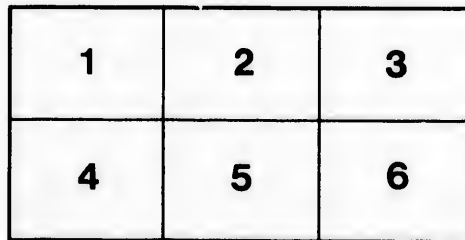
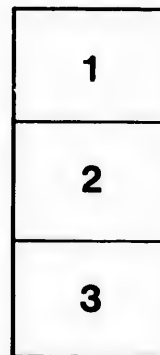
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THE  
BRITISH ASSOCIATION'S VISIT  
TO MONTREAL,  
1884.

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LETTERS  
BY  
CLARA LADY RAYLEIGH,

*Printed for Private Circulation.*

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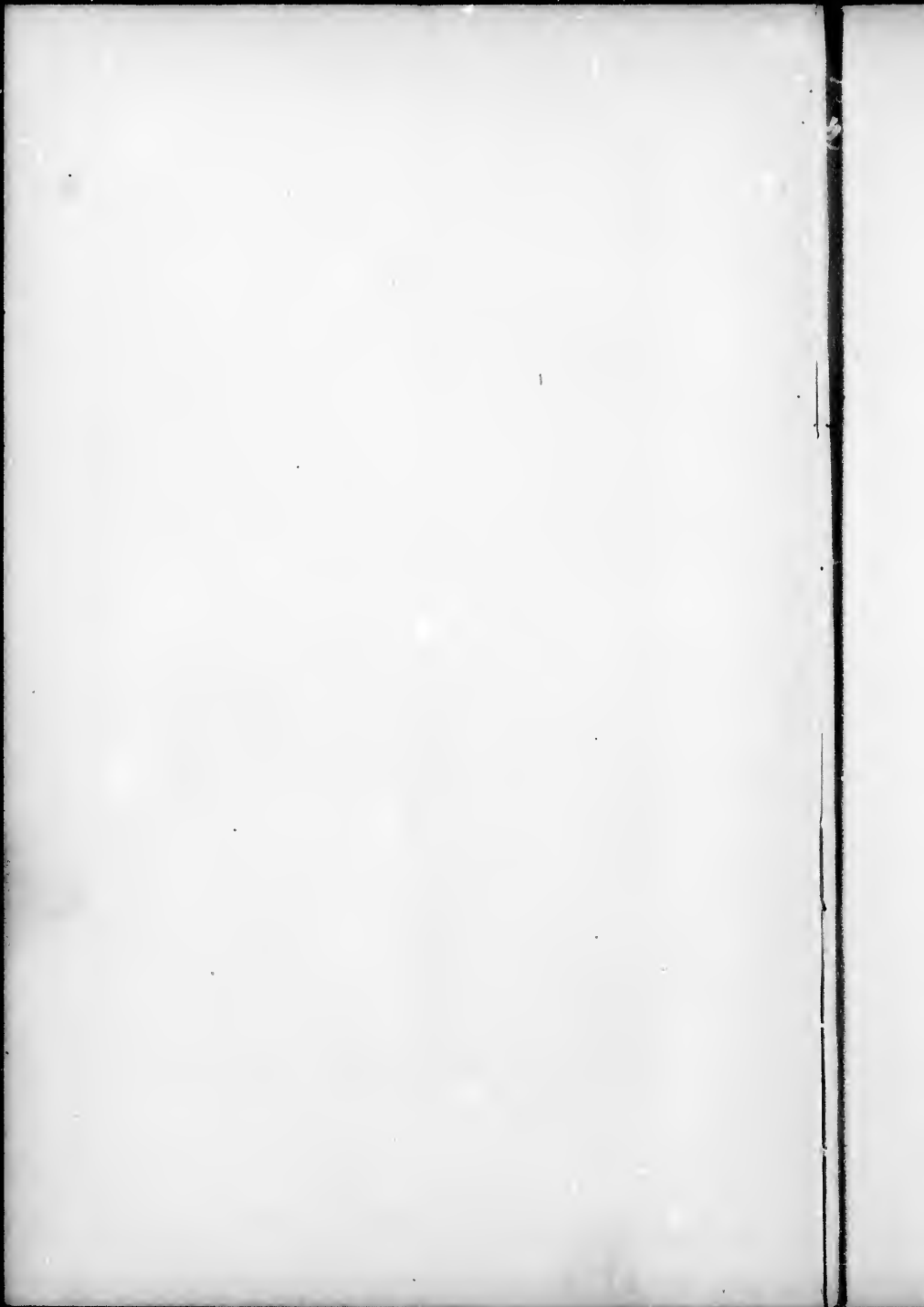
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## INTRODUCTION.

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### THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

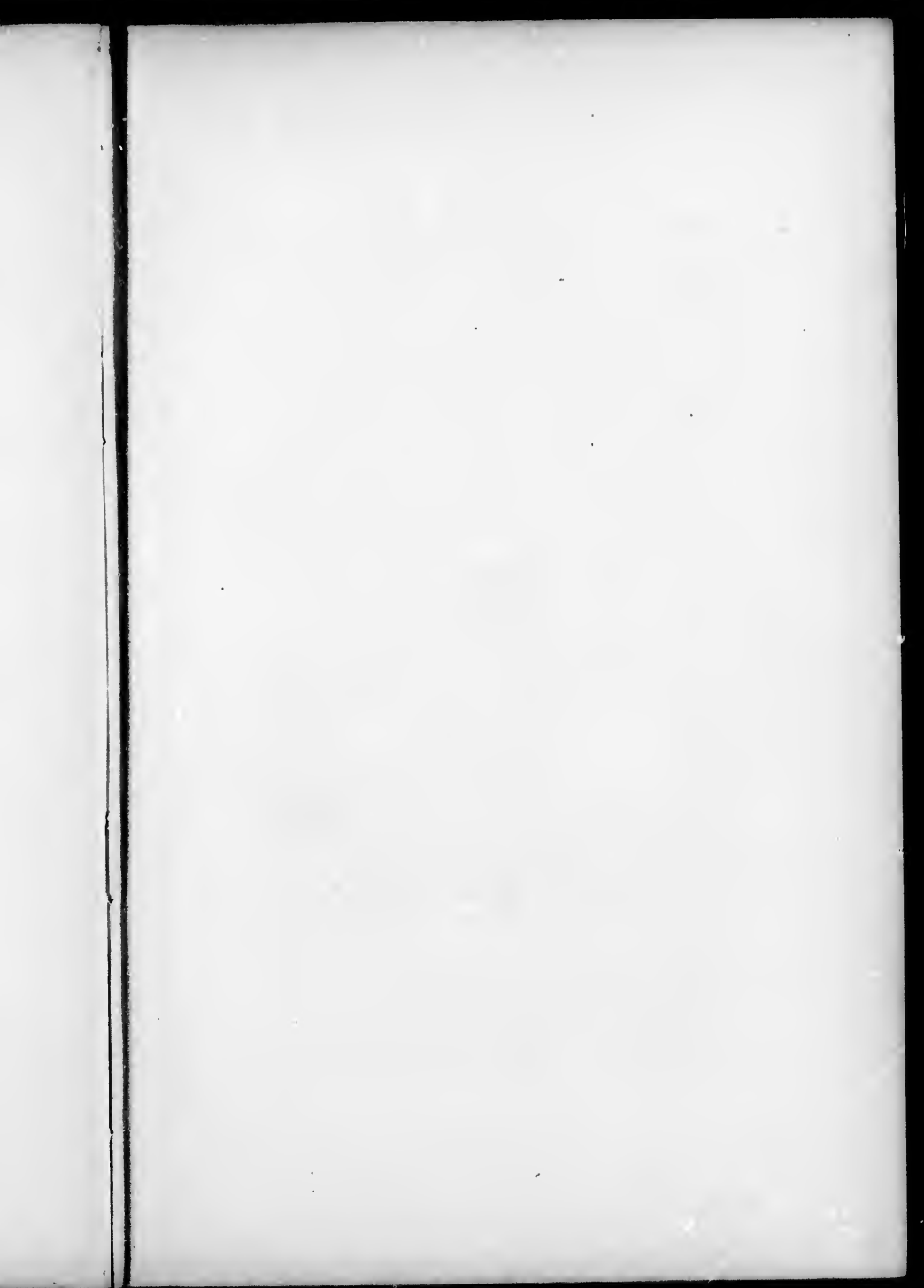
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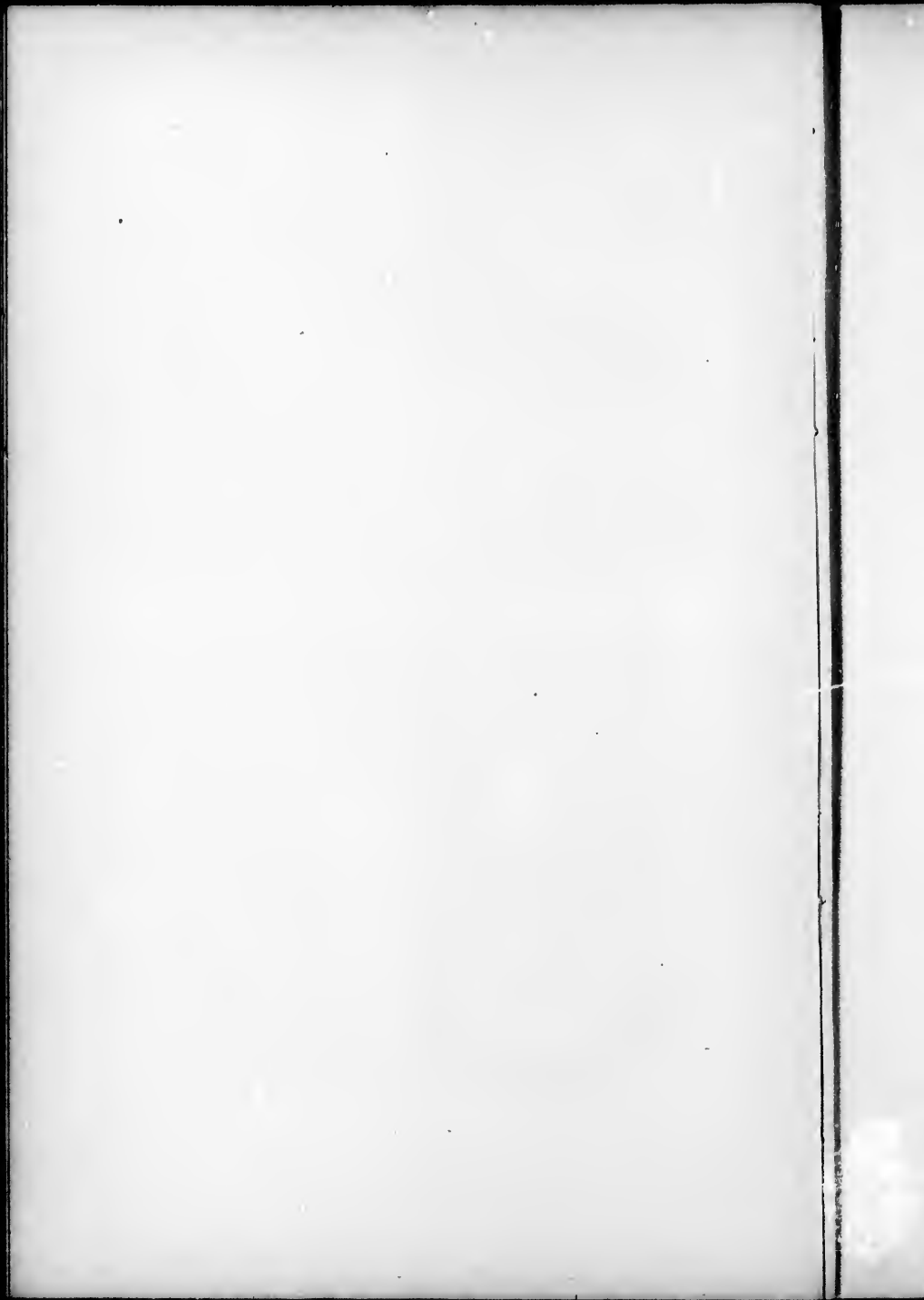
(Reprinted from *The Times*, 1884).

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It seems early to begin to speak of the arrangements for the next meeting of the British Association, but it is a far cry to Montreal, and a proportionately long start must be made before the final leap is taken. So heartily have the Dominion Government and the Canadian *savants* entered into the preparations that everything is ready; all the presidents, vice-presidents and secretaries of sections have been selected; all arrangements made with steamship companies and American railways; all excursions have been planned, and all possible routes provided for; instructions of the most detailed kind have been drawn up for the guidance of members; nothing has been left, indeed, except what depends on contingencies of time and place, so that Professor Bonney and his legion of officials may at any moment take up their portmanteaus and walk on shipboard. All this forwardness and completeness are largely due to the zeal of the High Commissioner, Sir Charles Tupper, and his energetic and obliging secretary, Mr. Colmer. When the decision was come to at Southampton to hold the meeting of 1884 in Canada there was widely expressed disapproval of the step, and

doubt as to its legitimacy; but the prospect of entertaining the upper thousand of English science has evidently so greatly gratified our Canadian brothers that even the most stiff-necked opponent of the migration must be compelled to give in if he has a shred of goodnature and brotherly feeling left. There are doubtless a few grumblers who will maintain that the Montreal assembly will not be a meeting of the *British Association*; but after all this Imperial Parliament of Science could not be better occupied than in doing something to promote science in one of the most important sections of the British dominions. Indeed, since some maintain that so far as this country is concerned it has almost ceased to have a *raison d'être*, might it not extend its functions and endeavour to exercise the same effective influence on the promotion of science in other parts of the Empire as it has undoubtedly done in the past in the Mother Country? It can scarcely hope ever to hold a meeting either in Australia or India, nor even, we fear, in South Africa; but there are other means which it might adopt more appropriately than any other body to encourage the progress of science in these parts of the Empire, and make accessible to the public interested in it the good work which is being done, at least in some of the Australian colonies. In Canada itself there are several important scientific societies; but so far as we know, they have no common bond of union. Seeing that there is already an efficient American Association, we should not advocate the formation of a separate Canadian body; but possibly the Montreal meeting might be able to do something to federalise the separate Canadian societies. We suggested some years ago that the Association might do such a service to the numerous local societies in this country, and we are glad to know that the suggestion has



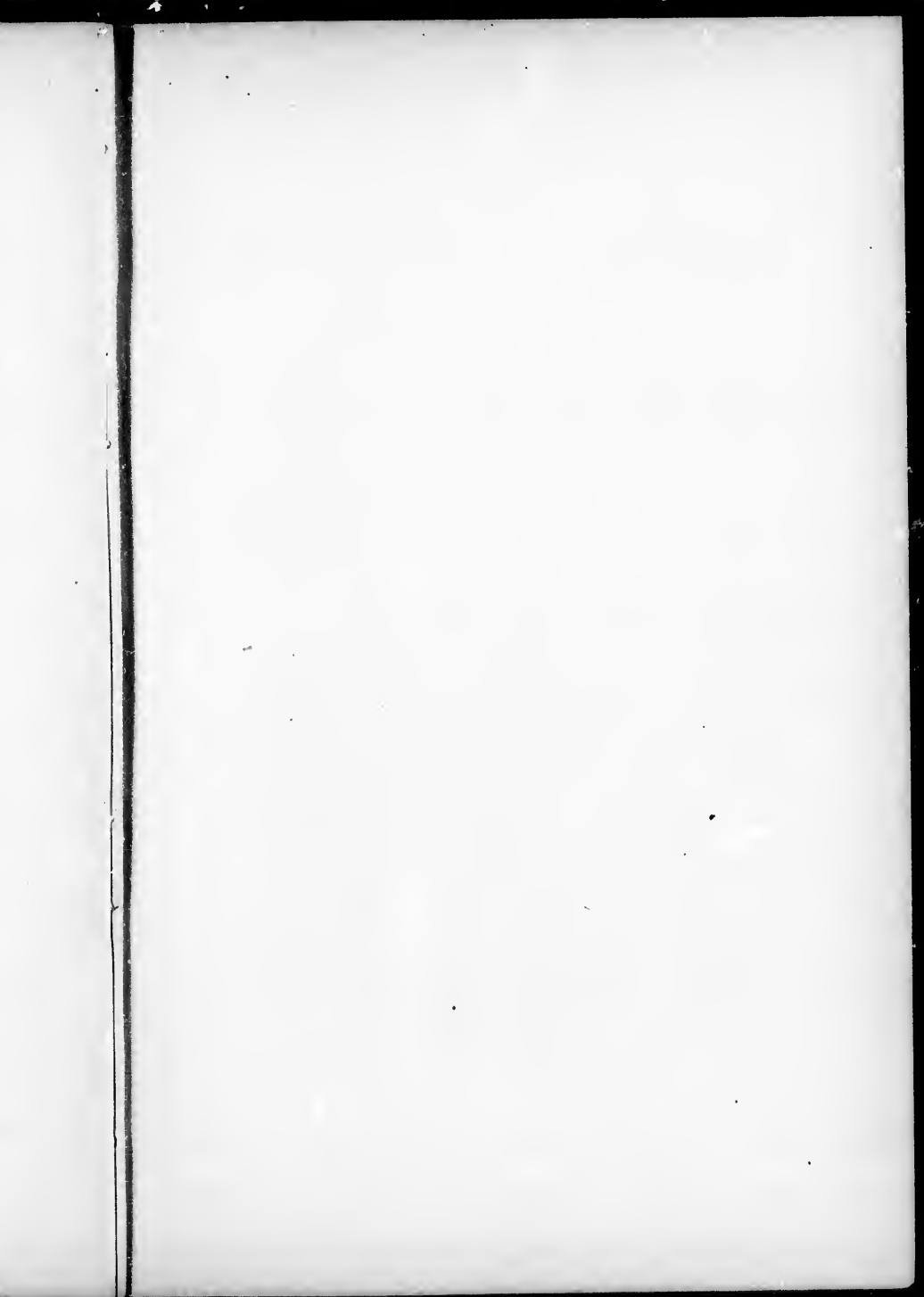


borne fruit, and that already a real advance has been made in this direction.

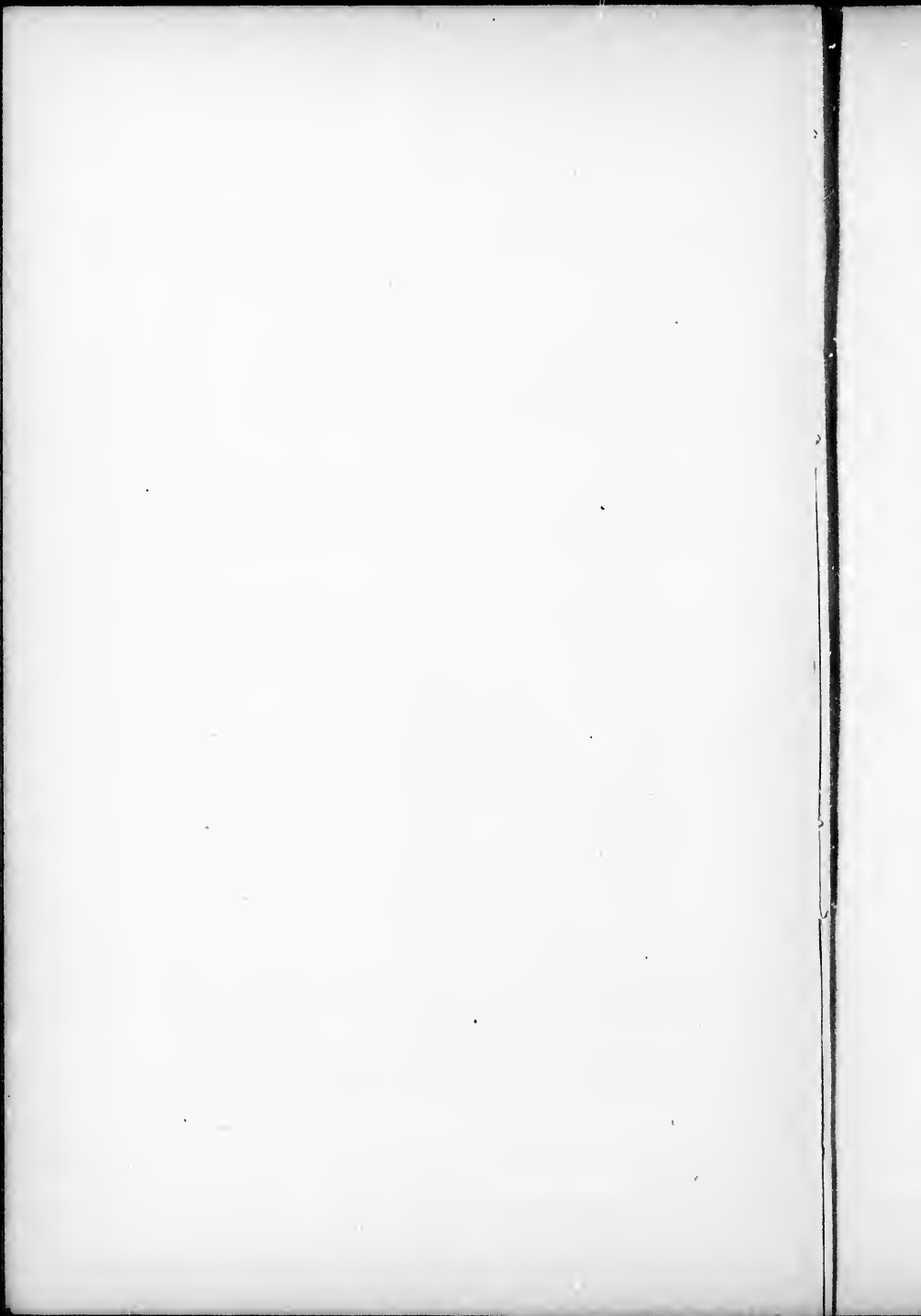
But whatever may be the results of the Montreal meeting, it is clear from the programme which has been drawn up that everything possible is being done to render the occasion one of genuine enjoyment to all who are fortunate enough to be present. The Canadian Parliament has voted so handsome a sum for the entertainment of the Association that its expenses are likely to be less than at an ordinary meeting. Provision has been made for free passages and free living for fifty of the officials, who need not spend a penny from the time they set foot upon the steamer until they step ashore again upon their native land. Not only so, but a sum of \$14,000 has been allotted for the reduction of members' passages to Canada in addition to any abatement of fares allowed by the steamship companies. The most important of these companies, sailing not only to Quebec and Montreal, but to New York and Newport, offer reductions averaging about 10 per cent. on the ordinary fares. The companies who offer these advantages are the Allan, the Dominion, the Beaver, White Star, Cunard, National, Anchor, Guion, Inman, Monarch, and Union lines; so that intending visitors have ample choice of route. On the other side, again, all the railway companies have shown the greatest liberality. The Government railways are free to all who produce members' vouchers. The Canada Pacific Line will from July 1 up to the date of the departure of the special free excursion to the Rocky Mountains, grant to visiting members free passes over its lines to the northward (Rocky Mountains, Lake Superior, &c.) and intermediate points. This company also offers to one hundred and fifty members of the Association a free special excursion to the Rocky Mountains, by way of Georgian Bay, Thursday Bay,

and Winnipeg, providing that those places passed during the night on the outward journey will be re-passed during the day on the return. The only thing members will have to pay for will be meals, which will be provided at a rate not exceeding 2s. Arrangements, moreover, will be made for trips and excursions from Toronto, across Lake Ontario to Niagara, under the direction of local committees to be formed in both places, giving to all members an opportunity of visiting the Falls. Various other excursions have been liberally arranged for by the company, so that visitors will have ample opportunity of seeing most that is worth seeing in Canada for practically nothing. The Canada Atlantic Railway has also arranged for several free excursions, while the Grand Trunk, the North Shore, the Central Vermont, and other railways in the States offer tickets to members at something like half the usual rates; thus those who proceed to New York may visit various parts of the States before proceeding northwards to Canada at extremely cheap rates. At all the Canadian cities to be visited local committees will be organized to receive the excursionists and to care for them during their stay. The circular prepared for the members gives every information as to routes, distances, fares, &c., so that they may make all their arrangements before leaving England. The telegraph companies, not to be behindhand, undertake to transmit messages during the meeting for members from Montreal to all parts of Canada and the United States free of charge.

Of course, it is not to be expected that all those advantages will be given indiscriminately to all who may apply, and doubtless the great accession of members at the Southport meeting was partly due to the prospective visit to Canada. But only those members elected at or before the Southampton meeting will share in the benefit



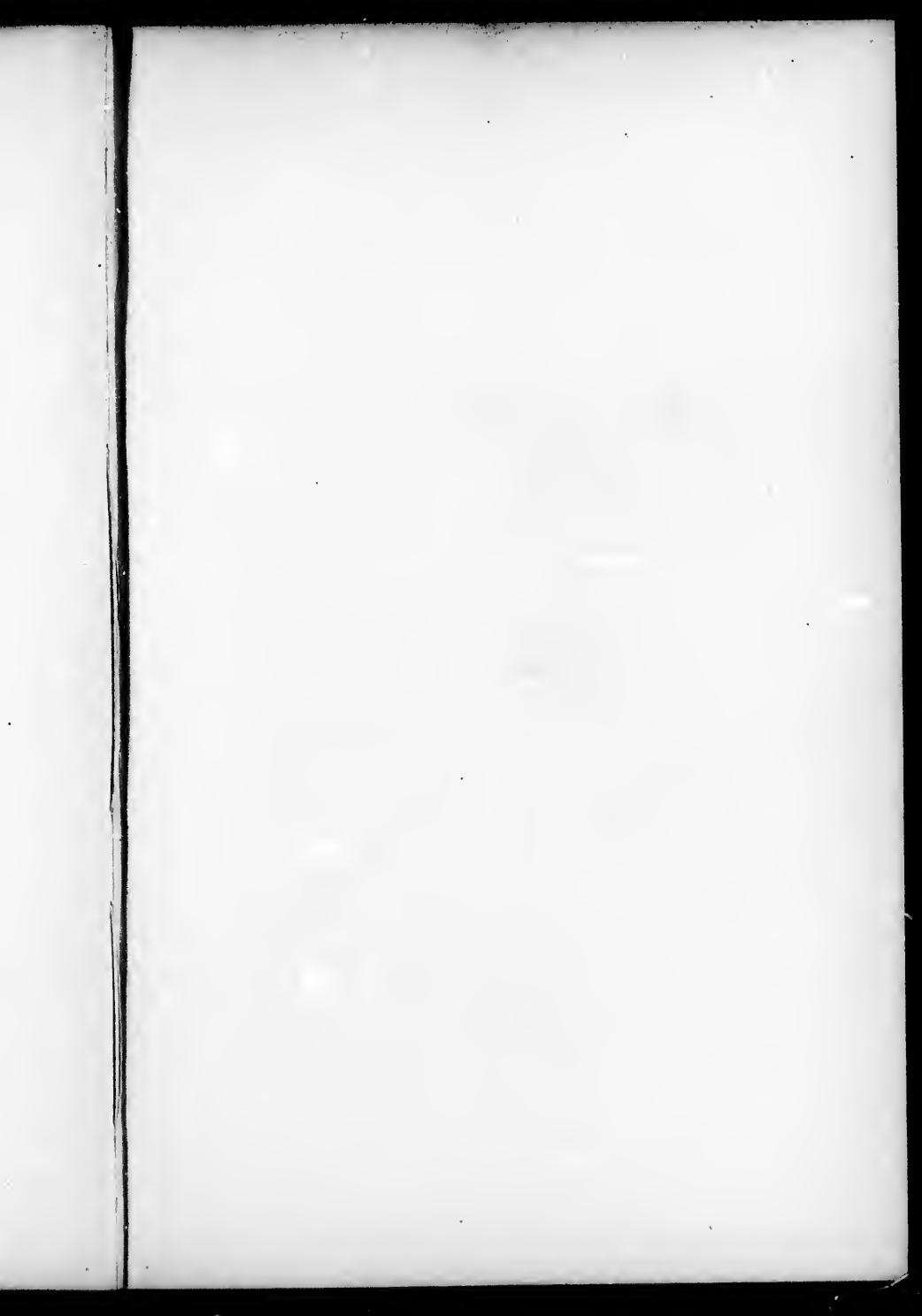


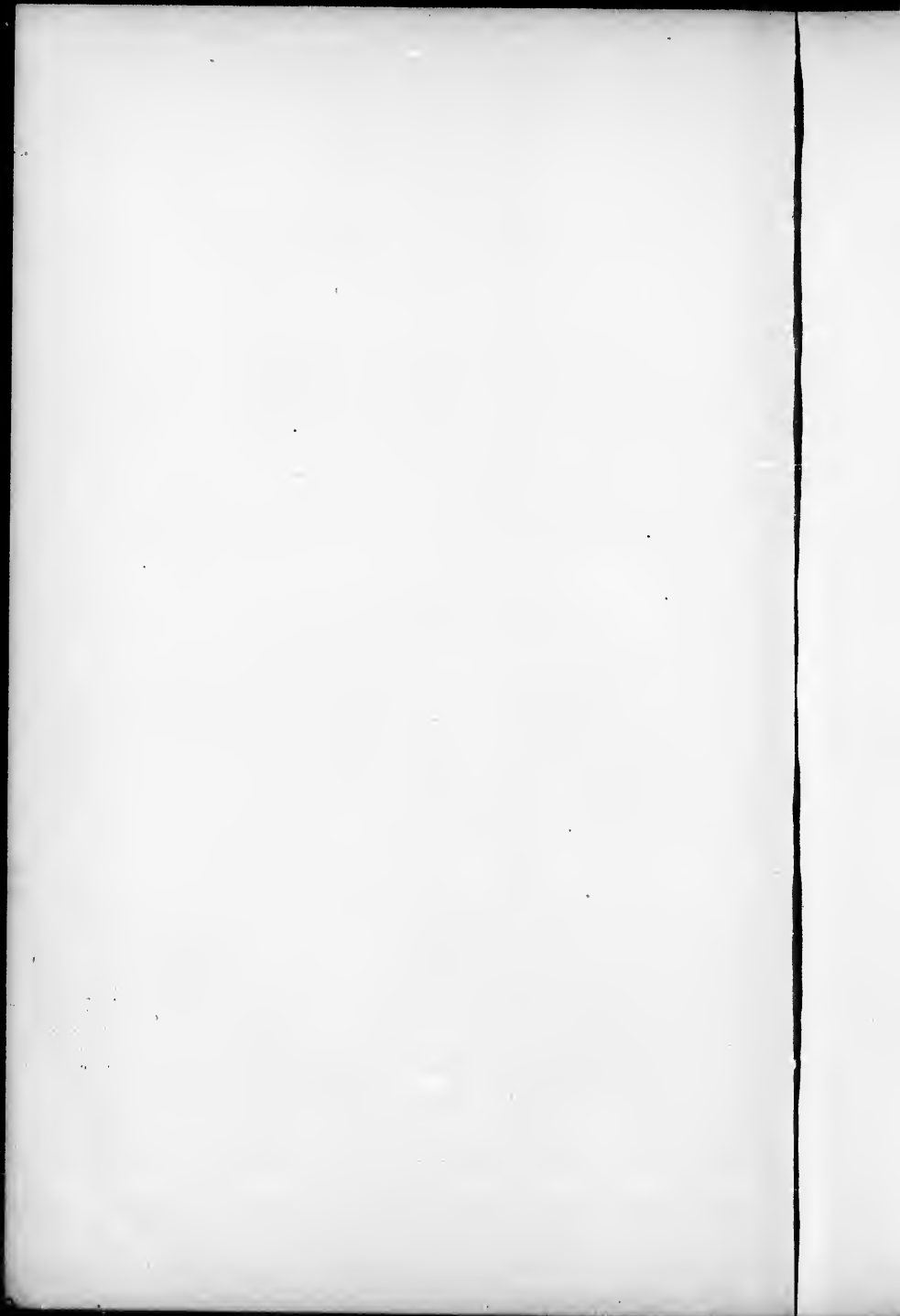


of the \$14,000 allotted for reduction of passage money, and until further notice no new members or associates can be elected except by special vote of the Council. This is as it should be, otherwise the meeting would be largely one of mere "trippers," instead of genuine representatives of British science. The Council have taken every precaution to render the Montreal Meeting one of real work, and no mere holiday; from respect to itself as well as to its hosts, the Association is bound to show itself at its best. At the same time, the Council have extended all the privileges of associates to the near relatives of members to the number of three for each, so that members will have no excuse for doing Canada *en garçon*. Of course those applying for the privileges mentioned must produce satisfactory evidence of their identity, and in return will receive vouchers which will serve as passports on the other side. Those desirous of obtaining information as to hotels and other local matters, must apply to the local secretary, care of Mr. S. C. Stevenson, 181, St. James's Street, Montreal.

Already somewhere about six hundred applications have been received, and it is quite probable that at least one thousand members and associates may be crowding across next August. Those members who wish to share in the subsidy of \$14,000 must apply before March 25, and no voucher will be issued after July 20. We may say that the reduced railway fares mainly extend from August 1 to the end of September. The active and courteous secretary, Professor Bonney, on whom so much depends, will arrive in Montreal three weeks before the opening of the meeting, August 27, for the purpose of securing that everything is in train. It is expected that all the addresses will be printed here in time for transmission to Montreal.

So far at least as the officials are concerned, the Canada Meeting will be a representative one. The President elect, Lord Rayleigh, one of the most solid exponents of British science, will certainly prove equal to the occasion. The vice-presidents show a large Transatlantic contingent; they are, his Excellency the Governor-General, Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir Lyon Playfair, Sir Alexander Galt, Sir Charler Tupper, Sir Narcisse Dorion, Hon. Dr. Chauveau, Principal Dawson, Professor Frankland, Dr. L. H. Hingston, and Professor Sterry Hunt. Sir Joseph Hooker, we may say, has also been nominated by the Council a vice-president, in place of the late Sir C. W. Siemens. Perhaps it is scarcely necessary to state that the general treasurer, Professor A. W. Williamson, and the general secretaries, Captain Douglas Galton and Mr. A. G. Vernon Harcourt, will be present. There are five local secretaries and a local treasurer. The presidents of the sections are all men of the highest standing in their particular departments; it would be difficult, indeed, to suggest a better selection. In Section A, Mathematical and Physical Science, it is a great thing that Professor Sir William Thomson has been persuaded to preside. No more representative chemist than Professor Roscoe could have been obtained for Section B; in C, Geology, Mr. W. T. Blanford, the head of the Indian Geological Survey, is sure to do honour to his subject; in Section D, Biology, Professor Moseley, a man of thoroughly Darwinian type of mind, will preside; in F, Economic Science, Sir Richard Temple will be a host in himself; while in G, Mechanical Science, Sir F. J. Bramwell is sure to be vigorous and original; finally, in the new section H, Anthropology, Dr. E. B. Tylor is the very man that ought to have been selected. Lord Aberdare, we regret to say, has been compelled to





retire from the presidency of the Geographical Section; but for a Canadian meeting no more suitable president could be obtained than the veteran Arctic explorer, Sir Leopold M'Clintock, who, we trust, will be persuaded to take the place of Lord Aberdare. All the vice-presidents and secretaries of sections have been chosen with equal care; and thus the Association has taken the very best means of proving to the Canadians how highly they appreciate the honour of the invitation, and in what respect they hold their prospective audiences. For the public lectures, the popular feature of the meetings, it is hoped to secure the services of Professor W. G. Adams, the able Professor of Physics in King's College, London, who it is hoped will be able to go; Dr. Dallinger, the well-known biologist, and Professor Ball, the witty and eloquent Astronomer Royal for Ireland, who will deliver the popular lecture *par excellence*.

Thus it will be seen that every possible arrangement has been made that could be made beforehand to insure complete success, and there can be little doubt that neither the Association nor the Canadians will be disappointed. Section A is following the example set last year in Section D by Professor Ray Lankester. The Committee, as we have already announced, are sending out a circular inviting mathematicians and physicists to co-operate with them in sustaining discussions and contributing papers; one of the special subjects for discussion in this section on September 1st will be the vexed one of the connection between sun spots and terrestrial phenomena. In conclusion we may say that the American Association will meet in Philadelphia on September 3rd, and those who have not had enough of science at Montreal can enjoy another week of it at the Quaker City. The Philadelphia Committee have sent a cordial invitation to the members

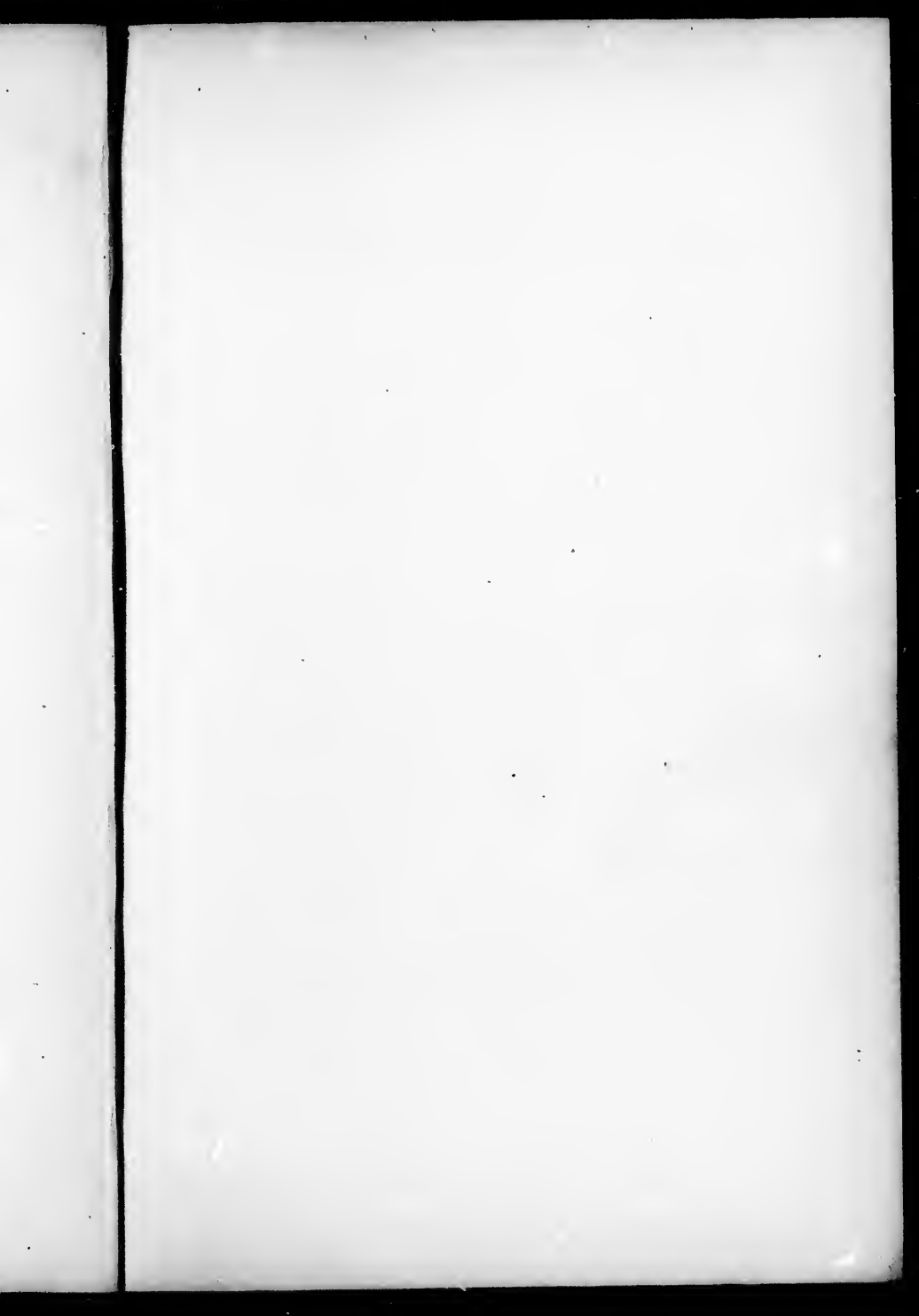
of the British Association to attend their meetings, offering to do the utmost in their power to make the visit at once pleasant and profitable. This will be a red letter year in the history of both Associations.

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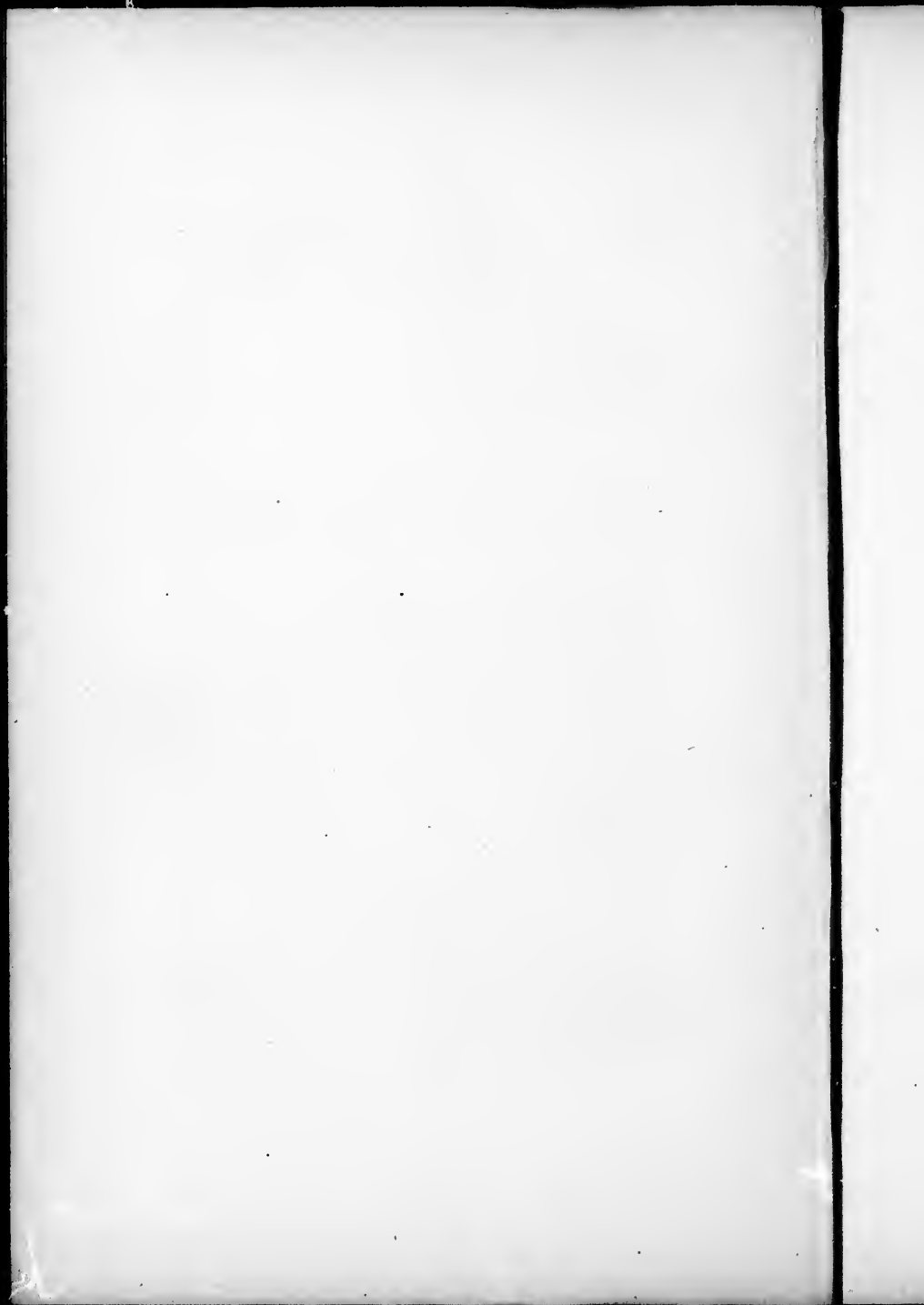
### Letter No. 1.

*Thursday, August 21st, 1884; on board "PARISIAN,"—  
getting near Newfoundland.*

My beloved Mother.—I sent you some lines from the train on Saturday 16th, and a card to Clara after we arrived on board. This is a capital ship, and lucky for us it is so, for we have had a regular gale. I little thought it was possible that I should dislike any sea as I do this Atlantic! It has been dreadful weather—grey in the clouds above and waters beneath, and blowing hard, without anything to brighten the vast waste of waters, and I have heartily wished myself away from it. This truly humiliating state of things will cause you to triumph over me, no doubt! I became uncomfortable and headachy and could do nothing, nor bear to stay in the saloon, and the drawing room, such as it is, is taken possession of by the *men*, who lay themselves down full length on the seats and leave no room for any ladies, so I have stayed in my cabin. Dr. Protheroe Smith has been quite a comfort to me. He is such a good man, and so pleasant, and has given me things to read, and relates interesting medical and religious experiences. While I





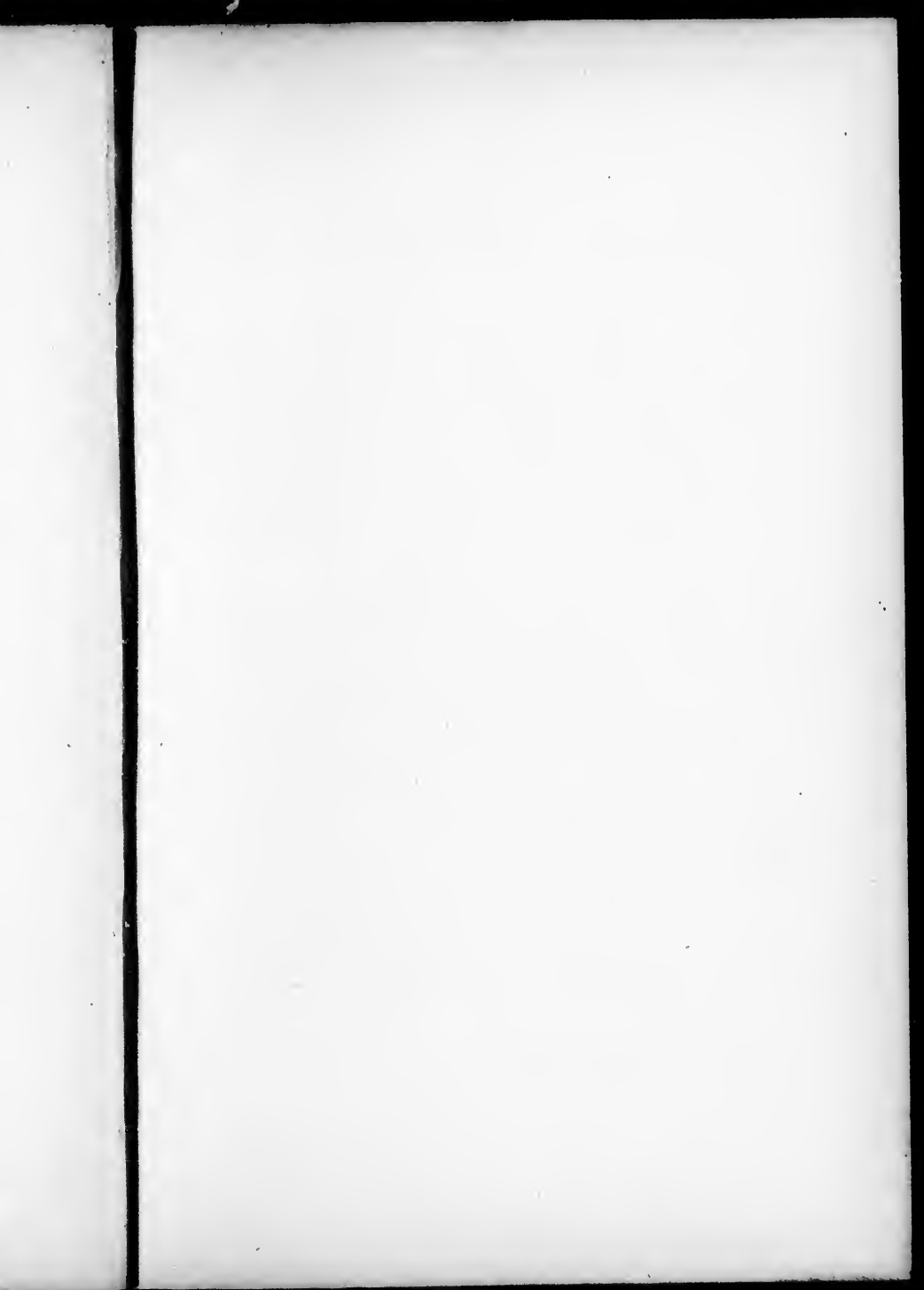


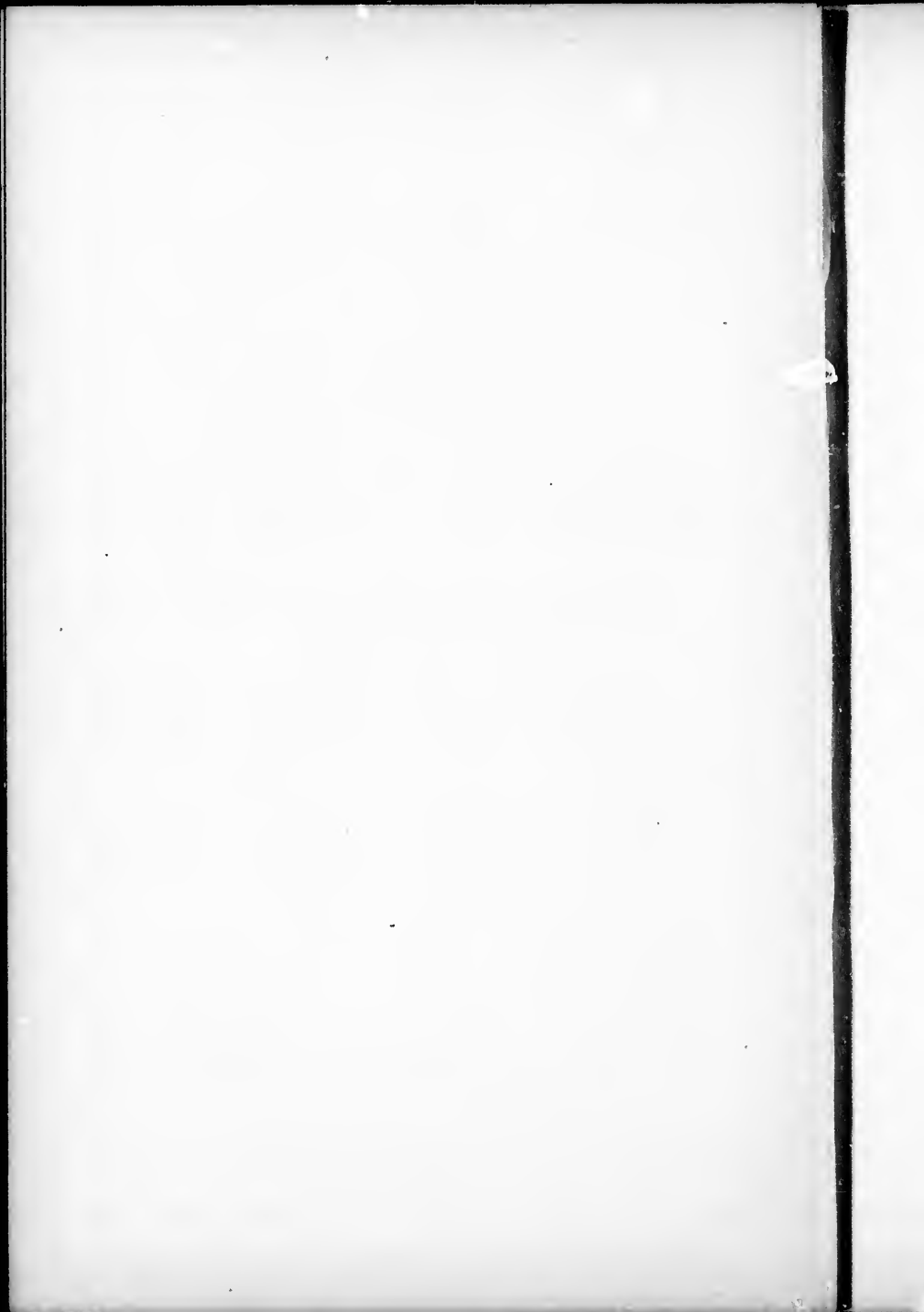
write, an enormous wave has dashed against my port light and given me a flash of darkness! Hedley has been rather ill, but has never quite lost his appetite. Gibson and the two others have held out well. Evelyn has been in her berth since Monday, when it began to blow, but she has not been really ill. John and Dick have braved the storm on deck, and say the sight of the waves from the stern was magnificent, but I don't care for this kind of awful uncomfortable magnificence, which makes me feel a miserable shrimp, whose fate it is to be swallowed up by these raging waves, and who well deserves it. So I only made a feeble attempt to get to the deck on Monday, and was glad to leave it in half an hour when it rained. I went down to the drawing room to look at some men playing chess, but as the others stared at me as if I had no right to be there, and the motion was very bad, I had soon to leave ignominiously. Mr. Barrett has entertained me with some ghost stories, well authenticated and printed for private circulation. I have begun writing this to-day because there seems some chance of posting it on Saturday or Sunday, when Sir Leonard and Lady Tilley and two sons are to be landed at New Brunswick as we pass down the Straits of Belle Isle, I think. I shall not see your birth-place as we shall be too far off.

*Friday, 22nd.*—I went upon deck after breakfast in a great hurry to see an iceberg. I was greeted with great kindness by every one after my three days' seclusion, and thoroughly enjoyed the day and the ocean for the first time. It was very cold but clear and sparkling, and there was no motion to speak of; after the gale, and the great hills and valleys of the Atlantic roll in a storm, it seemed impossible it could be so smooth; but we are to have every experience of weather, as a fog came on and we steamed very slowly and blew fog signals for an hour!

However, the sun broke forth and lifted the curtain of fog, and within a quarter of a mile we saw a beautiful iceberg twelve or fifteen hundred feet deep, they said, and so beautiful in its ultra marine colouring. The shape was like a village church somewhat in ruins. Miss Fox, a sister of Caroline Fox, is on board and sketched the icebergs and the waves during the storm very cleverly. They were also photographed by Mr. Barrett and a professional. After dinner we were all on deck again and watched for the lights on the coast of Labrador, which mark the entrance into the Straits of Belle Isle, and at last a twinkle caught my eye and we all greeted it with joy! Isn't it wonderful that a ship can be steered across that vast expanse of water straight to this light, in spite of clouds and storms and without the sight of sun or moon or stars? If I was teaching a class I should quote this as a good illustration of "God's mysterious ways." We wander on through all the changes and chances of this mortal life, and we don't know the why, or when, or where, but at last we see the lights of heaven looming on our horizon and are at the haven where we would be. Then we realize that all the time He was guiding us by ways that we knew not! In the evening we heard an auction amusingly carried on, though I did not approve of the gambling connected with it; and then Mr. Barrett gave a short account of apparitions, and there was a discussion.

I am now writing after breakfast on Saturday and we expect to reach Quebec on Sunday night. It will be a dreadful disappointment if we don't see the first view, which is so fine, by daylight. We entered the Gulf of St. Lawrence last night (Friday). I give you a list of our saloon fellow passengers and you will see that I knew a good many of them before.





LIST OF SALOON PASSENGERS PER S.S. "PARISIAN," (CAPTAIN  
JAMES WYLLIE,) FOR QUEBEC, AUGUST 16TH, 1884.

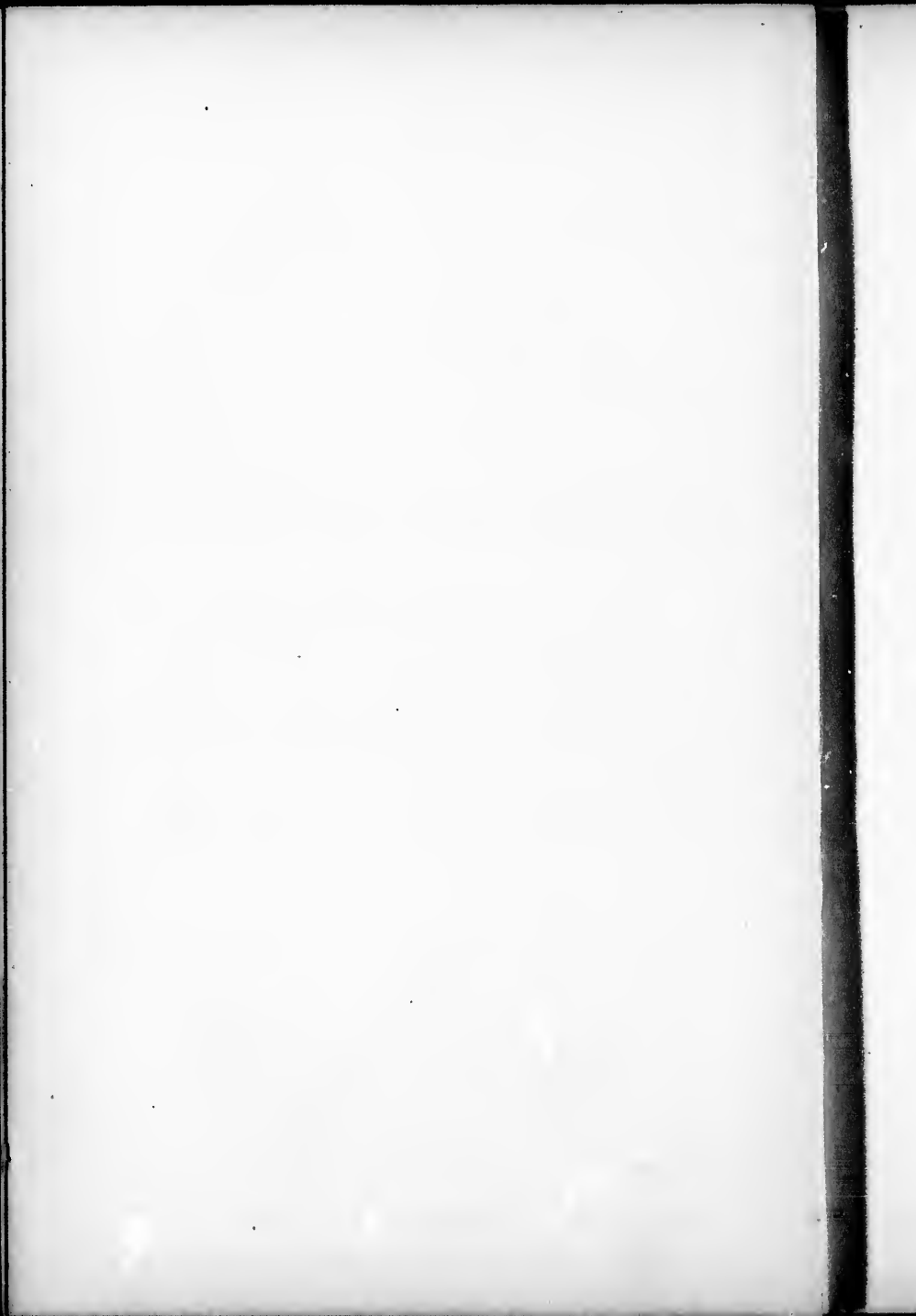
Mr. H. Alabaster	Mr. G. E. Dobson
Mr. A. H. Allen	Mr. R. Edminson
Dr. J. T. Arlidge	Mr. E. Farnworth
Mr. Atchison	Mr. J. Fewings
Mr. B. Baker	Prof. G. Forbes
Major E. Bance	Mr. R. Formby
Miss Barlow	Mr. C. Le Neve Foster
Mr. W. F. Barrett	Mr. Howard Fox
Dr. Beamish	Miss Fox
Mr. G. Belyea	Prof. Fream
Mr. G. W. Bloxam	Hon. C. W. Fremantle
Miss Bodman	Capt. Douglas Galton
Dr. H. Borns	Mr. John L. Garsed
Mr. Stephen Bourne	Dr. J. H. Gilbert
Miss E. E. Bourne	Mrs. Gilbert
Miss E. M. Bourne	Mr. J. H. Gladstone
Mr. A. H. Bradley	Miss Gladstone
Sir Frederick Bramwell	Miss Gladstone
Mr. R. G. Brook	Miss Gladstone
Mr. Robert Capper	Mr. J. H. Glover
Mrs. Capper	Mr. A. G. Greenhill
Mr. G. C. Chatterton	Mr. Egbert de Hamel
Mr. W. H. Clemmey	Mr. N. C. Hardoastle
Mr. C. Cooke	Mr. B. W. Hardoastle
Mrs. Cooper	Dr. G. Harley
Miss Cooper	Mr. N. B. Harley
Mr. F. B. C. Costelloe	Miss Harris
Mr. Crampton	Mr. R. T. Herford
Mrs. Crampton	Miss A. C. Herford
Mr. Crookshank	Mr. Horniman
Mr. W. C. Davy	Mr. W. Hurst
Miss Daw	Mr. John Jones
Mr. W. Boyd Dawkins	Rev. Harry Jones
Mr. Thomas Denman	Mr. George Oliver Jones
Prof. Dewar	Miss Fanny Jones
Mrs. Dewar	Mr. R. H. Jones

Hon. Mrs. Joyce  
 Rev. A. G. Joyce  
 Mr. Simeon Kaye  
 Mr. J. W. Leahy  
 Mr. B. T. Leech  
 Mrs. Leech  
 General Sir J. H. Lefroy,  
 K.C.M.G.  
 Lady Lefroy,  
 and Maid  
 Mr. James A. Love  
 Mr. William Lukes  
 Mr. W. Macandrew  
 Mr. G. Mackay  
 Mr. U. Mackay  
 Mr. Harry Mackeson  
 Mr. James Mackrell  
 Mr. Samuel Marsden  
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 Mr. W. P. Marshall  
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 Miss J. Muspratt  
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 Admiral Sir E. Ommanney  
 Mr. W. H. Perkin  
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 Mr. John Powell  
 Mr. W. H. Preece  
 Mr. P. Price  
 Mrs. Price  
 Lord Rayleigh  
 Lady Rayleigh

Clara Lady Rayleigh,  
 and Maid  
 Mr. J. B. Readman  
 Mr. A. W. Reinold  
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 Mr. P. L. Solater  
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 Mr. T. H. Stockwell  
 Hon. R. Strutt  
 Hon. H. V. Strutt  
 Mr. A. Summers  
 Mr. R. W. Cooke-Taylor  
 Mrs. Cooke-Taylor  
 Mr. T. H. Thomas







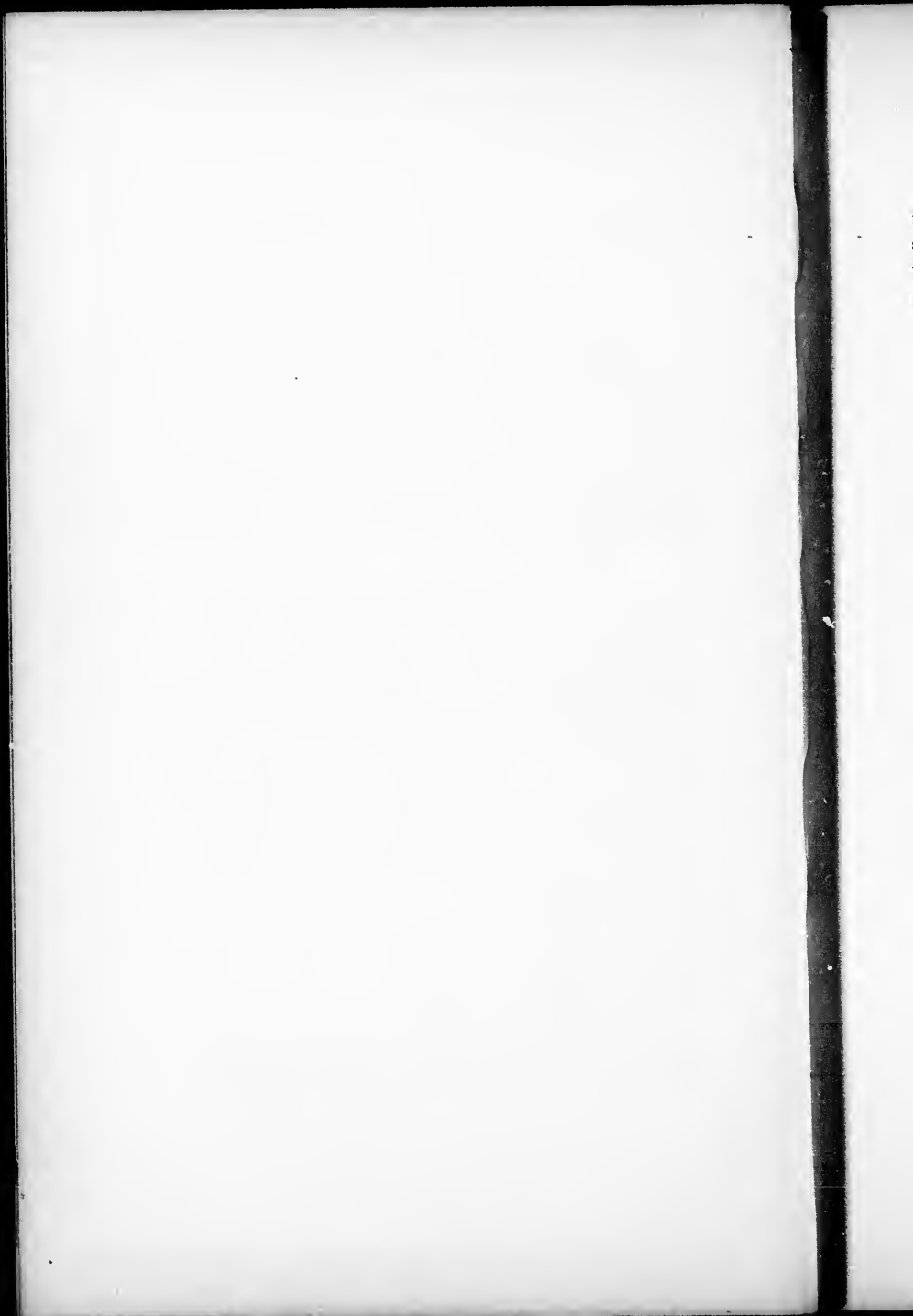
Dr. Alex. S. Thomson	Rev. E. Wells
Mr. William Thomson	Mr. Westgarth
Mr. W. J. Thomson	Mrs. Westgarth
Dr. H. G. Thompson	Miss Westgarth
Sir Leonard Tilley, K.C.M.G., C.B.	Mr. W. Whitaker
Lady Tilley	Mias E. H. Williamson
Master Herbert Tilley	Mr. E. S. Williams
Master Leonard Tilley	Miss Wilson
Mr. W. Topley	Rev. H. H. Winwood
Mr. W. Tribe	Mr. Alfred Wood
Mr. G. S. Turner	Mrs. Wood
Capt. H. S. Walker	Mr. H. T. Wood
Mrs. Walker	Mr. A. W. Worthington
Mr. Ward	Miss Worthington
Miss Ward	Mr. T. Wrightson
Mr. C. A. Wells	Mr. F. York
	Mrs. York

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This afternoon was very dull and grey. I played a game of four chess, and there was a concert in the evening,—every two or three minutes broken in upon by the roar of a wild beast called the fog horn. It was very funny to hear the apropos way it came in when Canon Rogers was reciting Hiawatha. “Minnihaha said——” then a roar! One of the party read a paper, and a really witty burlesque on this supposed wild beast and its anatomy. John is so well and, I think, very popular: Evelyn is a much better sailor than one anticipated. Captain Douglas Galton told me John’s address was admirable, but I would not read it, as I want to judge of it as others will, when it is delivered. I have had no *whist!* think of that—at first people were too ill, and then so much on deck, and they play in the smoking room, I hear, and perhaps gamble for higher stakes than I like!—which perhaps you will say is not surprising as I never play for anything.

*Sunday, August 24th.*—We have had a bright but cold day and brisk wind—in fact I have felt colder than when the icebergs were round us! We had service in the morning—Mr. Joyce read prayers and Canon Rogers preached; and at three we had the excitement of seeing Sir Leonard and Lady Tilley, and two sons, with innumerable packages, taken off in a tug to New Brunswick—*Rimouski* was the name of the town, and the still greater excitement followed of receiving from it the Secretary of the Lodging Committee at Montreal, who brought quantities of letters, papers, &c. I had a letter from Mr. Angus, asking me and a son to stay with them during our visit to Montreal, and it is close to where Dick is invited (Mr. and Mrs. McClelland's), and near John and E——. I also heard from Mr. Dobell, very kindly offering his house and carriage for my use while at Quebec; he and his family are away camping in the woods. You never saw a scene of greater excitement than the appearance of t' e saloon when the President opened the parcel containing letters, newspapers, and telegrams, after a week's total abstinence from all news; everyone *seized* upon their respective letters, &c., with eagerness; the only person who did not look happy was John, for he found the arrangements made would be too much for him, and he and Captain Galton set themselves to try and alter them, in which I hope they will succeed. The Secretary sat opposite me at dinner, and told me how anxious they all were to make everything comfortable for us. It is doubtful whether we stay at Quebec to-morrow night, or go on to Montreal at once, as there is to be an excursion on Friday next to Quebec, and grand reception, and picnic or garden party on the following day. If you find a difficulty in reading the indelible pencil, tell me; it is more convenient to use travelling. We had an interesting conference on prayer

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this afternoon (Sunday), and I have just returned from another smaller one. A scientific man asked questions as to whether we could *prove* answers to prayer would be given for *physical* blessings, or what we consider such ; or whether prayer was only a sentiment (as Tyndal thinks)? Professor Barrett and a dear old clergyman, Canon Rogers (who, in my ignorance, I had thought, at first, was a "dry stick") argued the matter with him, and also Dr. P. Smith and his son, and Miss Fox and I said a few words. Now, about nine o'clock, they are all singing hymns, very much out of tune. I must finish this up now for it must be posted to-morrow, or may miss the mail on Tuesday. I have thoroughly enjoyed the last three days, and am almost sorry the voyage is over, and so, I think, are many of my fellow passengers. Some of them are very good and nice. Miss Fox is delightful—upwards of eighty, and yet so full of interest in everything good and beautiful ; she is like a piece cut out of the old past, and a very wonderful old fossil, full of energy and cleverness. Hedley desires his love, and is very well and happy. We go to 240, Drummond Street, Montreal, on Monday or Tuesday, Dick in same street, and John and E— near. Gibson has never been ill at all ! Good-bye, now, and God bless you all, darling Mother, and everyone dear to me at home. Two or three times during the gale, Hedley and I said to each other, " How nice it would be to be sitting with you at No. 90, O— G—."—but now we have not that desire ! From your loving child,—C. R.

## Letter No. 2.

Tuesday, August 26th, Beauvoir, Quebec.

My first letter was brought up to 24th. I forgot to tell you then of an interesting discussion with a clever and honest infidel, Mr. X——. Through—— (who had told me about him), I had lent him "Natural Law," and (seeing him standing about looking, I thought, rather sad as we were all singing "Rock of Ages, cleft for me") I asked him his opinion of the book, and he said "on Mr. D.'s assumption of the existence of a Personal God, it is very clever, and with your views I would certainly circulate it." Of course, I could not argue with a man well armed at all points for attack (as these infidels generally are), though they are weak enough at defence, their explanations of life's mysteries being as unsatisfactory and vague as that of any ignorant Bible woman; and so when others joined us I gave way, and he said as a *crusher*—"I see you are a very sincere and conscientious lady, but you are very *fanatical*." I replied, as my parting shot, "Well, of course, I cannot do justice to my cause, but at any rate you have nothing to offer *me*; convince me and others, if you can, that we are wrong (and thank God we have a noble army on our side), what have you to give us in the place of our beliefs? Nothing! a mere negation." He answered—"What have you to give me?" "Oh," I replied, "a mere *nothing*, *only* peace and power for holiness now and a glorious hope for the future, and so (shaking hands) good bye." I could scarcely speak to him for crying, for it was so painful to hear his words about our Blessed Saviour. After our discussion on prayer in the back cabin, a young man who was there and who was sitting near me while I was writing to you, began to talk it over. "Well," I said, "the best answer

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to those objections about prayer that I know, *is to try it*, and then I am sure no arguments will then shake your confidence that there is a God who heareth and answereth prayer." It is like our Lord's cure of the blind man. "How did He do it?" they ask, and ask in vain for any explanation which could be understood, but the man says "I don't know, but whereas I was blind, now I see," and the Pharisees beat themselves to pieces against that rock. You may imagine I went to my berth heartily tired after the excitement of this long day.

*Monday, 25th.*—I got up at six and rushed on deck, and with a lovely clear sky and shining sun and a brisk breeze, I found we were steaming along the river St. Lawrence. We devoured with our eyes the beautiful views on each side, mountains of blue and violet, wooded to their summits, and Canadian villages nestling at their feet on the banks of the river, with glittering spires of *blanche fer* every seven miles, like tall milestones, and then we reached the entrance to Quebec, which is indeed magnificent! the splendid water-way, with the fine position of Quebec, makes it a grand sight, and I was *not* disappointed; and the clear and brilliant morning sunshine showed us all to perfection. Then came *such* a scene of hurry and confusion,—but we were favored: Captain R. Stephenson, the Governor-General's A.D.C., who had been our fellow passenger, received instructions from him, and we were conveyed in a police steamboat to the other side—to the Citadel; there was also a letter from Lord Lansdowne to John, asking him and E— and any of his party to breakfast, brought by Captain Streatfield, another A.D.C. Our maids and luggage were left in charge of the police at their wharf station. On reaching the wharf a carriage conveyed us to the Citadel,—such a drive, up the side of a house! over a great many *boulders*.

A curious old town is Quebec—thoroughly like a French town, with French spoken everywhere, and French dirt and air of poverty and untidiness, as in the remoter and older towns of France.

Lord and Lady Lansdowne received us most kindly, and besides there was Lady Florence Anson (her neice, who is engaged to Captain Streatfield), Lady Melgund, whose husband is away in Ottawa looking after canoe men for Egypt, and a young Mr. Anson, A.D.C. After seeing the view from the balcony—a splendid panorama of Quebec and the river St. Lawrence, with its tributary St. Charles, and the surrounding country backed by blue mountains, we went in to our second breakfast, and much we enjoyed our *tea*. Lord Lansdowne sat next me and was very pleasant. Afterwards he asked John and E—and me and the boys to dine, apologising for not asking us all to sleep there, on the grounds of not having room, which is true enough, for the house is not large. I thought it best to decline for myself and two sons, as I was going with them for the night to this place (Mr. Dobell's), four miles away. Then came a Secretary of the Local Committee to discuss arrangements with John, and alter the programme somewhat for next Friday and Saturday, when we are expected to revisit Quebec.

John is much afraid that the long list of engagements will bring on his rheumatism and knock him up for the real business in Montreal. After this we had the carriage and drove in state to the hotel where John and E— were to sleep, arranged about our berths on the steamer for Montreal, saw numbers of our fellow-passengers who had not gone to Montreal, and drove to the wharf and only brought a little luggage to come here with. They told me I should not want umbrellas ("Our climate here is very different from yours," said they), nor wraps, but I

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persisted in bringing a few, fortunately, for it has been pouring all night and up to this time (twelve o'clock Wednesday), and it was so cold besides. While at the hotel (I forgot to mention *that*) a card was handed to me with Mr. Price's name on it. I could not think who he was, but he soon came and mentioned Capt. F—— (Julia Spicer's son-in-law), and then I remembered he had promised to mention us to the Prices. He offered to drive one of the ladies in his buggy to his house near the Montmerenci Falls, where we were all to lunch, and E—— went in it, and the rest of us drove in another carriage to his place, about five miles off. The drive was delightful and his cottage a picture—a little, fat, fair motherly woman for a wife, with two little chicks, and a lady friend. They took us down some steps to the Falls, the river Montmerenci falling 500 feet, and it was very fine, the view being improved by the figures of our fellow-passengers on the opposite side making struggling efforts to gain good positions, which we achieved in all ease and comfort. Then we returned to an excellent luncheon, very pleasantly diversified to us by Indian corn, which we learned to eat in an ungraceful but excellent fashion on the cob, with butter and cream. This was our *third* substantial meal on Tuesday. Several visitors called, and among them our fellow-passengers, Mr. Stephen Bourne and his daughters and two friends, who are also staying here, a gentleman with three other ladies (two of whom had been on the "Parisian") who said he had been staying lately with one of them in Cheshire, so I concluded he was an English-Canadian and said heartily: "That's right, keep up with the old country! You come to see us and we come to see you." And he responded graciously, but I heard after that he was a French-Canadian and R. C., and they are not fond of England, but cling very much to

French ways and customs and are entirely in the hands of their priests. They are a quiet, moral people, marry very young and have very large families. It is quite common to have ten children, and they live at what we should call a starvation rate; yet they will not go to service, contribute hardly anything to the revenue, and so the English, who are the only active and money-making section of the population, are heavily taxed; of course I speak of the poor and working classes. The province of Quebec is, therefore, not a favourite one with enterprising spirits from our shores or from other parts of Canada.

After these visitors were gone, Mr. Price drove me and E——, and the rest walked, to the "Natural Steps." It was a beautiful spot, the clear torrent of the river Montmerenci falling in cascades over a curious formation of layers of stone and steps on either side, with the bright green *arbor vitæ*, which they call cedar, growing above and in every niche it can find a bit of soil; wild raspberries and strawberries too, which, alas, were over. We met several of our fellow-passengers, and we greet one another like long-lost friends. On our return we found Mrs. Price had cuddled her ailing boy to sleep and could give us some attention. We had delicious tea and cake (our fourth meal!). Mr. Price comes from Ross, in Herefordshire, and has been twelve years away from it. He is very nice and intelligent. Her brother owns the Falls and lives in a pretty cottage near. Edison, the electric light inventor, has bought the power of these falls for electric purposes. John was thinking all the time how useful they might be made. We returned to the hotel in time for John and E—— to dress for the Governor-General's dinner party. We took a little baggage and Gibson and came here—a dark drive, and we were shaken to bits in what is justly called a *rockaway* carriage. We were met at the door by Mr. Dobell, much







to our surprise, for he and his family had returned unexpectedly from camping out, as it proved a failure, and rushed home to receive us. She is handsome, and quite English in tone and manner, daughter of the Minister of the Interior, Sir David Macpherson. Mr. Dobell is very bright and pleasant-looking, the house pretty and comfortable, with large conservatory. We had a tremendous supper (our fifth meal!) and so I could hardly do justice to it. I went to bed very tired after this hard day's work, and awoke this morning to find it pouring, so I have been taking advantage of the quiet to write to you. Dick and Mr. Dobell went to Quebec, and we follow at three. They hope to have some organ-playing in the Cathedral. Mr. S. Bourne and his young ladies are also gone, and we are to leave at three and start at five in the river steamboat for Montreal. Tell Edward and Lisa, &c., &c., about us. We all thoroughly enjoyed everything yesterday except that we wanted warmer clothes. They had tremendous heat here before we arrived, and so every one was advising us to wear light clothing!—and the weather changed!

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### Letter No. 3.

*August 29th, 240, Drummond Street, Montreal.*

We left the hospitable Dobells on Tuesday, 26th, took our luggage from the police station, receiving many bows and much politeness from the several Canadians in charge and, with about one thousand others, besides soldiers, went on board a very large steamer—a new experience, for these river

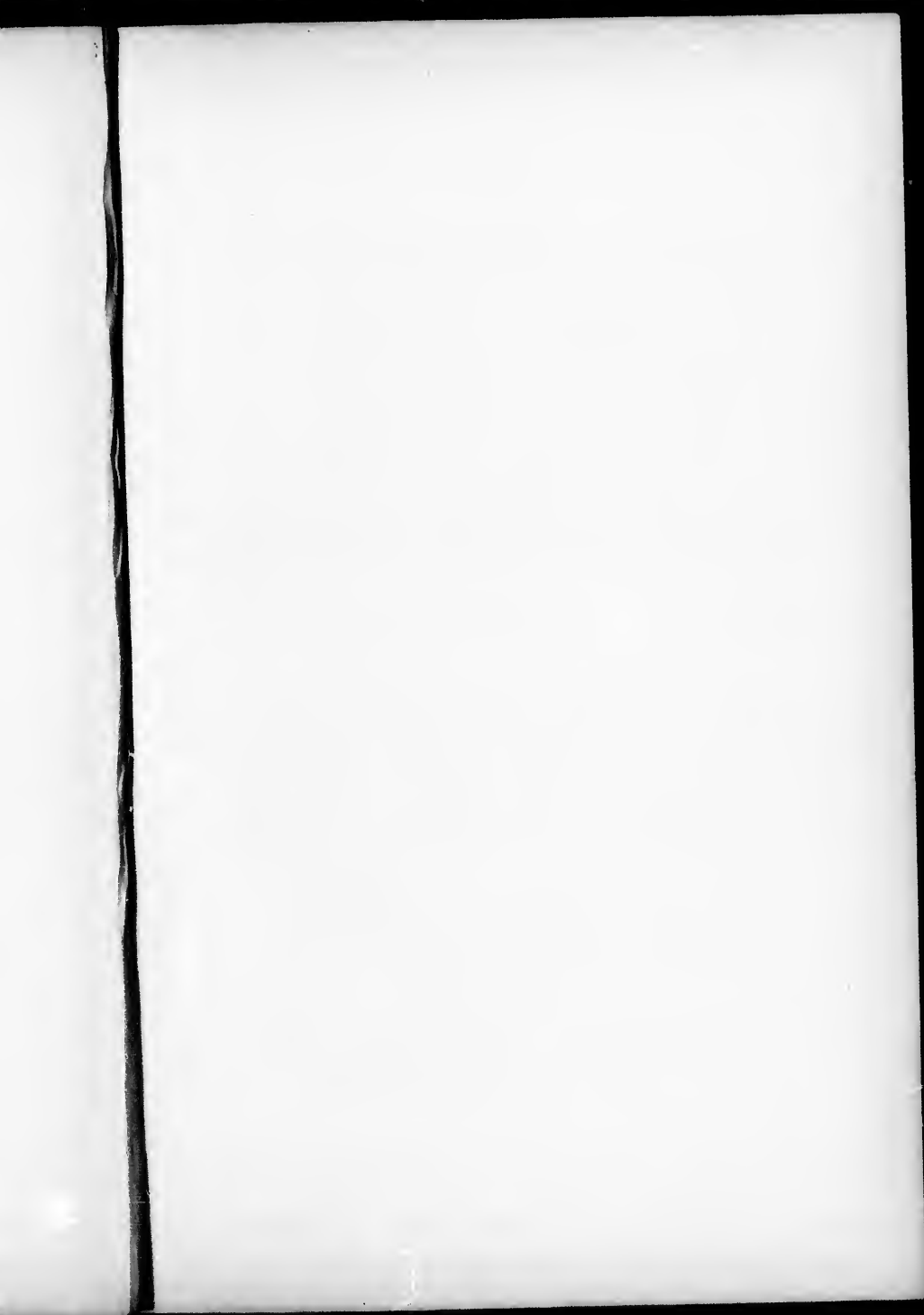
steamers are quite different from anything we see on this side, even I think, on the Rhine,—the Lansdownes were in it and we saw something of them. An uncomfortable night, and were glad to reach this, Wednesday morning, at about eight o'clock. Such a mass of luggage and people, but as Mr. Angus kindly sent a carriage and man to meet us, I did very well and arrived safely with all mine.

I drove with Hedley and Miss Angus in the afternoon (there are four grown-up young ladies) and finally got out at the Queen's Hall, where the Mayor read an address in French, and after Sir William Thomson had spoken, John said a few words. There was a great crowd here, and we sang "God Save the Queen" with enthusiasm. We dined at half-past six and afterwards the two Misses Angus and Hedley and I drove to the Hall.

Lord and Lady Lansdowne sat on the platform, and after a nice speech from him, Sir William Thomson introduced John as the new President with many compliments. Then, dear John, looking so nice, with a clear voice, read his address, and I am told it was heard even in the gallery at the end. I liked it extremely, and people seem to think it was very good. Our party, Evelyn, Dick, &c., sat in the front row, and when John read one or two passages which he thought would particularly "fetch" me, he looked with a little twinkle in my direction and of course I twinkled in return.

[The following account is reprinted from the "Montreal Gazette," August 28th, 1884.]

Everything combined to favour the opening day of the British Association meeting yesterday. Bright skies overhead, and weather not too warm, and tempered by a cooling breeze, made what outdoor work had to be done pleasant and prevented indoor proceedings from being oppressive. Adding to these conditions





the general enthusiasm which prevailed, the presence of so many notable personages, distinguished in the worlds of science, of politics, of letters and of mercantile pursuits, and the attendance of so large a number of the fair sex, who evinced the greatest interest in the proceedings, and it will be seen that the opening could not have taken place under more pleasing auspices. Whilst the city in general showed an extra amount of life and bustle, the interest naturally centered in the grounds of McGill University, which presented a bright and lively scene. In the reception room in the William Molson Hall there was a constant succession of visitors, and the various offices wore a busy air. In the grounds a new and picturesque effect was made by a couple of marquees wherein luncheon was served, and the grounds themselves, the grassy lawns and wooded walks, were the constant resort of ladies and gentlemen. The morning was spent by the visitors either in visits to the offices and reception rooms, the arrangement of papers, or in "doing" the city. At one o'clock the first work of the meeting commenced in the meeting of the general committee. Subsequently, at half past four, the visitors were formally welcomed by the mayor and corporation in the Queen's Hall, which was the scene of a brilliant gathering, and in the evening the first general meeting of the Association took place in the same hall, when the representative of the retiring president resigned the presidential office, which was assumed by the new president, Lord Rayleigh. Additional interest and distinction was given to the proceedings yesterday by the presence of His Excellency the Governor-General and the Marchioness of Lansdowne, and the Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, Premier of the Dominion. Full reports of all the meetings and speeches together with other particulars of interest will be found subjoined.

#### MEETING OF THE GENERAL COMMITTEE.

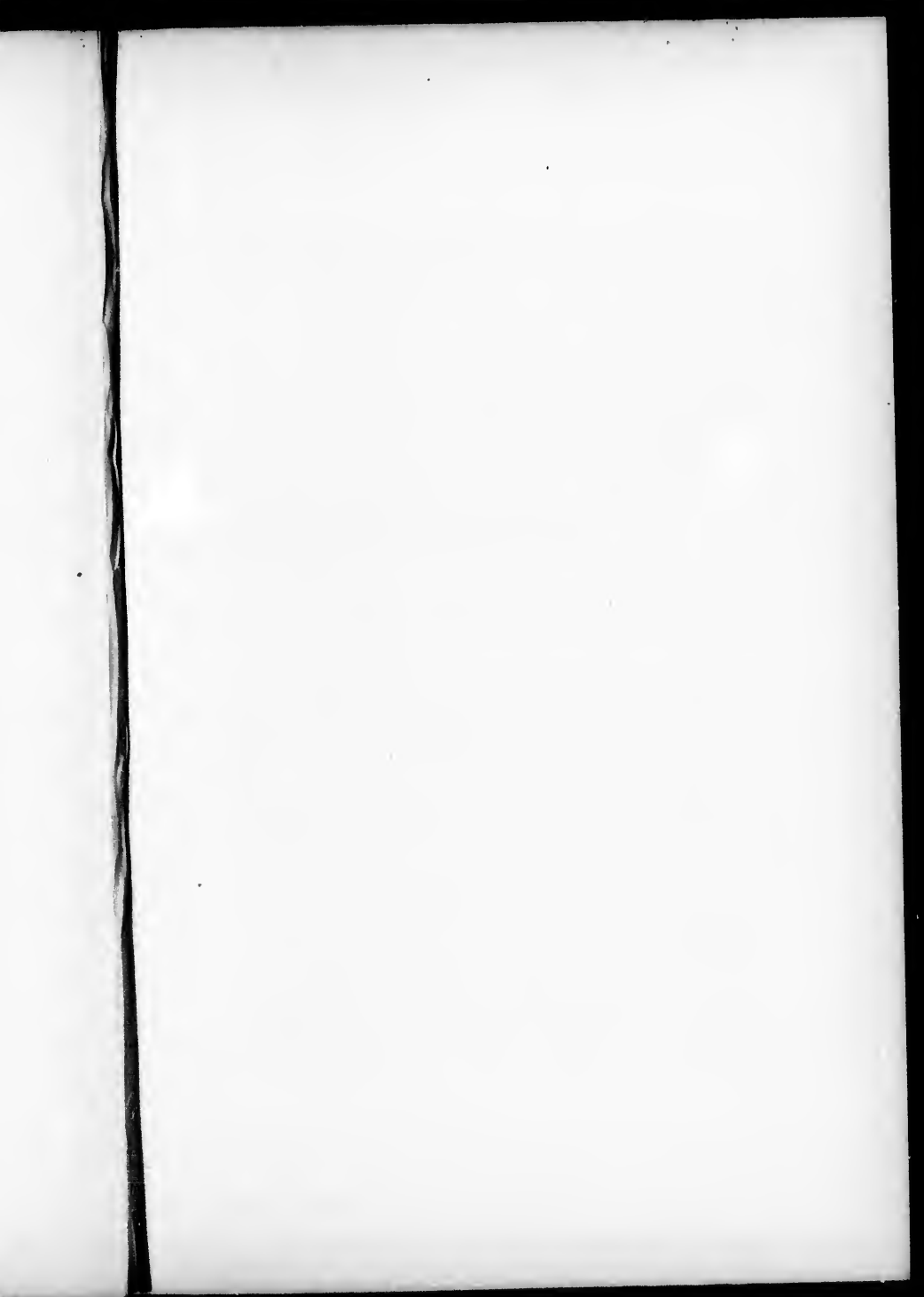
A meeting of the general committee of the Association was held in the James Ferrier Hall, Wesleyan College, at one o'clock yesterday afternoon, Sir William Thomson presiding.

The minutes of the meeting at Southport were read by the secretary, Rev. Prof. Bonney, and confirmed.

#### THE REPORT OF THE COUNCIL.

Capt. Douglas Galton, General Secretary, then read the annual report of the council, which stated that since the meeting at

Southport, Dr. F. Lindemann and Dr. Ernst Schroeder had been elected corresponding members of the Association, and proceeded as follows:—"The present meeting of the British Association, the fifty-fourth in number, is likely to be long memorable in its annals, as the first held beyond the limits of the United Kingdom. It marks a new point of departure, and one probably never contemplated by the founders of the Association, although not forbidden by the laws which they drew up. The experiment was doubtless a hazardous one, but it seems likely to be justified by success, and it may be hoped that the vigour and vitality gained by new experience may ultimately compensate for the absence from this meeting of not a few familiar faces among the older members; there will, however, be as large a gathering of members of more than one year's standing as is usual at a successful meeting in Great Britain, and the efforts which have been made by our hosts to facilitate the coming of members and render their stay in Canada both pleasant and instructive, call for the warmest acknowledgment. The inducements offered to undertake the journey were indeed so great that the council felt that it would be necessary to place some restriction upon the election of new members, which for many years past, though not unchecked in theory, has been almost a matter of course in practice. Obviously these offers of the Canadian hosts of the British Association were made to its members, not to those on whom they might operate as an inducement to be enrolled among its members. The council, therefore, before the close of the Southport meeting, published the following resolution:—"That after the termination of the present month (September, 1883), until further notice, new members be only elected by special resolution of the council." Applications for admission under these terms were very numerous, and were carefully sifted by the council. Still, although the council as time progressed and the number augmented, increased the stringency of their requirements, it became evident that the newly elected members would soon assume an unduly large proportion to those of older standing, so that on May 6th, after electing 130 members under this rule, it was resolved to make no more elections until the commencement of the Montreal meeting, when it would be safe to revert to the usual practice. The details of the arrangements made for the journey have already been communicated to the members, so that it is needless to make any further special



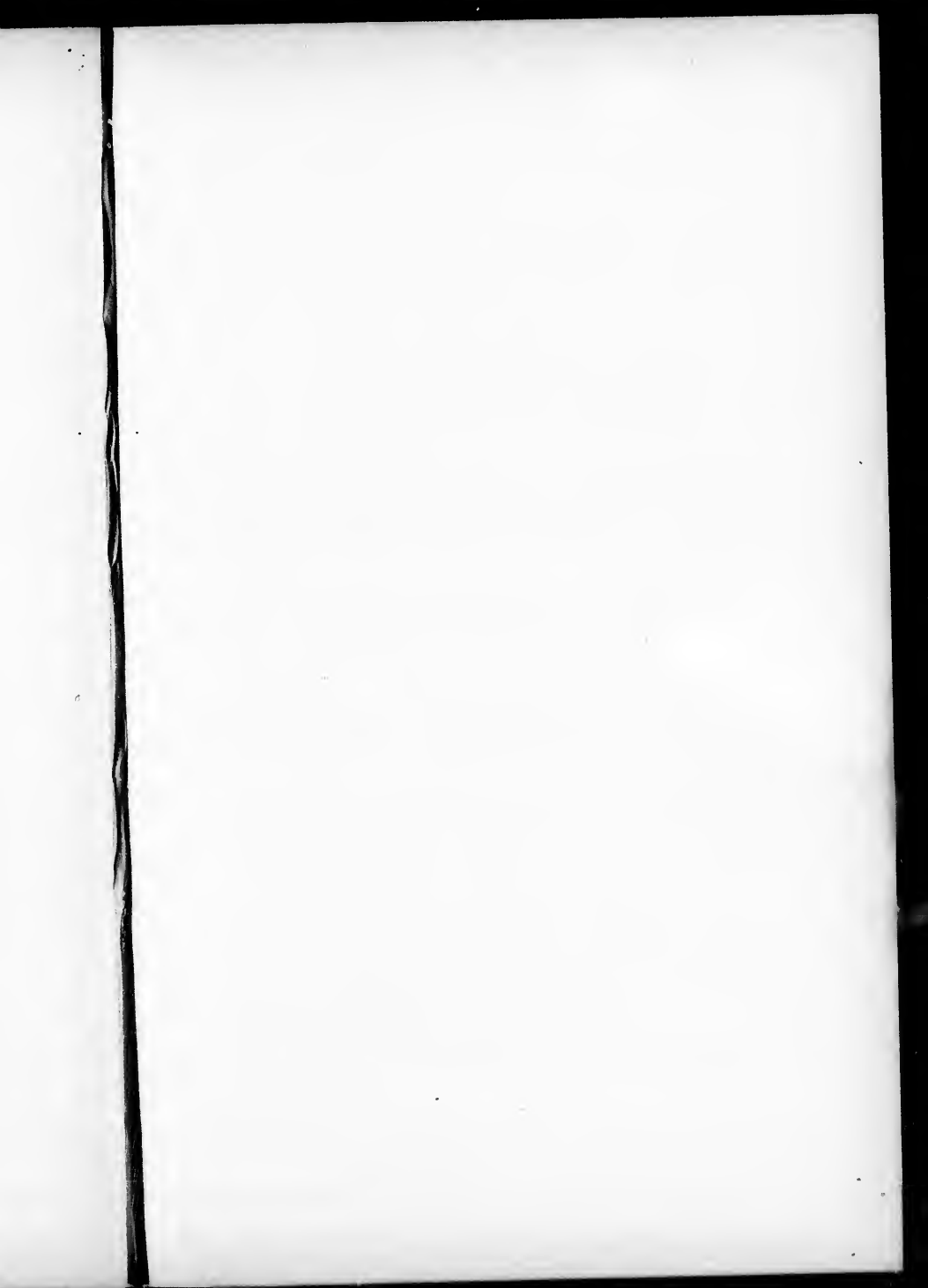


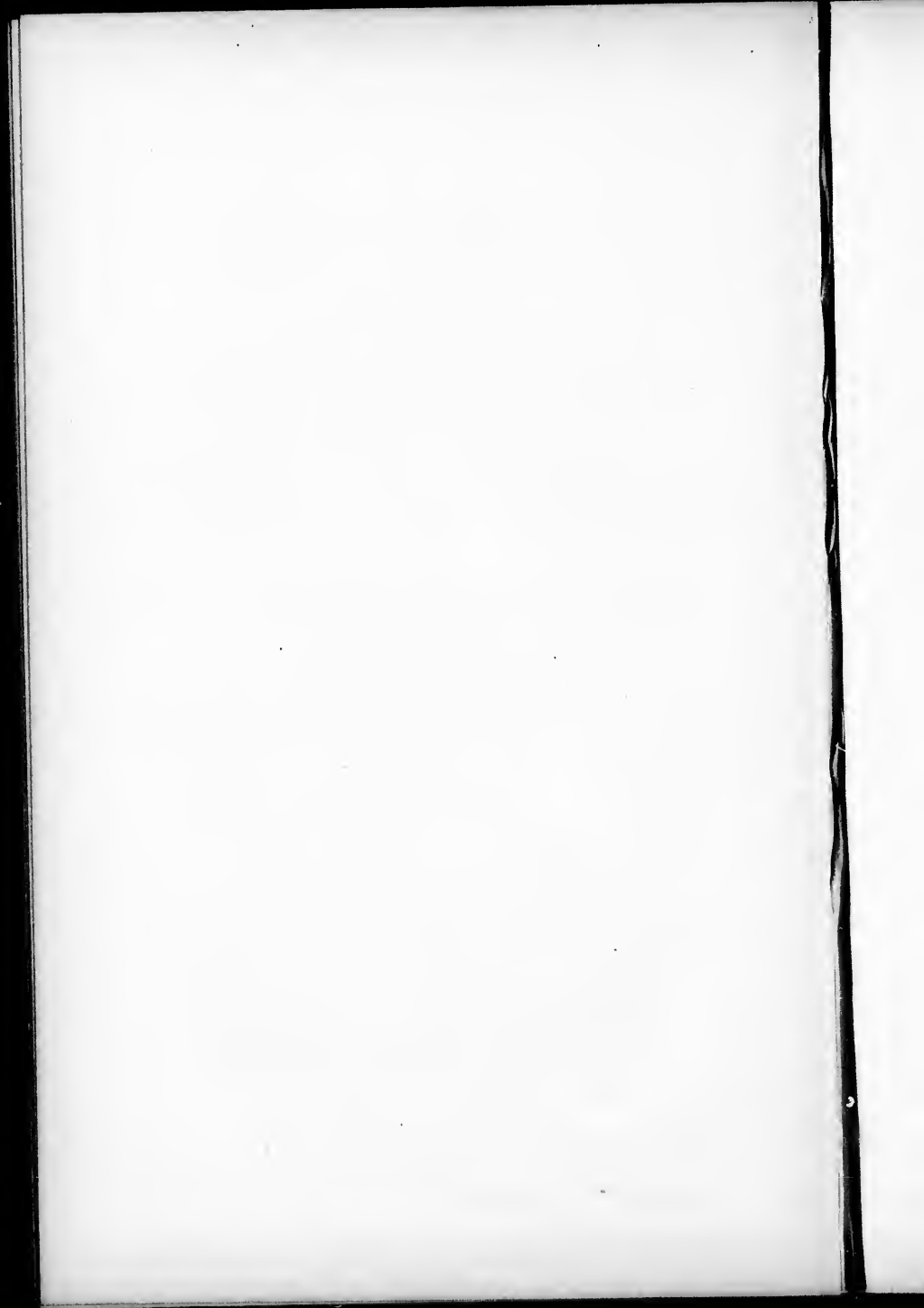
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reference to them, but the council have to acknowledge the great liberality of the associated cable companies in granting, under certain restrictions, free ocean telegraphy to the members of the Association during the meeting. The death of Sir William Siemens has deprived the Association of one of its most earnest supporters and friends. It was during his presidency at Southampton that the invitation to Montreal was accepted, and he was appointed at Southport a vice-president for this meeting. The council nominated Sir J. D. Hooker a vice-president, but he was unfortunately obliged, for domestic reasons, to resign the nomination in the early part of the summer. It has been the custom at meetings of the Association to invite the attendance of distinguished men of science from all parts of the world, but the council considered that on the present occasion it would be well to offer a special welcome to the American Association (of which also several eminent Canadian men of science are members); they have accordingly issued an invitation to the standing committee and fellows of that Association to attend the meeting at Montreal on the footing of honorary members."

The Report then referred to the fact that the general treasurer had been prevented from being present at the meeting, and that as the usual assistant to the general treasurer could not also be present, they had nominated Admiral Sir Erasmus Ommanney, C.B., F.R.S., as deputy treasurer, and Mr. Harry Brown, assistant secretary of University College, London, as financial officer. The Report proceeded to state that the council had, after consideration, decided to form a separate section of anthropology, and reported with reference to the resolution referred to them by the general committee, "That application be made to the Admiralty to institute a Physical and Biological Survey of Milford Haven, and the adjacent coast of Pembroke-shire, on the plan followed by the American Fisheries Commission." They had done so, and had been informed by the Lords of H. M. Treasury, that they regretted to be unable to institute such a survey, as the Admiralty had no vessels available for this service. With regard to the Report of the Committee of Section A respecting the suppression of four of the seven principal observatories of the Meteorological Council, and to forward a copy of the same to the Meteorological Council, they reported that arrangements had been made, whereby three out of the four observatories relinquished by the

Meteorological Council would be continued, though on a somewhat different footing. The council also reported that they had sent a communication to the Executive Committee of the International Fisheries Exhibition, urging upon that body the appropriation of a sufficient sum out of the surplus funds remaining in their hands at the close of the Exhibition, to found a laboratory on the British Coast for the study of marine zoology; but there did not seem any prospect of such an appropriation of the surplus funds. The Report then referred to the Report of the Committee on local scientific societies, and detailed the alterations which its adoption would make necessary in the rules, stating that it was proposed to reserve the consideration of this question by the general Committee for the meeting to be held in London in November. The Report concluded as follows: "The vacancies in the council to be declared at the General Committee Meeting in November will be Lord Rayleigh, who has assumed the presidency, together with the following who retire in the ordinary course: Mr. G. Darwin, Mr. Hastings, Dr. Huggins and Dr. Burdon Sanderson, and the council will recommend for re-election on that occasion the other ordinary members of council, with the addition of the gentlemen whose names are distinguished by an asterisk in the following list:—\*Abney, Capt. R.E., Adams, Professor W. G., \*Ball, Professor R. S., Bateman, J. F. La Trobe, Esq., Bramwell, Sir F., Dawkins, Professor W. Boyd, De La Rue, Dr. Warren, Dewar, Professor J., Evans, Captain Sir F., Flower, Professor W. H., Gladstone, Dr. J. H., Glaisher, J. W. L., Esq., Godwin-Austen, Lieut-Col. H. H., Hawkshaw, J. Clarke, Esq., Henrici, Professor O., Hughes, Professor T. McK., Jeffreys, Dr. J. Gwyn. \*Moseley, Professor H. N., \*Ommaney, Admiral Sir E., Pengel'y, W., Esq., Perkin, W. H., Esq., Prestwich, Professor, Selater-Booth, The Right Hon. George, Sorby, Dr. H. C., \*Temple, Sir R. In accordance with the decision arrived at by them at Southport, the General Committee will meet on Tuesday, 11th November, at Three o'clock in the afternoon in the Theatre of the Royal Institution, Albemarle Street, London, W., for the transaction of the following business, viz.:—To elect the president, officers and council for 1884-85; to fix the date of meeting for 1885; to appoint the place of meeting for 1886; and to consider the alteration of rules necessary to give effect to the recommendation of the Committee on local scientific societies.





On motion of the Chairman the Report was adopted.

AN ADDRESS FROM THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

The President of the Royal Society, Dr. T. Sterry-Hunt, then read the following address:—

*To the President and Council of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.*

The Royal Society of Canada greets with cordial welcome the members of your Association on the occasion of its first visit to the American continent, and rejoices to find among those who have accepted the invitation of the citizens of Montreal so many names, renowned as leaders of scientific research.

The Royal Society of Canada, which is a body recently organized and in the third year of its existence, includes not only students of natural history and natural philosophy, who make up together one-half of its eighty members, but others devoted to the history and the literature of the two great European races, who are to-day engaged in the task of building up in North America a new nation under the shelter of the British flag.

Recognizing the fact that material progress can only be made in conjunction with advancement in literature and in science, we hail your visit as an event destined to give a new impulse to the labours of our own students, believing at the same time that the great problems of material nature, not less than the social and political aspects of this vast realm, will afford you subjects for profitable study, and trusting that when your short visit is over, you will return to your native land with kindly memories of Canada and a confidence that its growth in all that makes a people good and great is secured.

T. STERRY HUNT, President,  
JOHN GEO. BOUENIOR, Hon. Secretary.

Montreal, August 27, 1884.

Dr. Hunt's predecessor in office, the Hon. Dr. CHAUVEAU, followed and after a few introductory remarks read the address in French.

Sir WILLIAM THOMSON, in replying, said:—I am sure all the members of the general committee are greatly gratified with the warm welcome accorded to us in the addresses just delivered on behalf of the two great divisions of our countrymen in this province, the English and French races. It is very gratifying to see this cordial unanimity existing between them, and in the name of the general committee I beg to express our warmest thanks for these addresses of welcome. (Applause.)

Dr. T. STERRY HUNT said he would now, with their permission, read an address which had been transmitted by the committee

of reception at the neighbouring town of Chambly, where a memorial tablet was to be placed at the old fort at that place on Saturday next. The address was as follows:—

Mr. STERRY HUNT will please do the reception committee at Chambly the honour to represent them before the members of the British Association for the advancement of science, and to inform them that at Chambly, on the 30th instant, at half-past three o'clock, there will be the ceremony of placing a tablet in the old Fort Chartrain, built by France in 1711 against the English, now its allies.

The presence of members of the British Association at this ceremony will be regarded as an honour by the Canadian people of the shores of the Richelieu. It will be for them an encouragement, and for our young country a proof of the interest felt in Europe for all that belongs to history, whether shown in the preservation of old monuments, or in the placing therein of memorial tablets.

Chambly was long a military post occupied at times by men famous alike in French and English annals. It is also the birthplace of Albani, the famous Canadian singer, and here are buried the remains of de Salaberry, the Canadian Leonidas, in whose honour a statue has lately been erected. Mr. Sterry Hunt will please present the respects of the Chambly committee to the members of the British Association while accepting them for himself, and will believe me his most obedient servant,

J. O. DION, Secretary-General of the Committee.

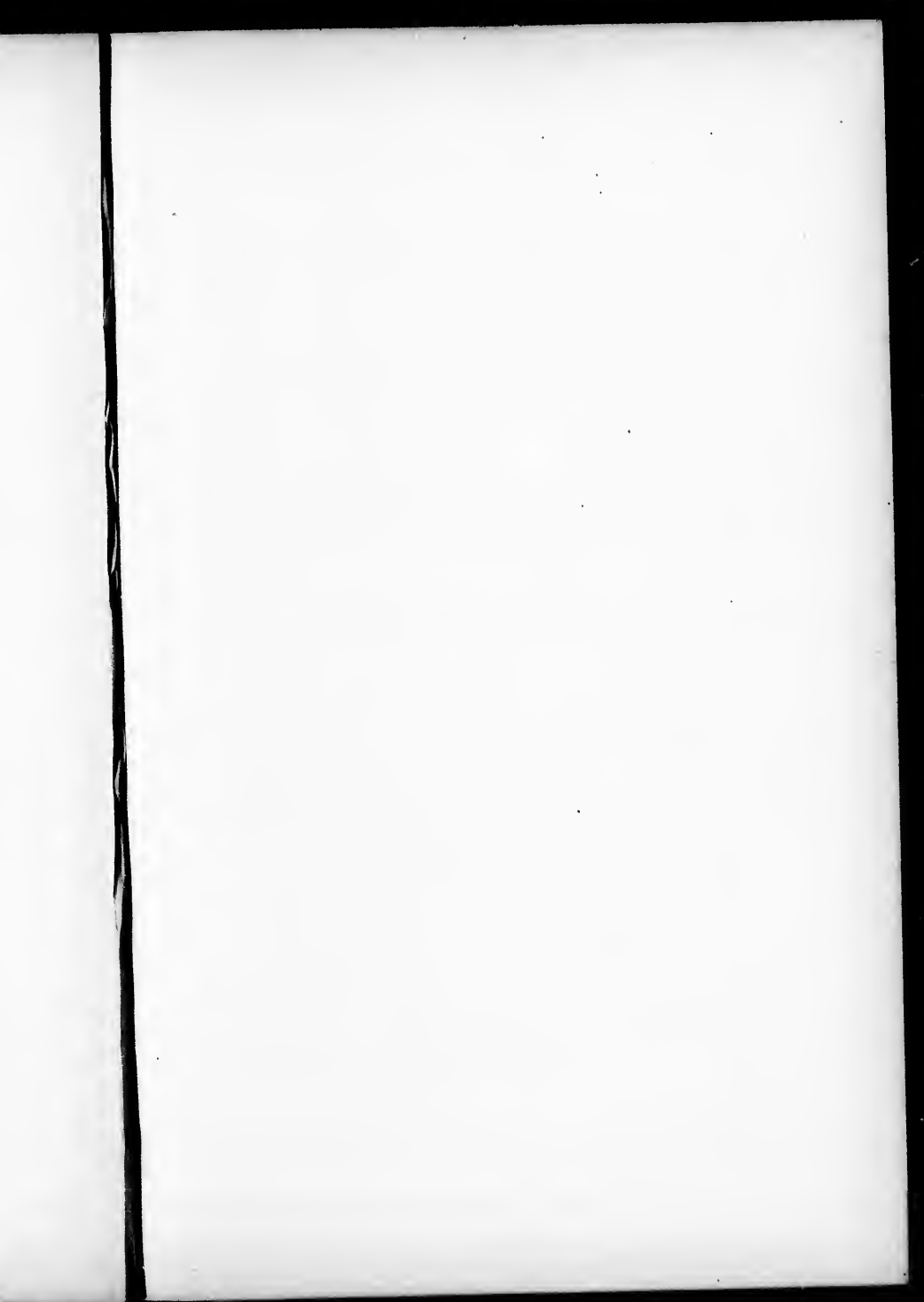
Chambly, August 25, 1884.

On Saturday next, Dr. Hunt explained there would be an excursion at 2 p.m. to Chambly from the city. He knew that other excursions had been arranged for to Quebec and elsewhere, and he had no wish to interfere with these arrangements, but those who chose to avail themselves of his cordial invitation would find a visit to Chambly exceedingly interesting.

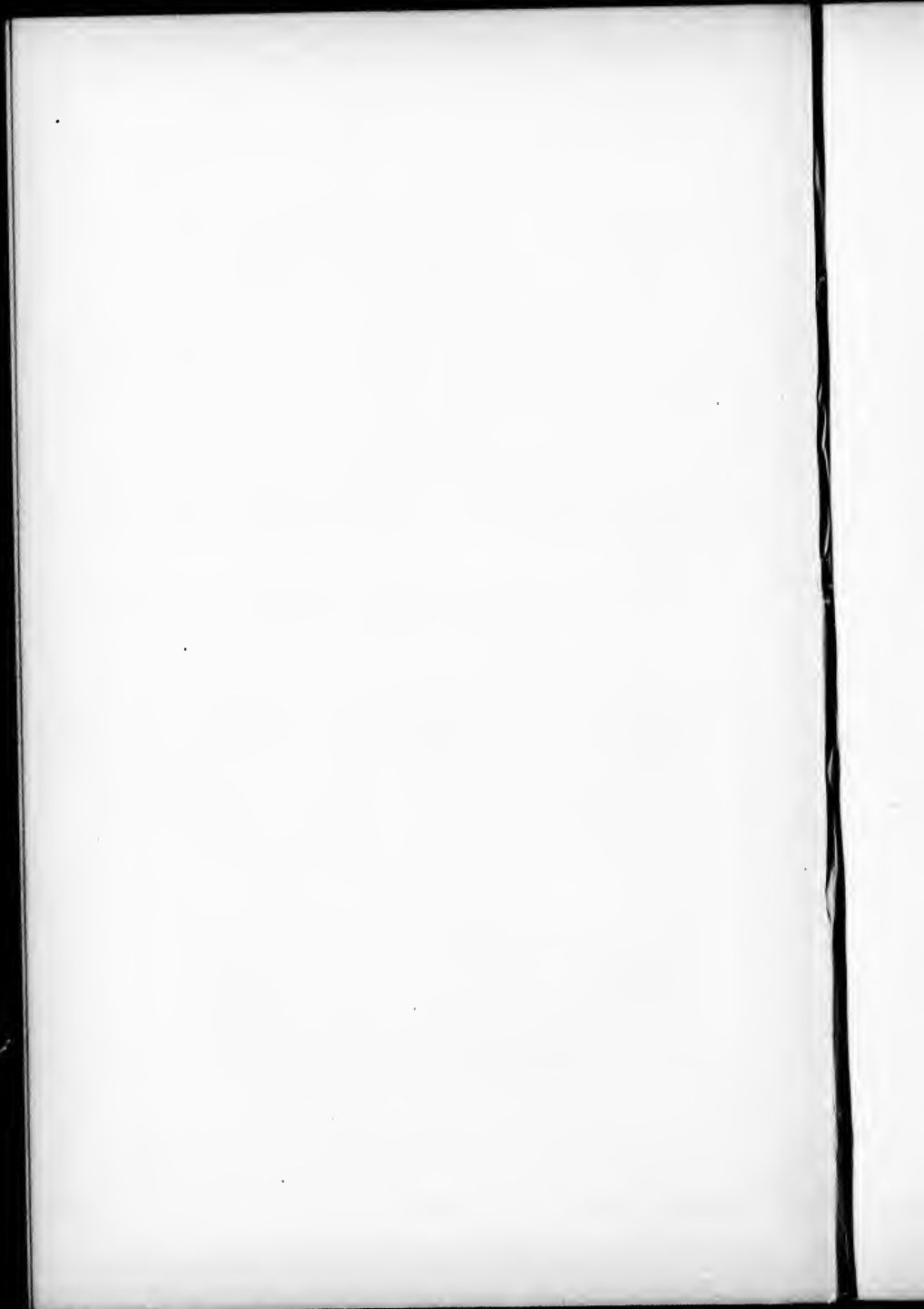
Sir WM. THOMPSON returned cordial thanks to Mr. Dion for his kind invitation, and felt sure many members of the association would avail themselves of it.

#### THE CIVIC RECEPTION.

Fully an hour before the time for presenting the civic address crowds of people began to ascend the stairs leading to the Queen's Hall, and by half-past four o'clock the hall was filled to overflowing, and when the mayor and aldermen, with the members of the British Association put in an appearance, they were heartily received by the audience. His Worship, Mayor Beaudry (who wore his chain of office) presided, and was supported on







the right by Sir William Thomson (representing the retiring president, Prof. Cayley), and the Right Hon. Lord Rayleigh (president-elect), and on his left by the Premier of the Dominion, the Right Honourable Sir John A. Macdonald. Amongst others present were Sir Lyon Playfair, Capt. Douglas Galton, Prof. Henry E. Roscoe, Sir James Douglass, Prof. Chandler Roberts, Mr. W. Terlawney Saunders, Prof. Glaisher, Hon. C. W. Freemantle, Capt. Bedford Pim, Rev. Prof. Bonney, Sir Richard Temple, Dr. Alexander, Principal Dawson, C.M.G., Prof. Cheriman, Mr. M. H. Gault, M.P., Hon. J. F. C. Wurtele, Dr. Persiford Frazer, U. S. Consul-General Stearns, Andrew Robertson, and the following members of the city corporation: Aldermen Grenier, Fairbairn, Laurent, Stevenson, Rainville, Donovan, Beauchamp, Archibald, Robert, Prefontaine, Holland, Tansey, Beansoleil, Mount, Rolland, Hood, J. C. Wilson, Thos. Wilson, Mooney, Jeannotte, Farrell and Genereux; Mr. Charles Glackmeyer, city clerk; Mr. Perceval W. St. George, city surveyor; Mr. J. F. D. Black, city treasurer; and Mr. H. Paradis, chief of police. Mr. W. R. Spence, organist of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, presided at the organ.

His Worship the Mayor opened the proceedings by reading the following:—

ADDRESS.

*To the President and Members of the British Association for the Advancement of Science:*

GENTLEMEN,—It is with no common pleasure that we, the mayor and aldermen of Montreal welcome to this city and to Canada, so distinguished a body as the British Association for the Advancement of Science. Already indeed, not only here, but through the length and breadth of the land, that welcome has been pronounced with a heartiness to which we are proud to add the confirmation of formal expression.

During the last two years, and especially since the acceptance of our invitation made it a certainty, your coming amongst us has been looked forward to as an event of deep and manifold importance to the Dominion.

Aware of the devotion with which the Association had for more than half a century, applied itself to the object indicated in its name, and knowing that its present membership comprised the most eminent of those noble students and investigators who have made the search after truth the aim of their lives, we could not fail to perceive that Canada would gain by the presence of observers and thinkers so exact and so unprejudiced. Nor were we without the hope that in the vast and varied expanse of territory which constitutes the Dominion, our learned visitors would meet with features of interest that should be some compensation for so long and wearisome a journey.

Here in that great stretch of diversified region between the Atlantic and the Pacific, the student of almost every branch of science must find something worth learning; whilst for certain sections of the Association there are few portions of the world in which the explorer is more likely to be gratified and rewarded.

Throughout this broad domain of ours, rock and herb, forest and prairie, lake and river, air and soil, with whatever life or whatever relic of life in past ages, they may severally contain,—afford to the diligent seeker of knowledge various and ample scope for research. Nor to the student of man as a social and political being, is there less of opportunity for acquiring fresh facts and themes for reflection in a young commonwealth like this.

We flatter ourselves that here you will find a people not unworthy of the great races from which it has sprung, and that, on your return to the mother-land, you will be able to speak with satisfaction, from your own experience, of our federal system, our resources, our agriculture, our manufactures, our commerce, our institutions of learning, our progress and our destinies.

You have come and we place our land, ourselves, and all we are and have at your disposal. We bid you a hearty welcome, and in so honouring ourselves, we only ask you to consider yourselves at home, remembering that you are still on British soil.

In conclusion, Mr. President and Gentlemen, we sincerely hope that your stay in this portion of Her Majesty's Empire may be as happy and as fruitful to the Association as it is grateful for so many reasons to the people of Montreal and of the Dominion.

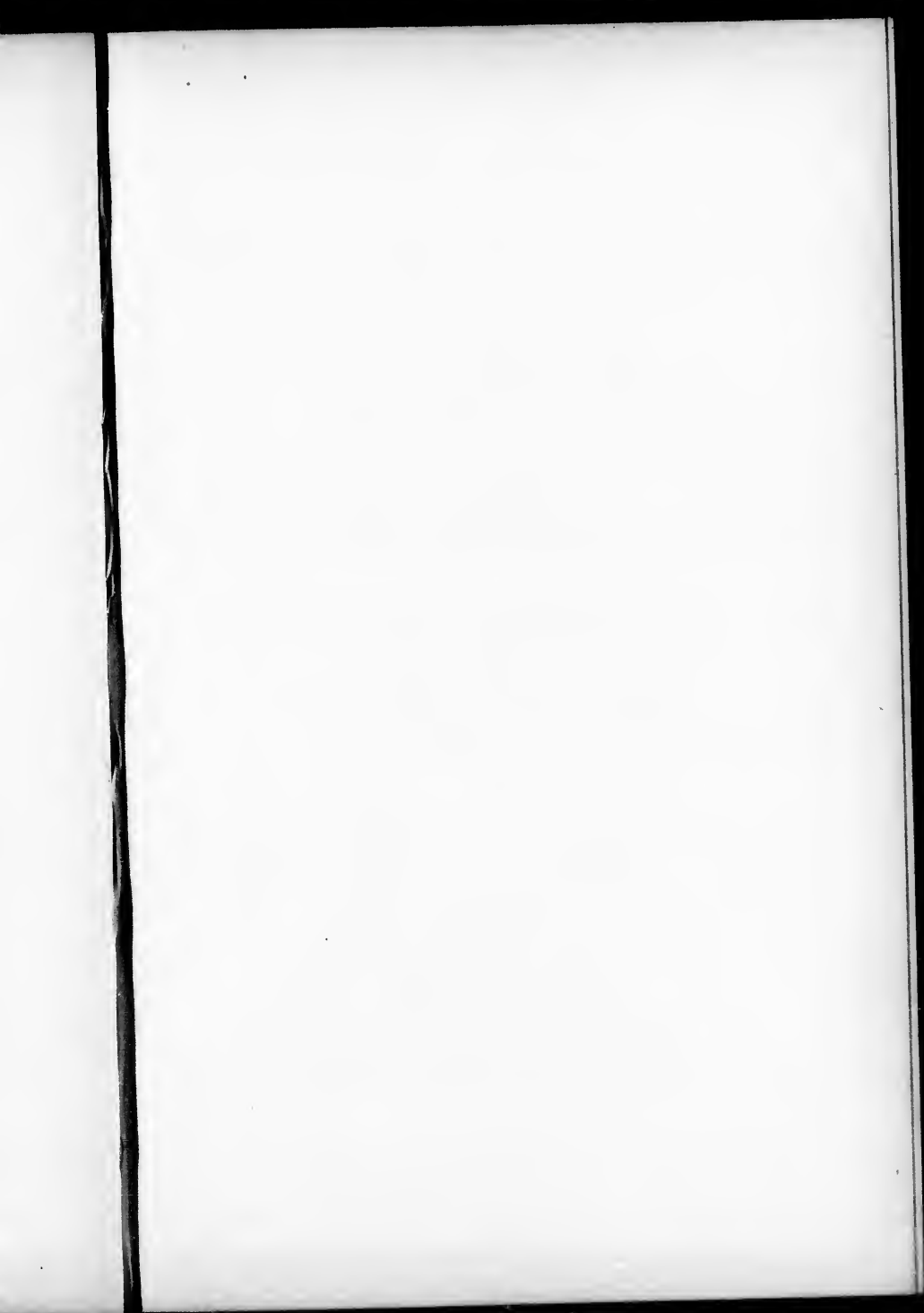
J. L. BEAUDRY,

Mayor.

CHAS. GLACKMEYER,

City Clerk.

Sir Wm. Thomson acknowledged in cordial terms the hearty welcome expressed in this address. The Association, he continued, when it commenced the experiment of being a peripatetic Association for the advancement of science, made an experiment which many considered of a doubtful character. It was urged that although zeal for a new thing might carry the Association on for a few years successfully, the success would cease with the novelty. This prophecy had not been fulfilled. On the contrary, the experiment had been crowned with brilliant success. He did not think the founders of the Association, fifty-two years ago, when they drew up the wise plan and regulations of the society which have since continued in force almost without change, imagined, for a moment, the possibility of a meeting being held on this side of the Atlantic. (Applause.) Their meeting here was strictly within the letter of the law and wholly



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in accordance with the spirit by which the British Association was directed, and that was to carry through the British Empire any advancement in science that could be promoted by the existence of the Association. At the outset, when the body was formed, some fifty years ago, the mathematical section, of which he was now president, held that it was impossible for a steamboat to cross the Atlantic. As president of that section, he ought to be ashamed that it had adopted such a conclusion. The business of the Association was to advance science and never to stand still. Many misgivings had been felt as to the success of the experiment of visiting this side of the water, but none were felt as to the kindness with which they would be received. Nobody doubted that the warmest welcome would be given by their countrymen on this side, and none knew better how to give a warm welcome. With respect to his own feelings, he felt most deeply the privilege and honour of filling the position he held, but it was accompanied with one regret and that was the absence of Professor Cayley, who would have been in his place had not circumstances compelled him to remain on the other side. He concluded by again expressing his warm thanks and those of the Association for the magnificent welcome given them.

Lord RAYLEIGH, as president-elect, joined in the expression of thanks for the hearty welcome. We all, he said, felt great interest in visiting, many of us for the first time, this extensive and diversified land, which has become the home of so many of our fellow countrymen. Before the day is out I am afraid the tones of my voice will have become only too familiar to you, and I will therefore say nothing more than that we most cordially reciprocate the sentiments expressed in the address presented to us.

Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD was then requested to address the meeting. As he came forward, looking as vigorous and cheery as if time had consented to roll backwards in his favour, the enthusiasm and delight of the audience found vent in a perfect ovation of applause. On all sides among our visitors, as well as our own citizens, were heard expressions of genial interest on the one hand and of delight on the other. Sir John gained the heart of the audience at once, and, after the applause had subsided, said:—I really do not know in what capacity I am called upon to address this audience, whether it is as a scientist

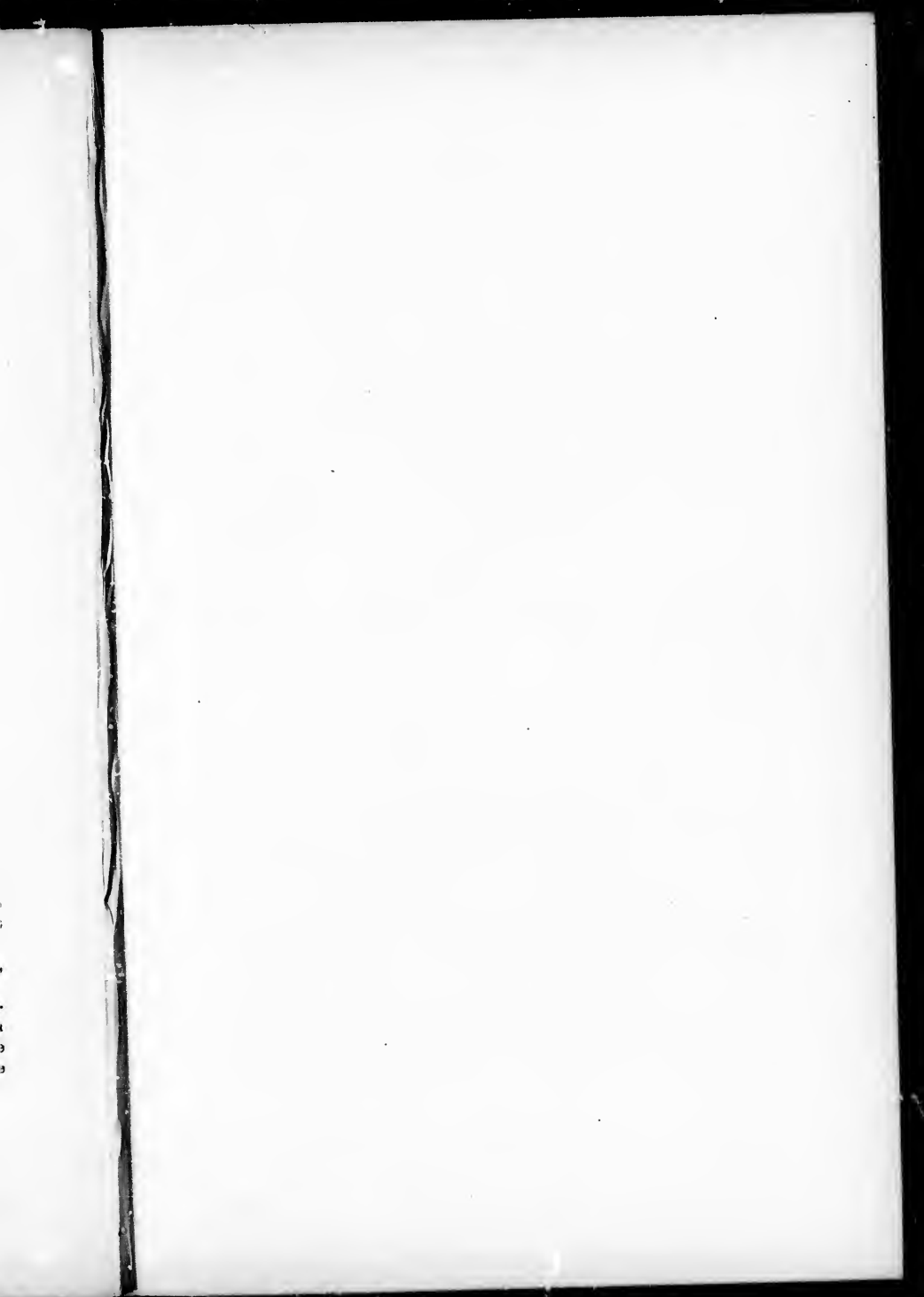
or as a Canadian or as a member of the government. I cannot well say—I will say, however—I come here as a scientist. I am not yet settled in my own mind to which section I will attach myself. I think I will wait awhile, use my Scotch discretion, hear all that has to be said on all those questions before finally deciding. (Laughter.) We all cordially join in the sentiments expressed in the address from the corporation. It was a great pleasure to us all in Canada to know there was a possibility of the British Association extending their visits to Canada. I first thought, when the proposition was made, it was asking too much, but the cordial response made and the large attendance, showed these fears were not well founded. I am glad the weather is fine, the country is prosperous, the fields are groaning with products, and altogether we put on our best clothes to do honour to those gentlemen who have honoured Canada (applause and laughter), and I really hope they will not be disappointed. I can assure them, if they wanted the assurance, the people of Canada are proud and grateful for their visit. If there are any shortcomings among us it is because we are a young country; but we will do our best any way and you must take the will for the deed. (Applause.) I am sure I express the sentiments of all in giving the Association a most hearty greeting to the Dominion of Canada. (Loud applause.) The national anthem was then sung by the entire audience, and on three cheers being given for the Queen, the meeting dispersed.

#### THE GENERAL MEETING.

The first general meeting of the Association was held in the Queen's Hall at eight o'clock last evening, the hall being crowded to its utmost capacity, many having to stand, while others were unable to obtain admission. Sir William Thomson occupied the chair, and beside him on the platform were His Excellency the Governor General and Lady Lansdowne and suite, the Right Hon. Sir John Macdonald, and the president-elect, the Right Hon. Lord Rayleigh.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL was first introduced, and delivered the following address of welcome:—

Lord Rayleigh, ladies and gentlemen,—I am given to understand that it would be in accordance with the rules under which the business of the British Association is carried on, that the proceedings of to-day should commence with the vacation of the

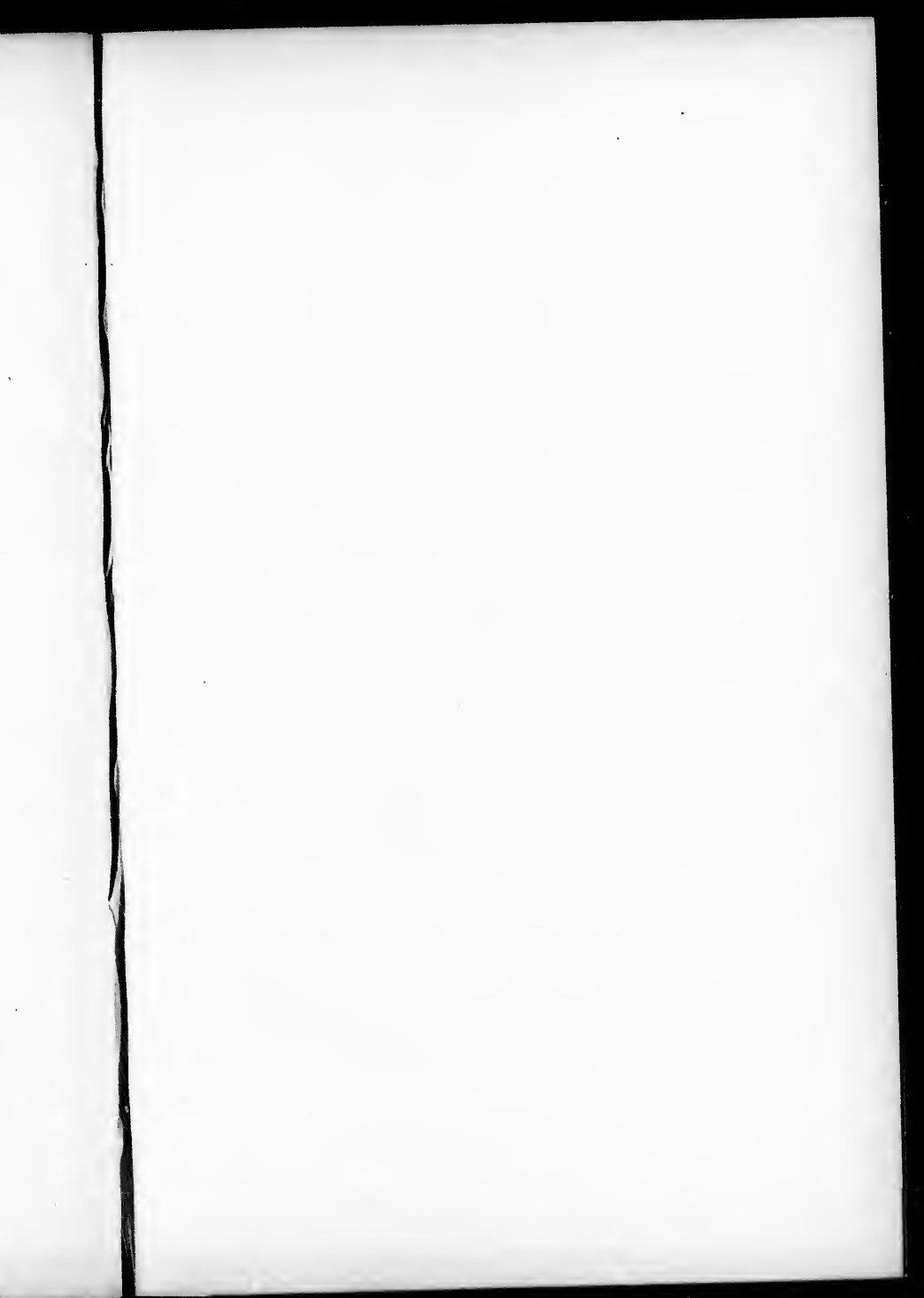


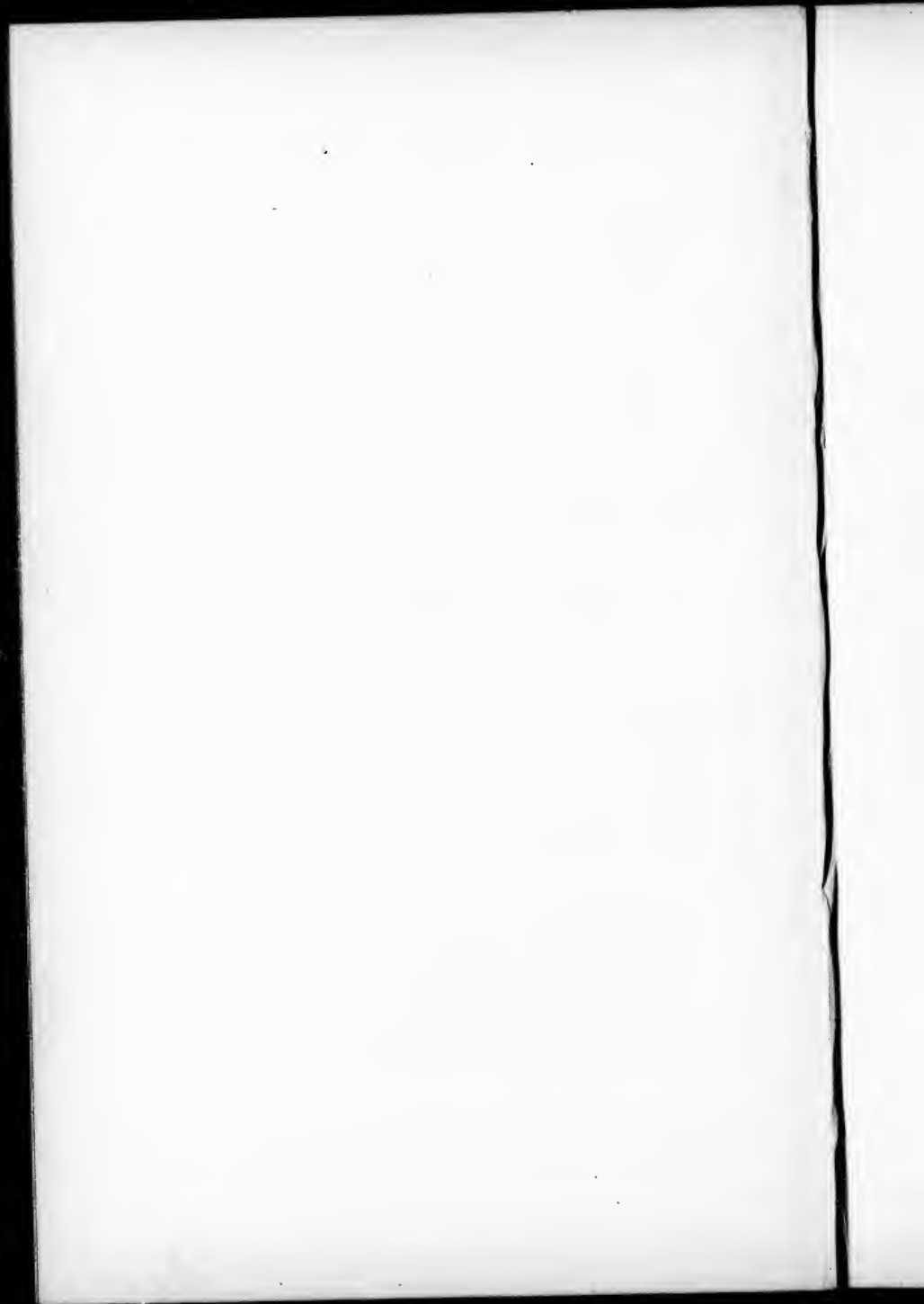




president's chair and by the installation of the president-elect in the place which he will so honourably fill. The occasion, however, which has brought us together is so remarkable, and will be so memorable, not only in the annals of the Association, but in the history of the Dominion, that I believe you will pardon the slight irregularity of which, as a member of the Association, I am guilty, in rising to address a few words to this distinguished audience. The occasion, Lord Rayleigh, is the first upon which the British Association has held a meeting beyond the narrow limits of the United Kingdom. Such a departure from the usage which you have hitherto observed, though an inauguration, is certainly not inconsistent with the objects of the Association or with the designs of its founders; its earliest records contain the statement that it was instituted for the promotion of intercourse between those who cultivated science in different parts, not merely of the British Islands, but of the British Empire. I question whether any means of promoting this intercourse could have been discovered more effectual than the holding of your annual meeting in one of the great cities of this colony, and my object in now addressing you is to express at the very outset the satisfaction with which the people, not only of Montreal, but of the whole Dominion, hail your arrival here and to welcome you in their name to these shores. (Loud applause.) Perhaps you will allow me to state my own belief that if you were to select for your place of meeting a spot within the colonial empire of England, you could not have selected a colony which better deserved the distinction, either in respect of the warmth of its affection for the mother country, or in respect of the desire of its inhabitants for the diffusion of knowledge and of culture. (Applause.) In a young country such pursuits must be carried on in the face of some difficulty and of the competition of that material activity which must to a great extent engross the time and absorb the attention of a rapidly developing community such as this. We may, however, claim for Canada that she has done her best, that she has above all spared no pains to provide for the interest of science in the future, and that amongst those who have done scientific work within the Dominion are men known and respected far beyond the bounds of their own nation. In this connection I cannot deny myself the pleasure of referring to the honours which have been conferred upon Sir William Dawson within the last few days. (Loud and long continued

applause.) He is, unless I am misinformed, more responsible than any one person for the visit of the Association, and I feel sure that I shall command the acquiescence of all those who have worked in the cause of Canadian culture when I say that we regard the knighthood which Her Majesty has bestowed upon him as an appropriate recognition of his distinguished services, and as an opportune compliment to Canadian science. (Applause.) But the significance of this meeting is far greater than it would be if its results were to be measured merely by the addition which it will make to the scientific wealth of the empire. When we find a society which for fifty years has never met outside the British Islands transferring its operations to the Dominion—when we see several hundred of our best known Englishmen, who have acquired a public reputation, not only in the scientific, but in the political and the literary world, arriving here mingling with our citizens, and dispersing in all directions over this continent; when we see in Montreal the bearers of such names as Rayleigh, Playfair, Frankland, Burdon, Sanderson, Thomson, Roscoe, Blanford, Moseley, Lefroy, Temple, Bramwell, Tylor, Galton, Harcourt and Bonney, we feel that one more step has been taken towards the establishment of that close intimacy between the mother country and her offspring, which both here and at home all good citizens of the empire are determined to promote. (Loud applause.) The desire for such closer intimacy is one of the most remarkable and one of the best features in the political life of the present day. Our periodical literature, our proceedings in parliament, the public discussions which have recently taken place and in which some of our most prominent Canadians have taken a part, all indicate a remarkable awakening to the importance of the noblest colonial empire which the world has ever seen, and a desire to draw closer the ties of sympathy and allegiance which bind us reciprocally. (Applause.) And, ladies and gentlemen, whatever difficulty there may be in the way of a revision of the political relations of the mother country and her colonies, it is satisfactory to reflect that there are none in the way of such an alliance as that which you are establishing to-day between the culture of the old world and that of the new. (Applause.) In the domain of science there can be no conflict of local and imperial interests—no constitution to revise—no embarrassing considerations of foreign and domestic policy. We are all

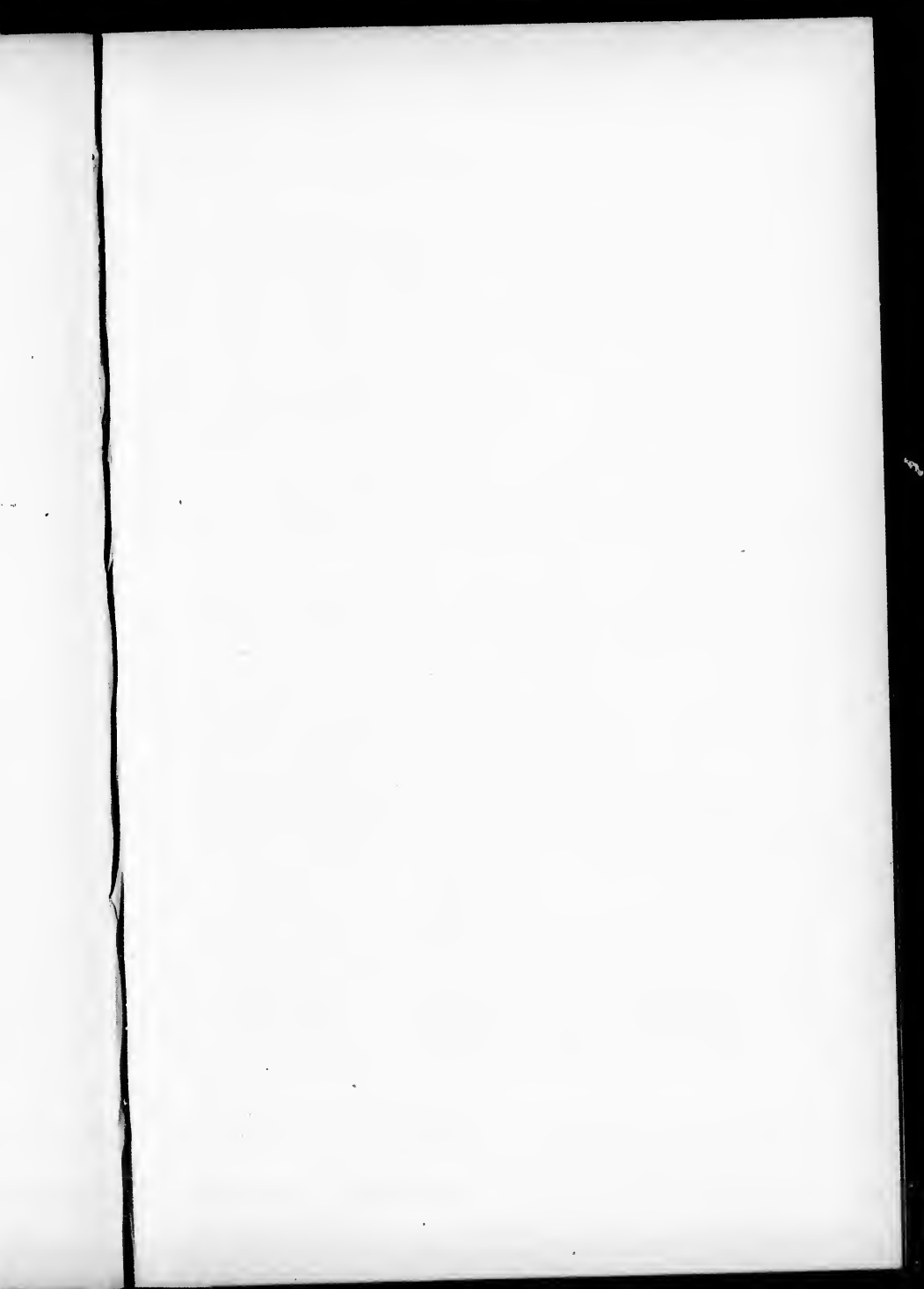




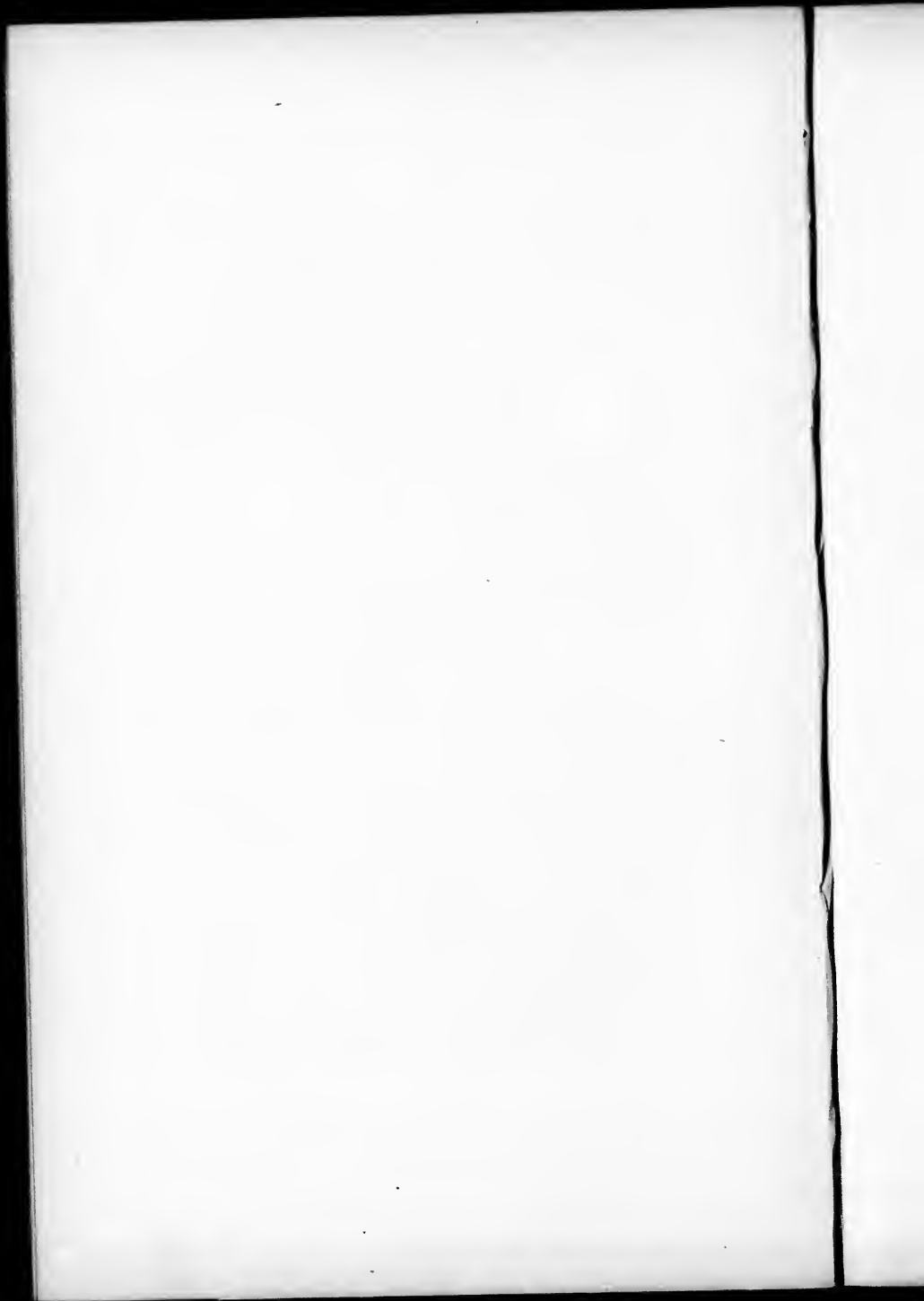
partners and co-heirs of a great empire, and we may work side by side without misgiving, and with a certainty that every addition to the common fund of knowledge and mutual enlightenment is an unmixed advantage to the whole empire. (Loud applause.) I believe, Lord Rayleigh, that your visit will be fraught with far reaching advantages both to hosts and guests. We shall gain in acquaintance with our visitors, and in the publicity which their visit will give to the resources and attractions of this country. We believe that it will be more justly appreciated in proportion as it becomes more widely known and more thoroughly understood. (Applause.) Sympathy, as a distinguished Canadian has lately written, begets knowledge, and knowledge again adds to sympathy. You, ladies and gentlemen, who have lately left the mother country, will gain in the opportunity which will be afforded you of studying the life of a people younger than your own but engaged in the solution of many problems similar to those which engage our attention at home, and observing the conduct of your own race amidst the surroundings of another hemisphere. On every side you will find objects of interest. Our political system, the working of federation, the arrangements of the different provinces for the education of our youth, our railways pushed across this continent with an enterprise which has never been surpassed by the oldest and largest communities—(loud applause)—our forests, our geology, our mineral resources, our agriculture in all its different phases ranging from the quiet homesteads and skilful cultivation of the older provinces to the newly reclaimed prairies of the North-west, which we expect to yield us this season a surplus of from six to nine millions of bushels, the history and characteristics of our native races, and the manner in which we have dealt with them—all these will afford you opportunities of study which few other portions of the globe could present in such variety. (Applause.) Of the facilities which will be afforded to you and of the pains which have been taken to render your explorations easy and agreeable, I need not speak. Some of you are aware that a distinguished member of an assembly to which you and I, Lord Rayleigh, have both the honour to belong, has lately been cautioning the English public against the dangers of legislation by picnic. (Loud applause.) I have heard that in some quarters misgivings have been expressed. We too should be exposed to similar danger, and lest

the attractions which the British Association is offered here should conflict with its more strictly scientific objects. These are probably *rumores senum severiorum*, and I will only say of them, if there is any ground for such apprehensions, you must remember that hospitality is an instinct with our people, and that it is their desire that you should see and learn a great deal, and that you should see and learn it in the pleasantest manner possible. (Applause.) I have only one word more to say. I wish to express the pleasure with which I see in this room representatives, not only of English and Continental and Canadian science, but also many distinguished representatives of that great people which, at a time when the relations of the mother country and her colonies were less wisely regulated than at present, ceased to be subjects of the British Crown, but did not cease to become our kinsmen. Many of you will pass from these meetings to the great re-union to be held a few days hence at Philadelphia, where you will be again reminded that there are ties which bind together not only the constituent parts of the British empire, but the whole of the British race—ties of mutual sympathy and good-will which such intercourse will strengthen and which, I believe, each succeeding decade will draw more closely and firmly together. (Applause.) I have now only to apologize for having intervened in your proceedings. I feel that what I have said would have come better from the lips of a Canadian. Others will, however, have ample opportunities for supplementing both by word and deed the shortcomings of which I may have been guilty. It was my duty—and I have much pleasure in discharging it—as the representative of the Crown in this part of the empire to bid you in the name of our people a hearty welcome to the Dominion. (Loud and long continued applause.)

Sir WM. THOMSON, in responding, said:—You will allow me, in the first place, to offer my warmest thanks to His Excellency the Governor-General for coming among us this evening, and for the very kind and warm welcome which he has offered to the British Association, on the part of the Dominion. Your Excellency, it devolves upon me as representing Professor Cayley, the president of the British Association, to do what I wish he were here to do himself, and which it would have been a well-earned pleasure for him to do—to introduce to you Lord Rayleigh as his successor in the office of President of the British Association. Professor Cayley has devoted his life to the







advancement of pure mathematics. It is indeed peculiarly appropriate that he should be followed in the honourable post of president by one who has done so much to apply mathematical power in the various branches of physical science as Lord Rayleigh has done. In the field of the discovery and demonstration of natural phenomena Lord Rayleigh has, above all others enriched physical science by the application of mathematical analysis; and when I speak of mathematics you must not suppose mathematics to be harsh and crabbed. (Laughter.) The Association learned last year at Southport what a glorious realm of beauty there was in pure mathematics. I will not, however, be hard on those who insist that it is harsh and crabbed. In reading some of the pages of the greatest investigators of mathematics one is apt to become wearied, and I must confess that some of the pages of Lord Rayleigh's work have taxed me most severely, but the strain was well repaid. When we pass from the instrument which is harsh and crabbed to those who do not give themselves the trouble to learn it thoroughly, to the application of the instrument, see what a splendid world of light, beauty and music is opened to us through such investigations as those of Lord Rayleigh. His book on sound is the greatest piece of mathematical investigation we know of applied to a branch of physical science. The branches of music are mere developments of mathematical formulas, and of every note and wave in music the equation lies in the pages of Lord Rayleigh's book. (Laughter and applause.) There are some who have no ear for music, but all who are blessed with eyes can admire the beauties of nature, and among those one which is seen in Canada frequently, in England often, in Scotland rarely, is the blue sky. (Laughter.) Lord Rayleigh's brilliant piece of mathematical work on the dynamics of blue sky is a monument to the application of mathematics to a subject of supreme difficulty, and on the subject of refraction of light he has pointed out the way towards finding all that has to be known, though he has ended his work by admitting that the explanation of the fundamentals of the reflection and refraction of light is still wanting and is a subject for the efforts of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. But there is still another subject, electricity and the electric light, and here again Lord Rayleigh's work is fundamental, and one may hope from the suggestions it contains that electricity may yet be put upon

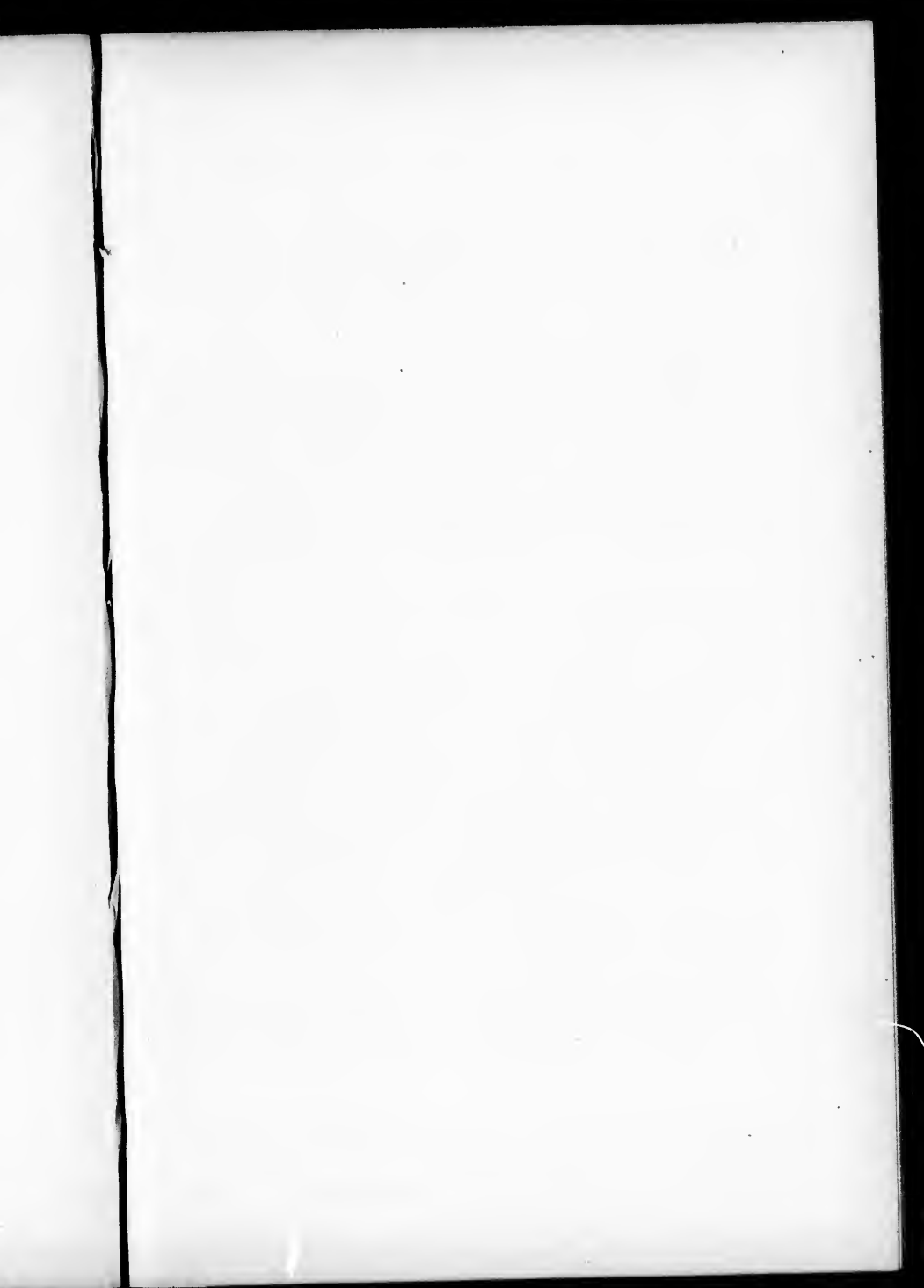
the level of ordinary mechanics, and that the electrician may be able to weigh out electric quantities as easily and readily as a merchant could a quantity of tea or sugar. (Applause.) It remains for me only to fulfil the commission which Professor Cayley has entrusted to me of expressing his great regret that his engagements in England prevented his being with us, and in his name to vacate the chair of president of the Association and to ask Lord Rayleigh to take his place as President for 1884. (Applause.)

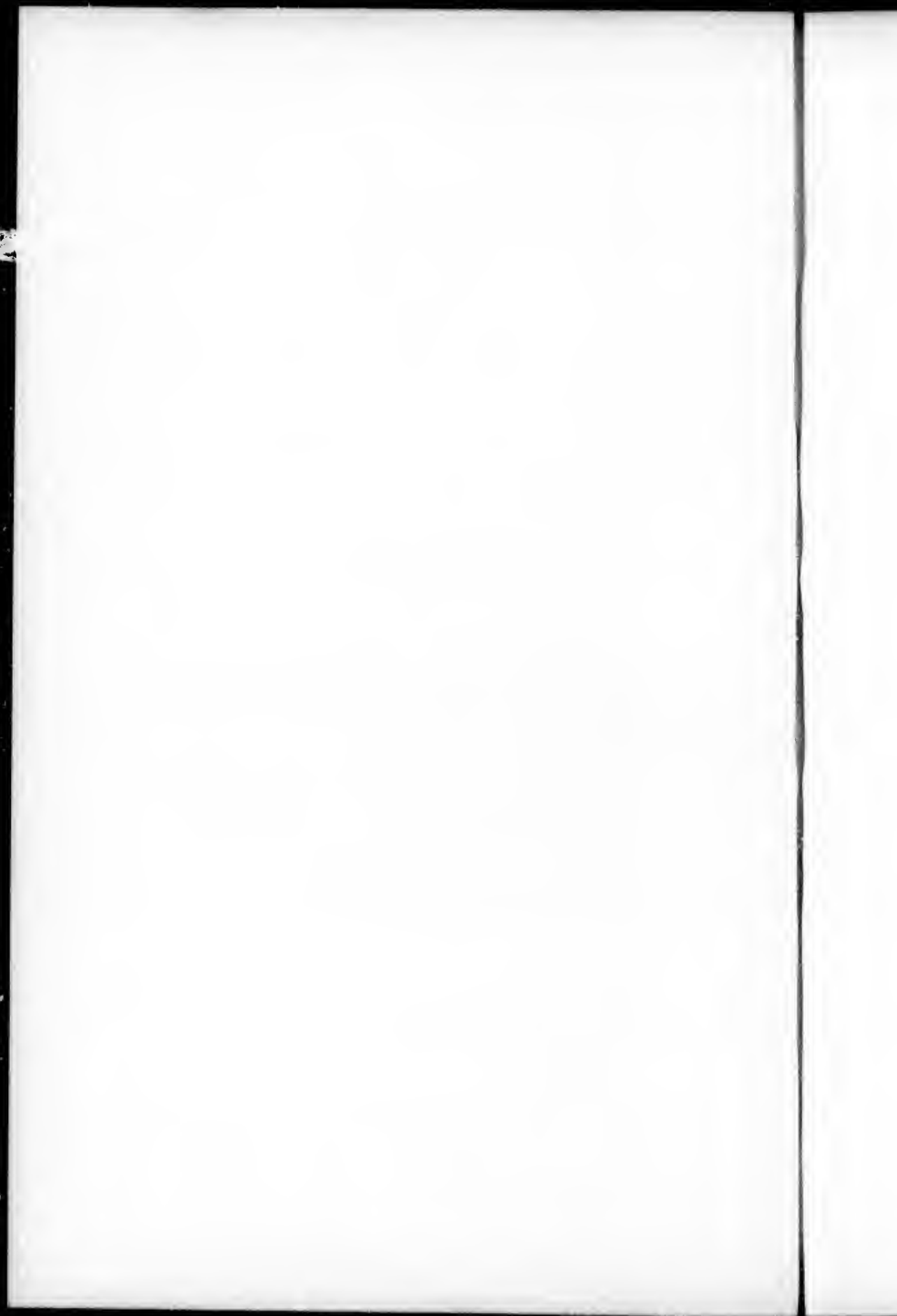
[*Lord Rayleigh then delivered the Presidential Address, a copy of which is appended to this work.*]

Lord Rayleigh was loudly applauded at the conclusion of his address.

Hon. Dr. CHAUVEAU in an eloquent speech in French proposed a vote of thanks to Lord Rayleigh for the interesting sketch he had given of modern science. In this scientific review Lord Rayleigh had also displayed great literary ability. The reunion to-day of the British Association was significant in the sense that it extended the operations of the society to all parts of the British Empire, so that while on the other side the question of a federation of the British Empire was being raised, the British Association had taken the lead in its sphere by casting out the roots of a scientific federation. In this connection he spoke of the work the Royal Society was doing in Canada. He was glad to see that Lord Rayleigh did not hold extreme views as to the elimination of classical studies from our schools, for he believed that in those stores of antiquity our modern mind found a great deal of its strength, and were this study abolished our mental grasp and vigour would be greatly lessened. What Canada required was the greater development of our universities. In this way would science be most benefited, for we would have a greater number of men able to devote themselves entirely to the study of scientific subjects. He expressed the pleasure he felt at the honour of knighthood conferred on Principal Dawson, an honour in which the whole Canadian people felt pride, and concluded amidst great applause.

Mr. HUGH McLENNAN in seconding the resolution said the very interesting address which Lord Rayleigh had given them was not only a source of pleasure to the audience, but gave





them an adequate idea of the wide field of knowledge and research opened by those who devoted themselves to different scientific pursuits. The presence of so many men devoted to scientific pursuits in our midst could not fail to give an impetus to the study of science in this country. We had not many scientific men, owing principally to the fact that the people who settled here had given their attention to material pursuits, but a new era was now opening. The worthy chief of the government must be gratified at the success of his wise policy in encouraging this movement, which could not fail to be of great profit to Canadians, and he felt sure that no vote would be more heartily given than the vote of thanks to Lord Rayleigh, which he had much pleasure in seconding.

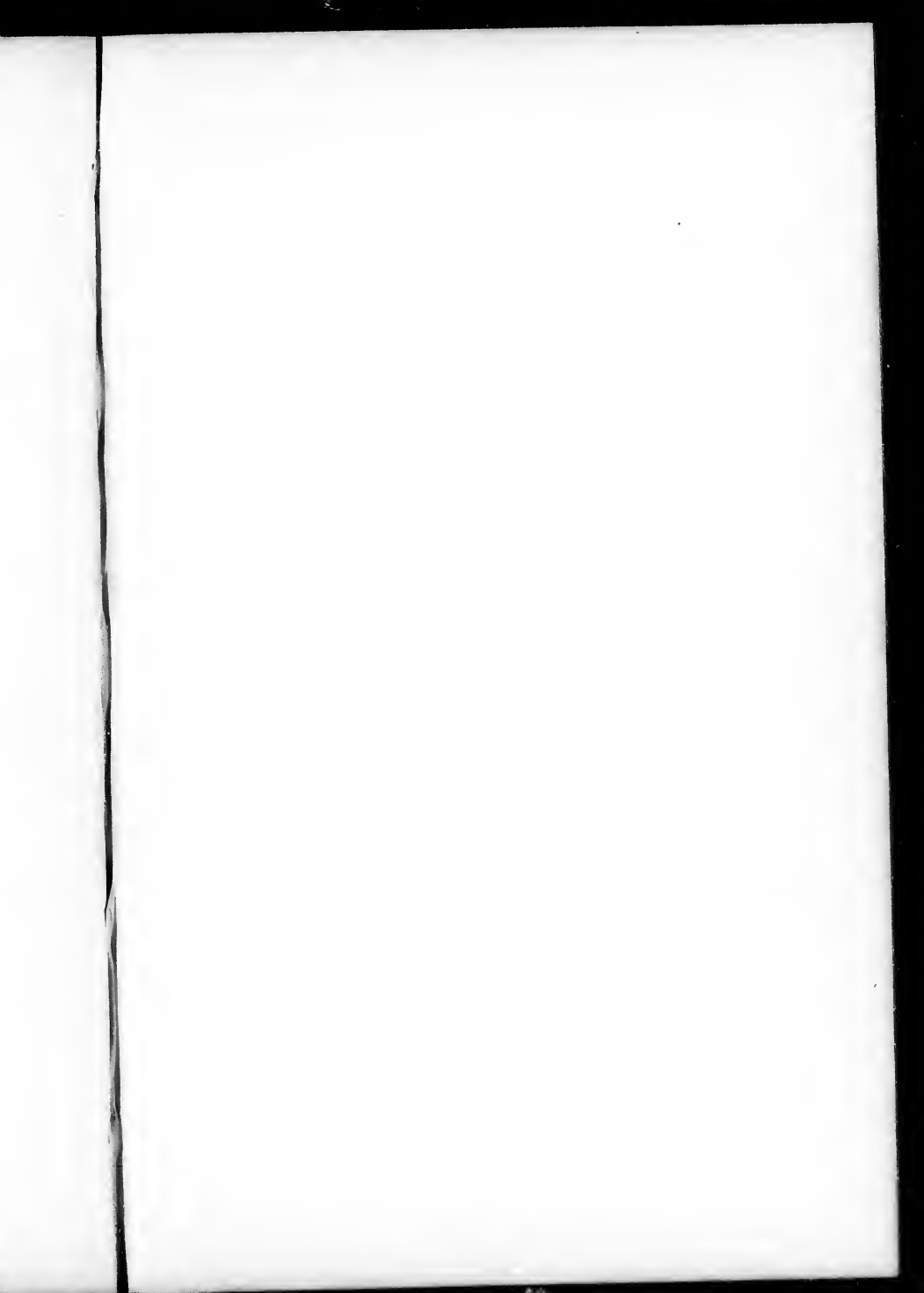
Sir Wm. Thomson put the motion, which was adopted unanimously amidst loud applause.

Lord RAYLEIGH returned thanks for the honour done him, and the meeting adjourned until Friday next, when Professor Ball will deliver a lecture.

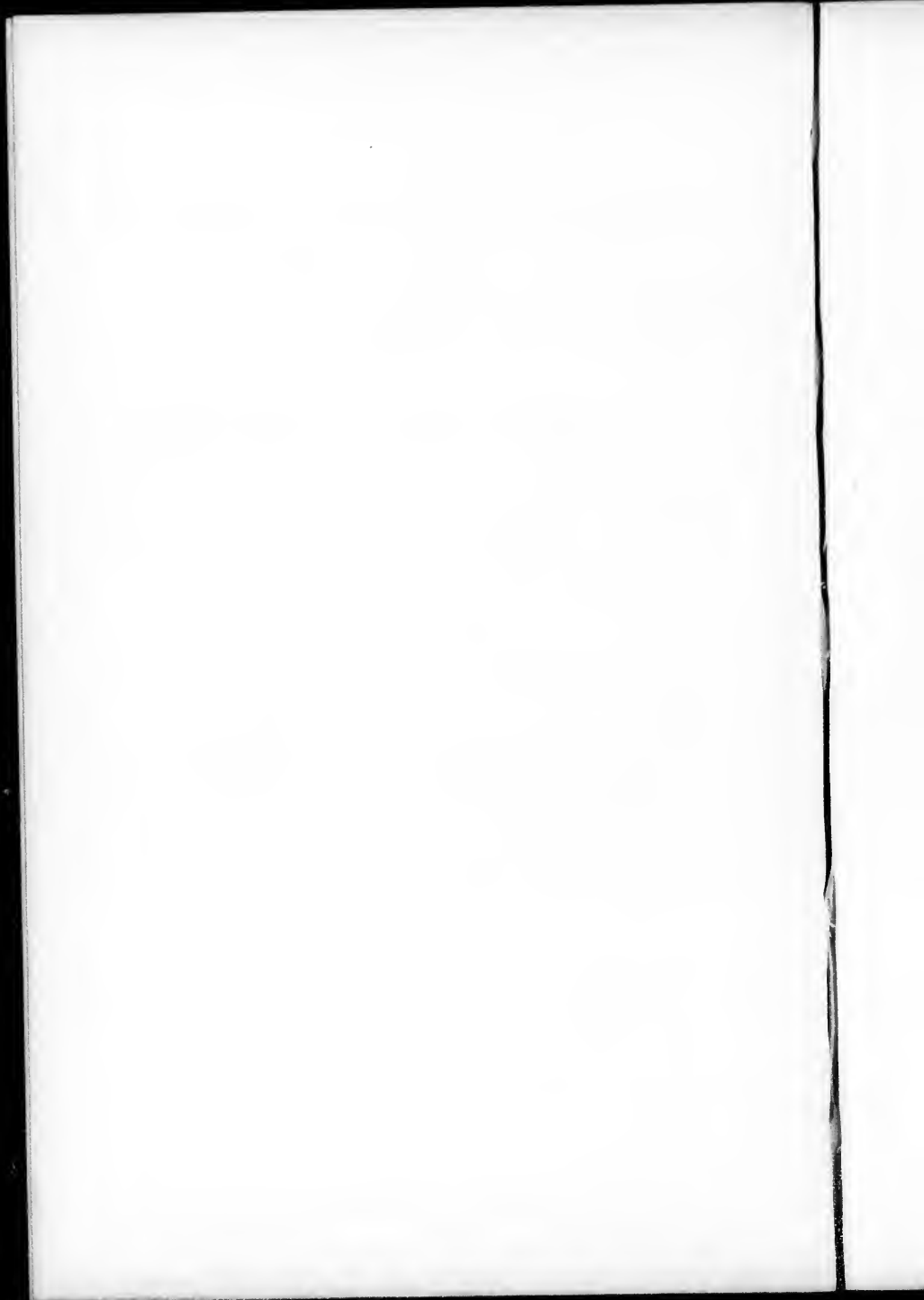
It was not very surprising that after all this excitement I had a very bad night and awoke quite ill Thursday morning, remained all day in bed nursing and starving, and could not, therefore, go to two afternoon parties for which we had invitations, nor to the grand evening reception at the college. This morning I am feeling quite well, and it is pouring with rain.

*Friday Evening.*—After luncheon Dr. P. Smith called and went with me to Section A, but we were too late to hear John's paper—He told me that he and E—— start for Quebec to-night after a lecture on "Dust," and stay at the Lansdownes for the festivities there (we three have settled not to go), and return Sunday evening. We went then to Section B to hear something of Chemistry, and to the Vicars Boyle's at the Windsor Hotel, and found her at home. I have had a letter asking us all to go to the

Macpherson's at Toronto. Hedley and I called on the McCleNNan's (Dick's hosts) and found her to be a nice clever woman, with seven sons and two daughters. Mrs. Stephen had called in my absence and waited some time to see me, and left a message for us to drink tea there Sunday, but I shall probably be occupied elsewhere. Dick went to see the Victoria Bridge to-day and dines here. Mr. Angus has been telling us delightful accounts of some of the new routes through the Rocky Mountains down to British Columbia, which the Canadian Pacific Railway will take, and which will be finished by the spring of next year. Their surveyor, Mr. Van Horn, has just returned from an exploration, and gave very curious details in answer to Professor G. Ramsay's questions (brother of Sir James Ramsay). Mr. Van Horn says the mountains sheer up eight to eleven thousand feet; glaciers are eighteen to twenty miles long; trees two hundred and fifty feet high and thirty in circumference. They have only to cut one down and it makes a capital bridge at once. He told us a curious story of a Mr. Rogers, who started with a young engineer to find a pass for the railroad over the Rocky mountains which would, on its discovery, make him famous. After their six days' provisions were all exhausted, Mr. Carroll, the young engineer, said: "It is all very well for *you*, but what shall *I* gain by risking my life and going on?" "Well," said Mr. Rogers, "let us go to that high plateau and think." While there, he decided to go on, upon which Mr. Carroll again expostulated. Mr. Rogers then exclaimed: "You see all these magnificent peaks, which probably no human eye has seen before—now the grandest of these shall be named after you if I succeed." Just then a caribou went past. They gave chase and he took them nine miles into a valley where they did not find *him* but *did* find a *câche* of food—and then the *pass*! And







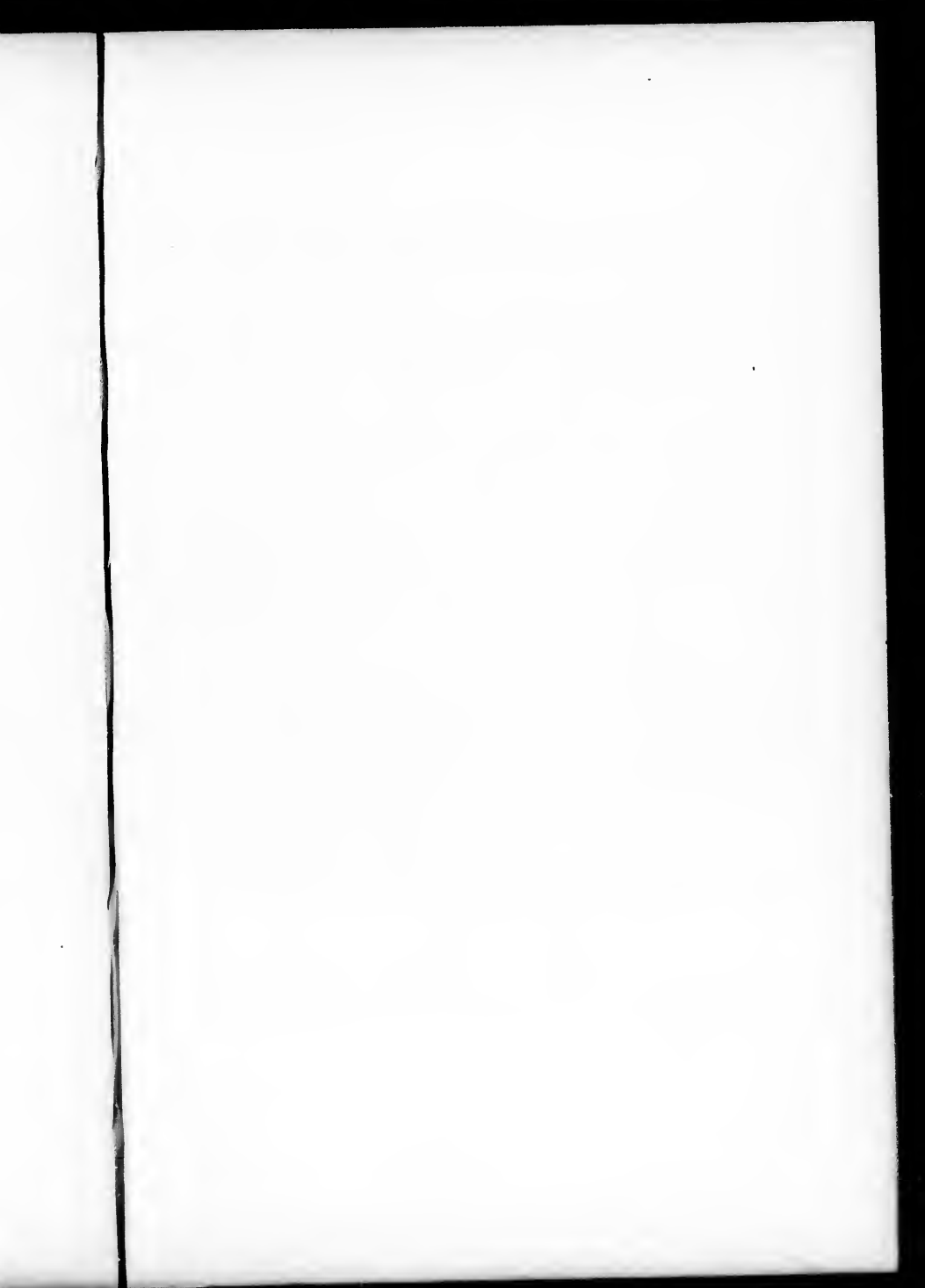
the highest mountain is called Mount Carroll at this day. Mr. Angus does not encourage me much to go to the Rocky Mountains, on the ground of fatigue and hardships.

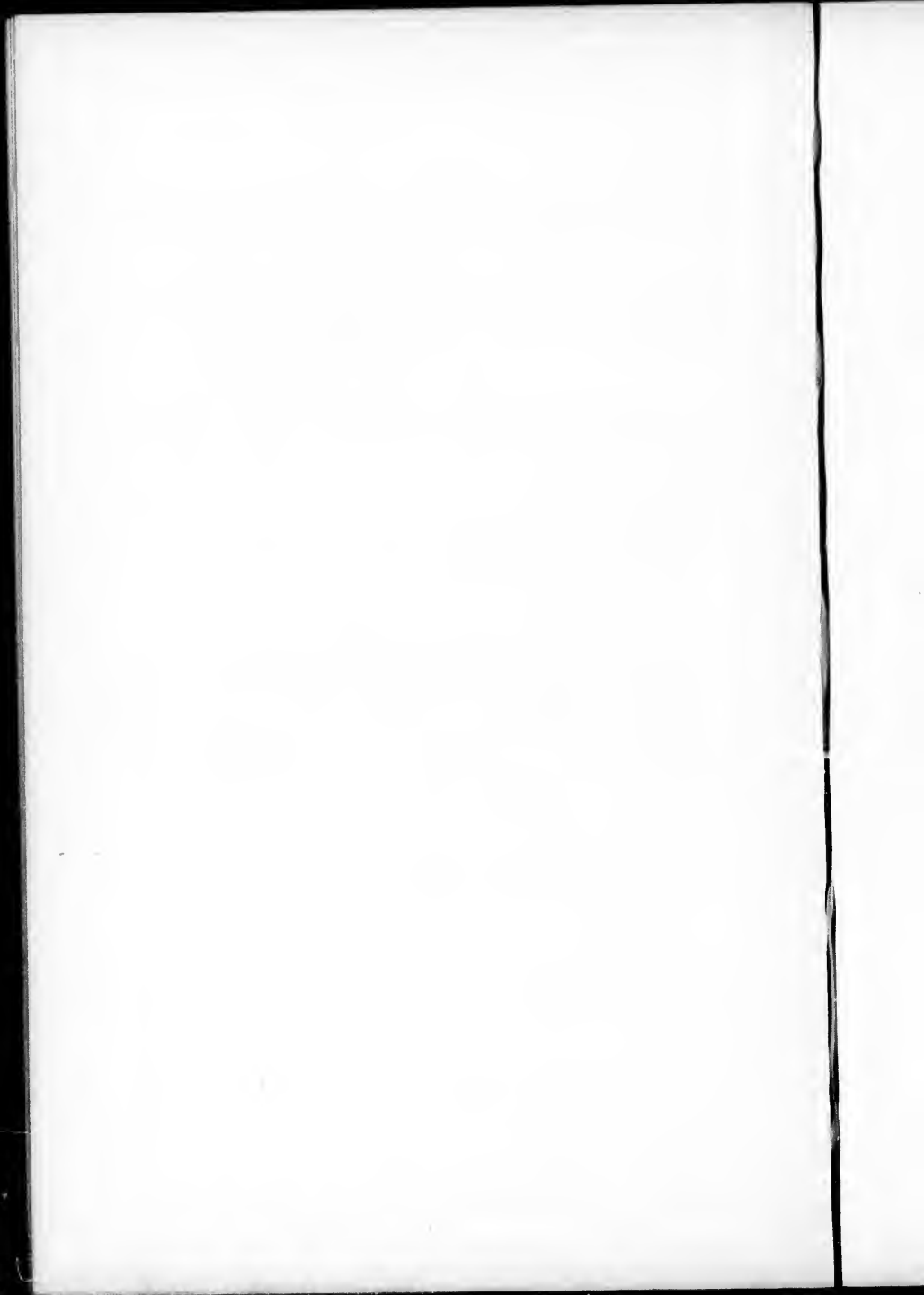
*Wednesday, September 2nd.*—I must bring up my journal to this date. On Saturday there were no sections. John and E—— Lansdownes and many others went to Quebec. Owing to showers of rain the festivities there were rather a failure. Miss Angus drove H—— and me to Mount Royal, where we had a splendid view; Dick walked up. We then went to the market, and saw there all sorts of new vegetables, fruits, and fish. The melons here are delicious, and we have had buckwheat cakes, and rice cakes, and sweet potatoes, and blueberries. The living here is very good, and nothing can be more comfortable than we are; but the flies are sometimes an annoyance, and the darkness of the rooms—which are kept dark to prevent their getting in. Saturday afternoon Dick, H—— and I went to see La Chine by rail to the steamer, and then down the rapids, which were less dangerous looking than we expected. A violent thunder-storm came on, and in the middle of it we got into the whirlpool of the rapids, and then a fiery red sun broke out among a mass of dense black clouds; a great fire appeared also near the banks of the river, and all this combined, produced very striking effects. We met on the steamer Mr. George Darwin and his Bride—a charming looking American girl—his looks already much better and happier!

*Sunday.*—Miss A——, H——, and I went to the cathedral, a full simple service and good sermon from Mr. Champion. In the afternoon I went with Dick to a musical service at St. James' Church—such a sermon! from a man who nearly wriggled himself out of the pulpit; he came from Norwood, I heard.

*Monday.*—We went in the afternoon to a party at Mrs. Redpath's; her son, "now gone to his home above," she said, had known one of mine at Cambridge. It is a pretty place, on a hill near this, and a good many people there; it got very damp after sunset. We none of us went to an evening party going on at Mrs. Gault's, being too tired. Mr. C—— called early and went with me to sections; John joined me, and we saw and heard Captains Ray and Greely of Arctic fame. They say he (Greely) and his living companions saved themselves from starvation by eating their dead ones—a dreadful alternative, but I don't think they were to blame; it did't agree with him, for he looks horribly ill, poor man! In the afternoon we all went to see the Indian game of La Crosse played between twelve Montrealists and twelve Indians. It is pretty and exciting, something between lawn tennis and football—I could have watched it for hours! we were all comfortably seated in places of honour on a covered stand, which partly accounts for my enjoyment. After this we went to tea with Mr. and Mrs. G. Stephens, and there with John and E—— we finally settled with Mr. Stephens to go by Canadian Pacific Railway to the north-west; Mr. Stephens offered us a private car, provisioned, &c.; we take *his* to Toronto, and stay there with Sir David and Lady Macpherson. This invitation is the result of an introduction I had from a friend in England. Several invites have come from Philadelphia and New York. I sent a telegram to you yesterday, but according to the rules of the Company (who allow us to send free, subject to these conditions), it must first go to 90, O—— G——; you will write next to New York, and I will give directions there respecting all letters. Please tell Edward at T. P. and Mary.

*Wednesday.*—I went to Sections for last time; in

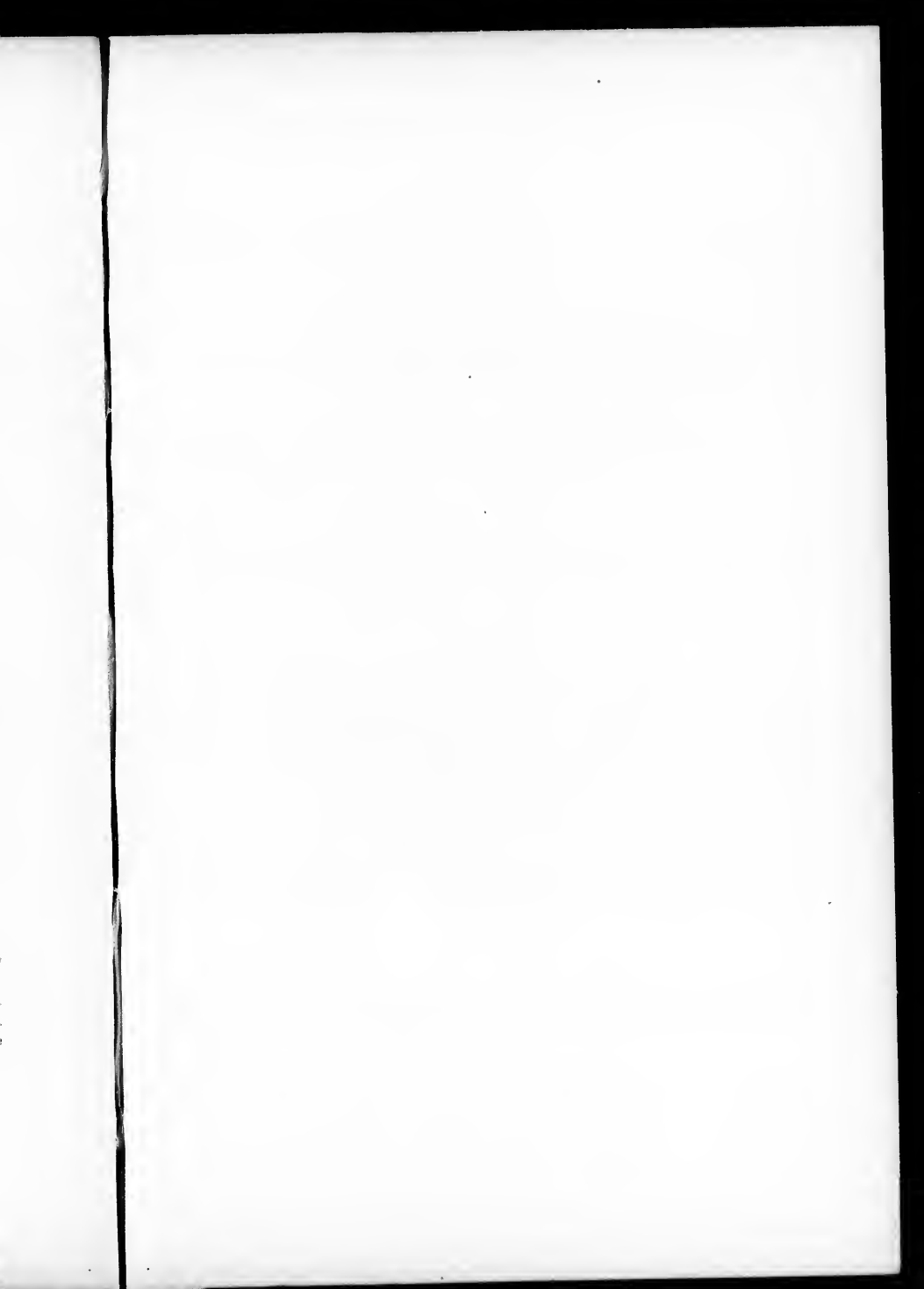




afternoon to the closing meeting of British Association, when they all butter one another; the buttering of John was, of course, very nice and justifiable! Sir William Dawson said among other things that John was to be loved and admired as a man as well as a scientist. He certainly looks gentlemanlike and sweet, and though nervous, he always expresses himself well; he and others received the honour of D.C.L. from the McGill University here. I forgot to say that on Tuesday evening there was a grand reception by the civic authorities at the skating rink, a very large hall, where we paraded up and down, and the young ones danced (Hedley with Miss Angus), and then I sat in a state gallery with E—— and other grandees. I cannot say I was struck with the beauty of the company. I made acquaintance with Captain Greely—he does not look any better, poor man, but has a nice expression. Wednesday evening we went to a pretty party at Mr. Donald Smith's, the richest man in Canada, and so kind and simple; he had a ball-room built at a day or two's notice, and tent for supper, and Chinese lanterns lighted up the garden, &c. It was a lovely night with full moon, and I was very glad to walk outside, for the heat was very great. Mr. D. Smith asked me to "Silver Heights," his place at Winnipeg. H—— and Dick are both rather unwell to-day, and I hear poor Mr. Walter Brown is dying. I am well enough now. It is extremely hot, but there is always air. John has shirked the Toronto function, and also the American Association at Philadelphia—some of the B. A. are starting there soon. We go alone to Toronto, and also to Winnipeg and the Rocky Mountains. Miss Becker and Mrs. Hallett called to see me, and I signed a memorial of thanks to Sir John Macdonald (the Premier of Canada), for proposing Women's Suffrage here.

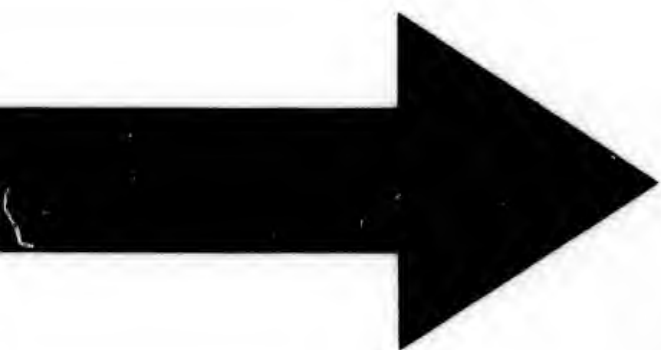
## THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

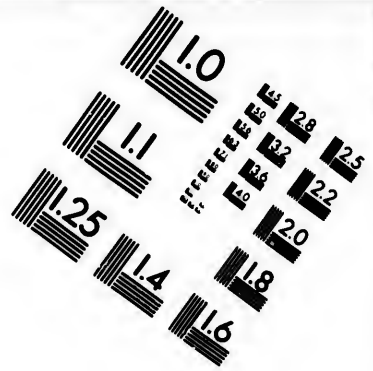
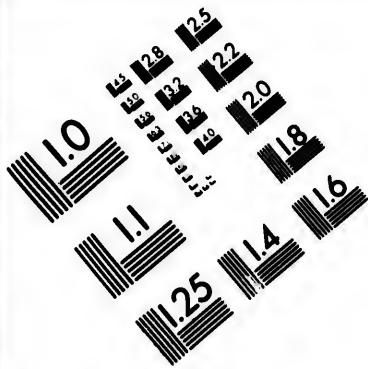
The fact that the British Association meets this year in Canada gives unusual interest to the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science at Philadelphia, from September 4 to 11. After the Montreal meeting those who feel inclined can make their way leisurely to Philadelphia where it is evident from the information before us, they will meet with a warm reception. On the Friday evening, September 5, after the address of the retiring president (Professor C. A. Young, of New Jersey) a general reception will be tendered by the citizens and ladies of Philadelphia to the members of the British and American Associations, and the ladies accompanying them. The British Association has been cordially invited, both by the American Association to take part in the proceedings, and by the local committee representing the citizens of Philadelphia, to accept the warm welcome which will be tendered them during the joint session. The local committee has, indeed, been divided into a number of sub-committees for the sole purpose of rendering the stay of their visitors agreeable. It will, therefore, only be courteous on the part of Britons who intend to be present at the American meeting to comply with the committee's request, and send their names, together with the number of ladies and gentlemen in their parties, as early as possible, to Dr. Persifor Frazier, 201, South Fifth-street, Philadelphia. During the week occupied by the session there will be a number of receptions, entertainments, and excursions, and a day will be set apart for the examination of the International Electrical Exhibition, to be held at Philadelphia under the auspices of the Franklin Institute, and commencing September 2. By an arrangement between the Canadian and United States Trunk lines, members of the British Association will be conveyed between Montreal and Philadelphia at specially low fares, while the hotel charges at the latter city during the meeting are not expected to exceed three dollars a day. We believe the number who have already promised to be at the Montreal meeting is about seven-hundred and fifty, so that with those who will go without promising, added to the many Canadian and United States scientists who are sure to be present, the meeting is likely to be in numbers more than an average one.



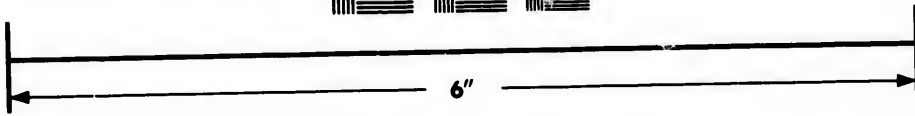
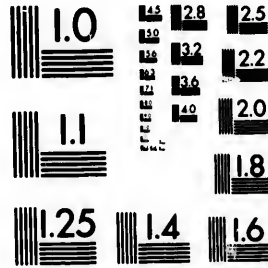








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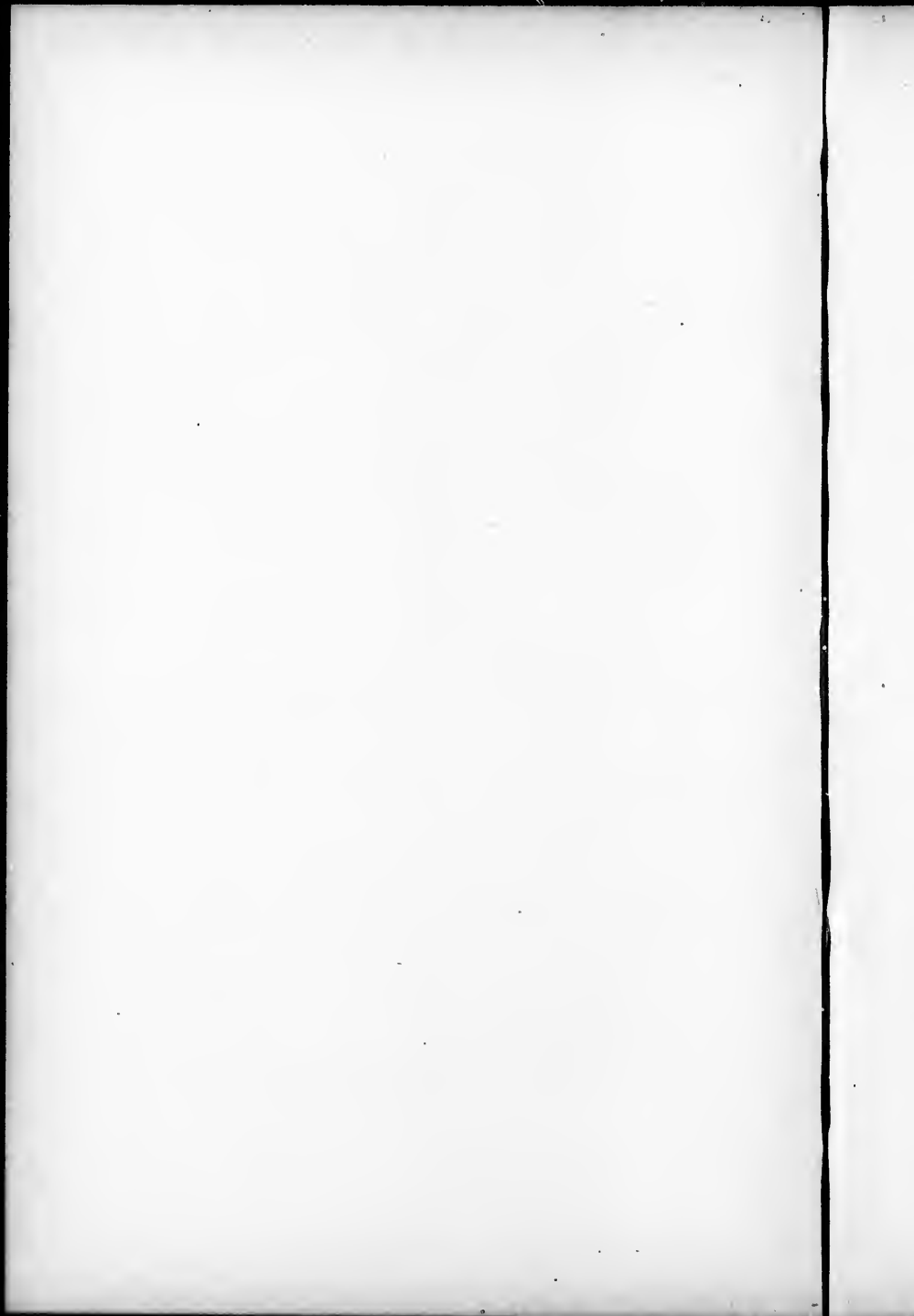


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## Letter No. 4.

*September 7th, Toronto, The "Chestnuts."*

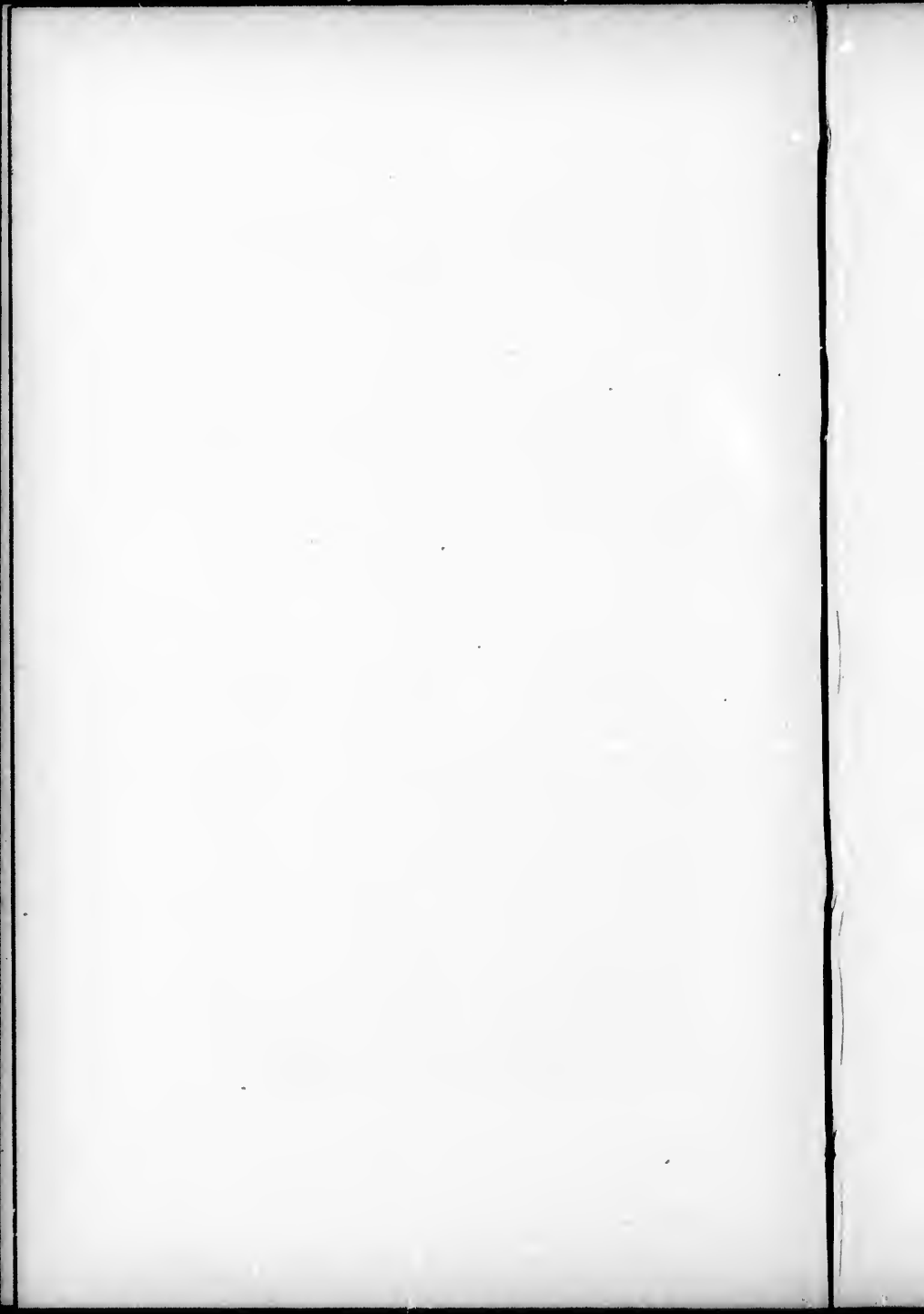
My beloved Mother.—I forgot to mention your birthday when I last wrote, but you know how glad I am that you were born! and how much I prize every year that is added to your life; and now as this will find you at dear Mary's, please give her my fond love and best wishes for this day, and I shall drink her health to-day, and call upon my sons to do the same. I posted my last letter at Montreal on Thursday; Dick was quite ill that day, and after seeing him twice and shopping, I bid good-bye to Mr. Angus, who went to New York, and then Miss Angus drove me to see poor Mrs. Walter Brown, whose husband was dying at the Hospital. I sent my card in and she asked to see me. I did not know her much, but it was very touching, and I felt my heart quite drawn to the poor young woman, who came out with her husband on a pleasure trip, and now has to leave him buried in a far land. He got typhoid fever, and inflammation of the lungs, and was lying unconscious on a hospital bed, while she sobbed on my shoulder, and said "Oh what shall I do? what shall I do?" I asked her if she had any difficulty about money matters, but she said Captain Douglas Galton had called and kindly arranged everything for her with one of our kind hosts at Montreal. Her father was coming out to her as fast as he could, but could not be at New York till the 12th, and her poor husband died that night, and was buried yesterday. After this, which upset me much, I went to the Stephens' and met John and E—— and told them, and John went off also to see Mrs. Brown, for Mr. Brown had been a friend of his. The Stephens' house is very gorgeous, and full of beautiful

satin-wood walls, and the staircase finely carved mahogany. Mr. Angus' house, too, has much beautiful carved wood about it, but the houses are kept so dark on account of the heat and flies, that one can hardly see well enough to appreciate these beauties. Excepting in this respect, and the amount of carved wood, the style is very like the houses of the middle class of well-to-do men in Scotland.

*Friday.*—I got up at six, and walked to see Dick, and found him better, and he arranged, if well enough, to follow us to Toronto; then we breakfasted and all the family were up to see us off, and we joined John and E— at the station and arranged ourselves in the Directors' car (Canadian Pacific Railway), a drawing-room with beds (sofas), dining-room and table in centre, a little kitchen, private bedroom, and two lavatories. We had a very hot and dusty journey but were otherwise comfortable, and arrived at Ottawa about twelve. John and E— went off to lunch with Lady Melgund at Rido, but as she did not know we were coming I was not invited, and so Hedley and I lunched in our car, and then drove to lionize the Claudière Falls, where the Ottawa River falls about two hundred feet. The quantity of wood piled about is amazing (lumber they call it) and it chokes up and destroys the effect of the river, but it is not in itself ugly, for they arrange it so beautifully and the colouring is bright. Then we drove to the Government buildings, and there I was agreeably surprised by the beautiful view, not so grand as Quebec certainly, but very fine—the Ottawa, with headlands, well wooded, frequently breaking the line of the river, and the far reach of country with blue mountains in the background, and then the air so deliciously sweet and pure, and reviving. We returned there again in the afternoon, and sat reading till half-past seven, when we returned to our small house and John and E—, and the

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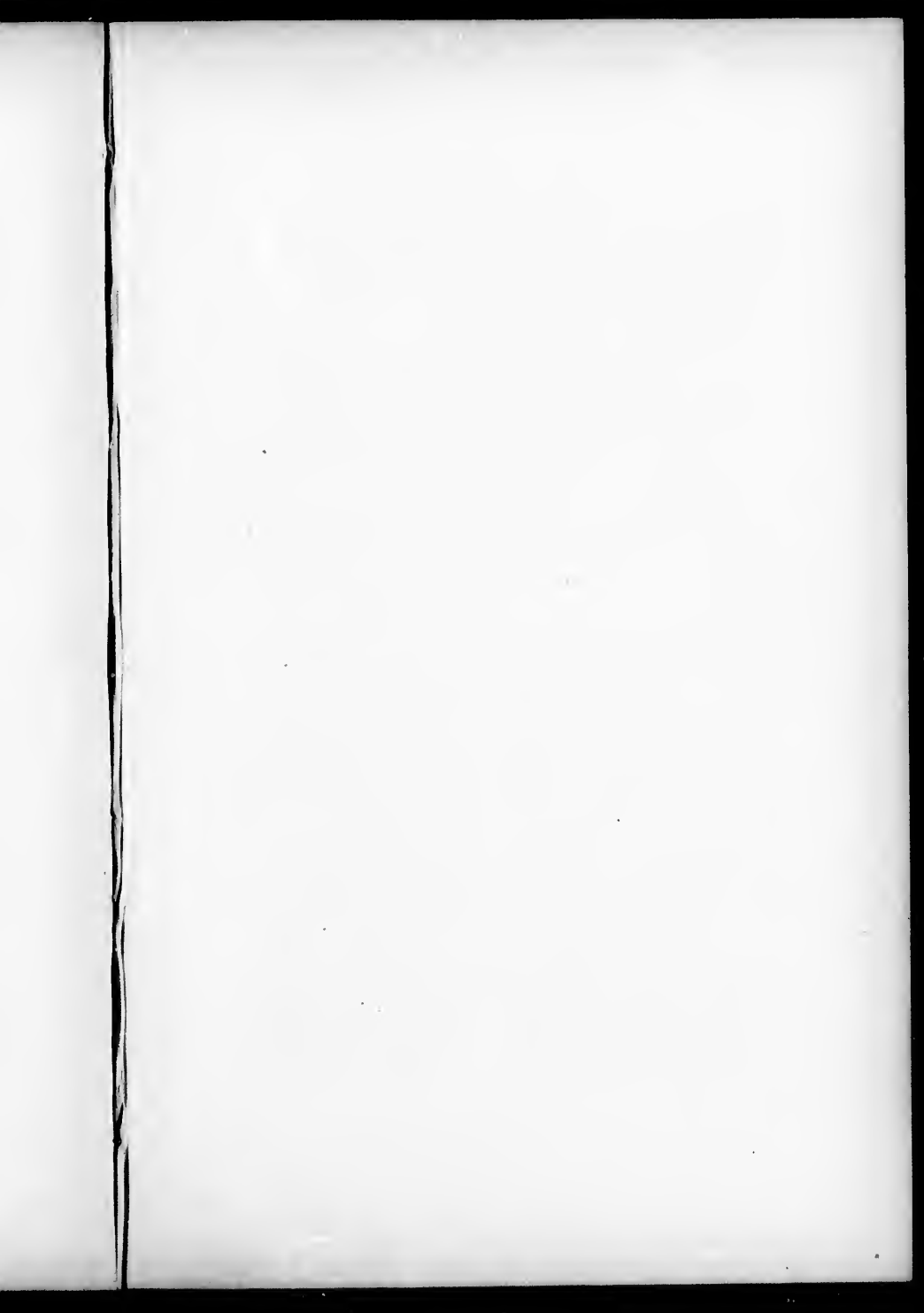


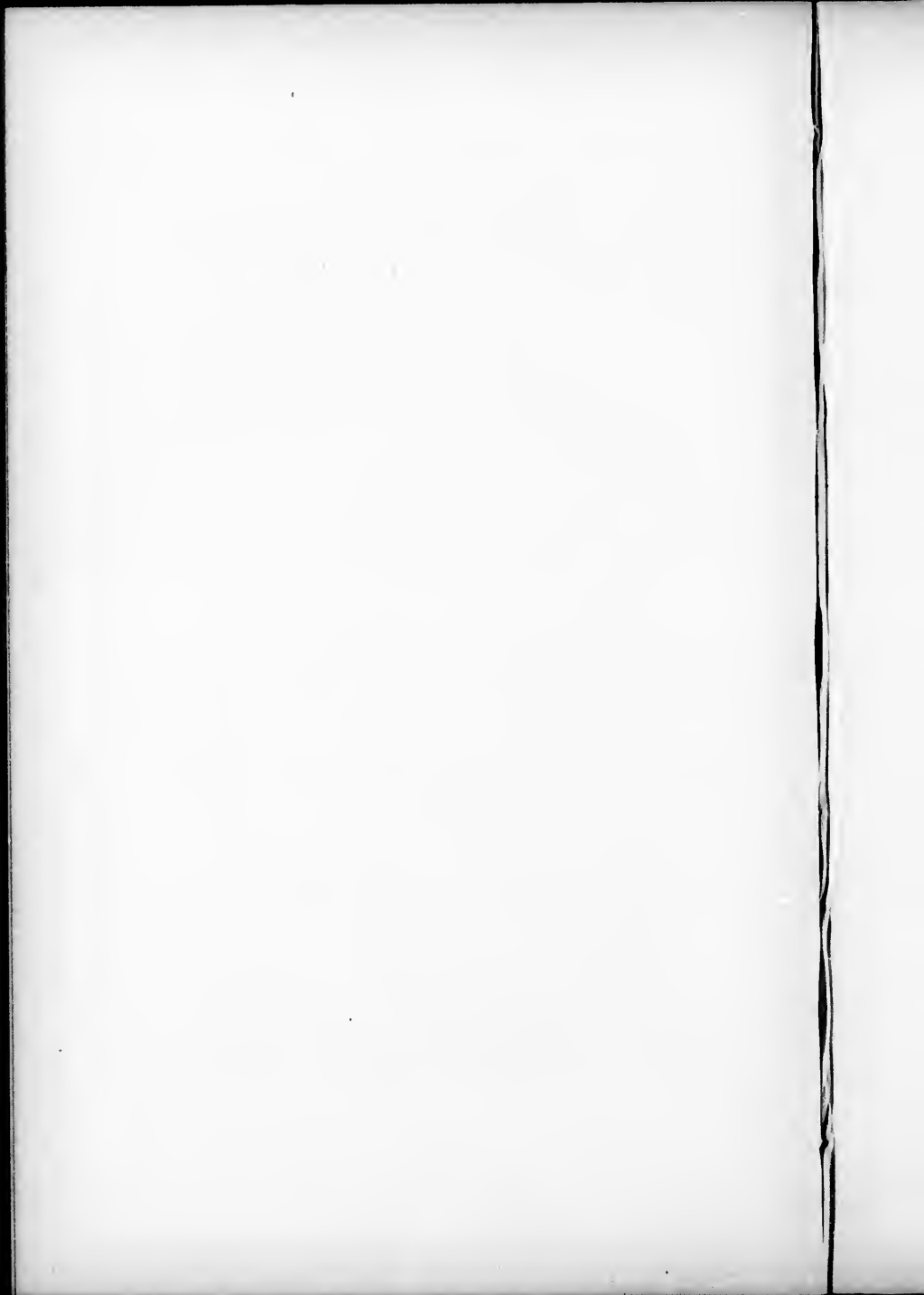


conductor gave us a capital dinner—champagne and all sorts of good things, and we all enjoyed it. Then we chatted and played whist, and then to bed. Hedley and I in the drawing-room, and John and E—— in small room, the maids in dining-room. I can't say I slept well for they moved our car once, causing our conductor to storm at them for their impertinence, and the arrival and departure of various trains and fog signals, &c., were not calculated to favour one's slumbers! Hedley declares that a fog signal in the morning did not awake me, but *he* slept through all. About twelve, Dick arrived from Montreal, much better, and our car was fastened to the train and on we went to Toronto. We all tried to read, but oh! the shaking, and dust, and heat were overpowering; still it was interesting to see what appeared a primitive country with forests half burned, with stations at "cities" consisting of apparently two or three wooden houses in the wood—I say apparently, for Sir D. Macpherson told me there were splendid farms near the railway. Sometimes we saw a pretty lake with park-like scenery around, and we thought "here we could make a pretty country place." At ten o'clock Saturday night we arrived at Toronto, and Sir David Macpherson and his carriage were waiting for us, and it was so delightful to drive in an open carriage with a lovely moon shining and the sweet, cool air refreshing us, that we were very sorry the drive was so short. Lady M—— and her daughter, Miss M——, only in their house, which seems like an English one in the style of arrangements—servants and conservatories, and greenhouses, &c., and my bedroom is furnished like a Scotch one, full of pretty quilts and muslin covers, and odds and ends. I was delighted to find myself between two very fine sheets, and slept like a top. Evelyn had a headache and did not get up or go to

church. We drove to the nearest and had a nice service and fair sermon from a Mr. de Barr, son of a Canadian Judge; Dick, Miss M—, and I stayed to Holy Communion, and I was struck with the remarkable number of young people who remained. After luncheon I had a long talk with Sir David. He says we are quite wrong about free trade: as the world is, it should be *fair* trade, or England will continue to lose, as she is now losing, every year. The Canadians are obliged to have Protection on account of the United States, who would send their manufactured goods by English vessels and so ruin Canadian workshops. No country can grow and prosper which only produces the raw article of food, &c. Land alone cannot make a people rich or great; he thinks the Conservative party are not half active or energetic enough, and we must have workmen orators stumping all over the country to reach their own class, or we shall lose all influence with those who will really be the ruling power. Here, he says, the Conservatives are two to one in the House of Commons; the Radicals here abuse their country, and try to hinder and injure all the enterprise which would enlarge its borders and bring emigrants to take possession, and do all they can to lower it in the estimation of outsiders, in hopes that if things come to *smash* they might have a chance of a reign of power. Doesn't this remind one of some people in our own country? Radicals are called "grits" here, and they say you can recognize a "grit" when you see him, for though they are not at all from one class or one industry, they have heads that might betoken a sojourn in a penitentiary!

*Monday, September 8th.*—We did not go anywhere last evening but strolled about the garden. Mr. Brand, son of the late Speaker, Mr. Morris, member of the Senate, and another man, dined. Mr. Morris was Governor of





Manitoba. He said in the year 1870 Winnipeg was a little wild village. Now, when I asked him about buying a few things at Toronto for the Rocky Mountains expedition, he exclaimed "Oh! wait until you get to Winnipeg, you can get everything there!" He described a ball he had given to some royalties (I forget which) and how he had to scour the country for three hundred miles round to get provisions enough for the supper, in the year 1874. In my youth I remember reading of Winnipeg, Fort William and Lake Superior as the outposts of the Hudson Bay Company, and how travellers, trappers, &c., endured all manner of hardships, and crossed lakes with Indians carrying the canoes from lake to lake, and guiding them through endless swamps and rocky hills, until half-frozen and starved they arrived quite exhausted at these distant forts. Now we travel by rail in a private car, and Mr. Donald Smith has a country house near Winnipeg, to which he invited us, and all along there are "rising cities" which did not exist in any shape five years ago. When this Canadian Pacific Railway is finished to British Columbia, and the Atlantic and Pacific are united by it in one, our "Dominion" then ought to have a splendid future. I don't think I told you about Mr. Van Horn's conversation with me at Montreal—he said "we are a great deal too quiet in Canada; we don't puff ourselves enough or make enough of our advantages and our doings. Why, we live next door to fifty millions of liars and we *must* brag or we shall be talked out."

*Monday, later.*—I have just returned from a drive with Miss M—— and Hedley to Toronto, and I am surprised at its size and importance, and busy look and general air of English prosperity and neatness. Though Montreal is very pretty, the town is too French and idle-looking to be

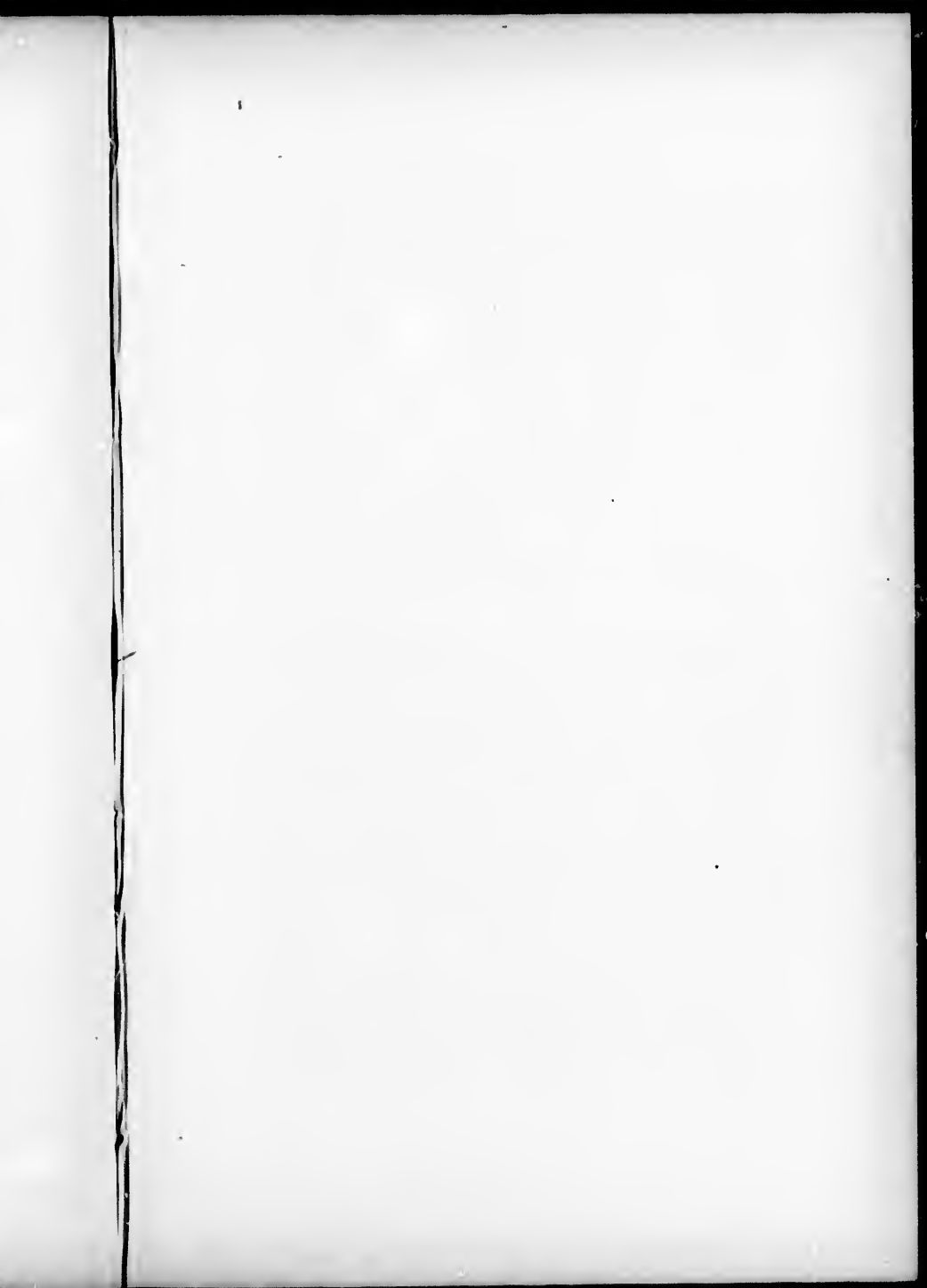
impressive—there are numbers of well-kept villas and gardens here. We are now going out to see a regatta on Lake Ontario and to the island. Lady M—— said last night, when making arrangements, “I think this will suit the young people,” and I exclaimed “Don’t put me among the old ones, please,” so I am going. Sir D—— has gone to Ottawa on Ministerial business.

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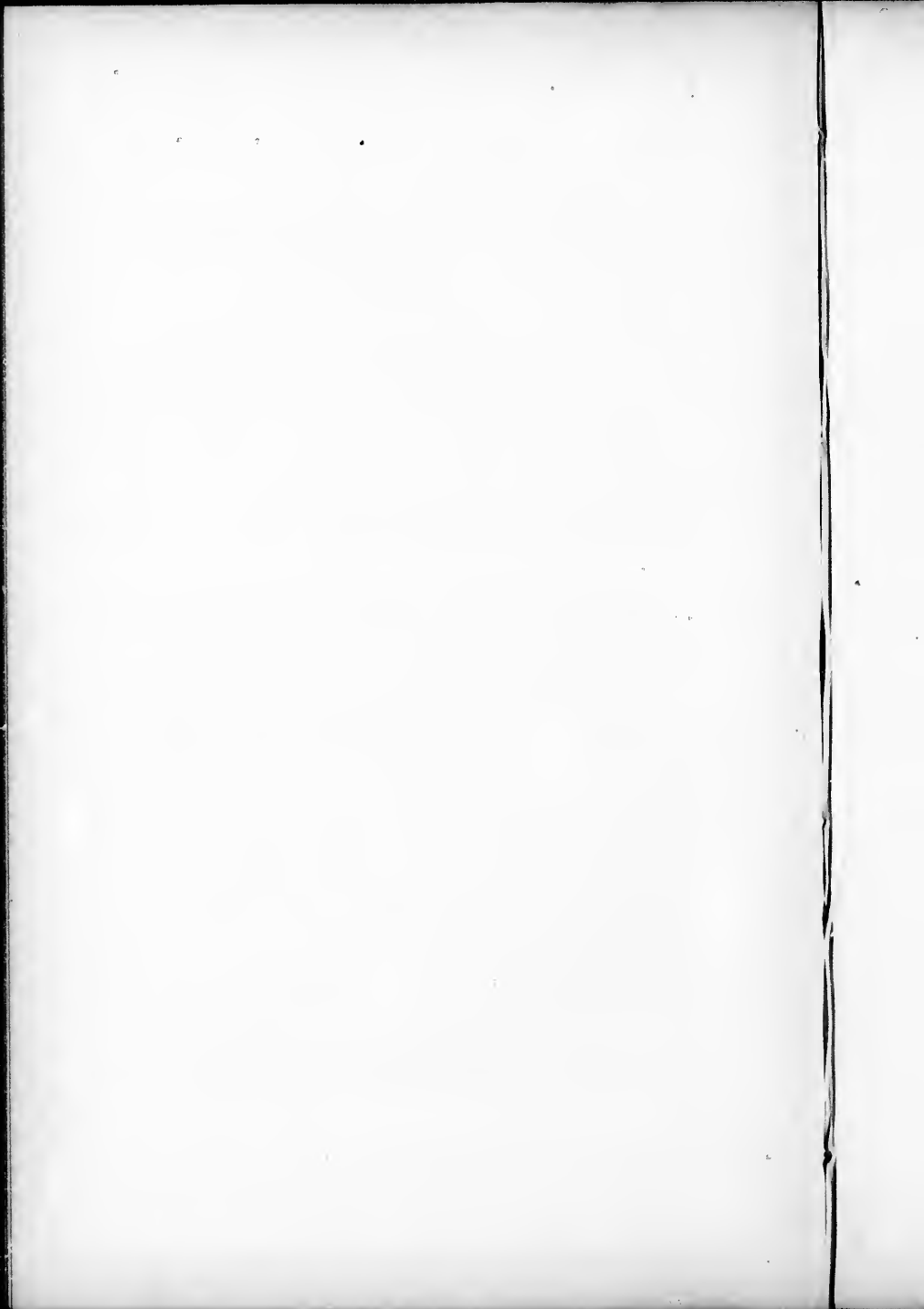
### Letter No. 5.

*September 12th, Niagara Falls.*

On Tuesday we drove with John, and Dr. Wilson shewed us over the University and some pretty sketches he had taken. We got berths on board the steamer from Owen Sound on Saturday. It is difficult to find out who manages these things, and we had telegrams going to two or three places before we could make certain of our berths. At four o’clock all sorts of people called, being Lady Macpherson’s “at home” day, and many on me and E——. I don’t admire Canadian women *especially!* We had fourteen at dinner and a delightful old Irishman, Chief Justice Haggerty, took me in. The Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Robinson, though only the Provincial Governor, is treated as the representative of the Queen, and goes before every one. Professor Godwin Smith and his wife were also of the party. He says (but I am sure he is prejudiced and that it is not true) that the Canadian Government is just as corrupt and that there is as much bribery as in the States. Mr. G. Smith differs in opinion with every one, for the Liberal side would not publish his







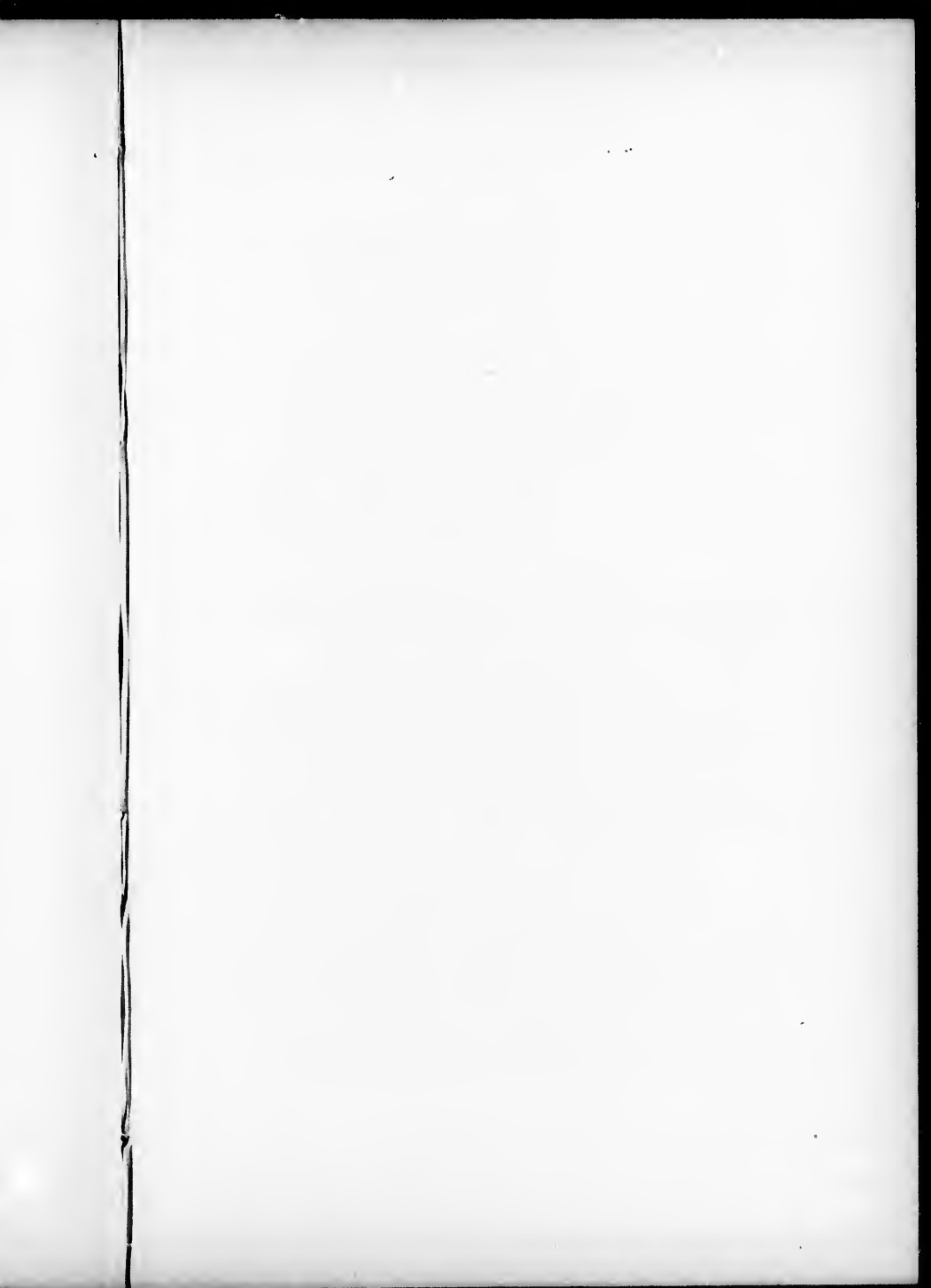
letters in the papers, and so he sent them to the Conservatives, and he says they are far more impartial and just.

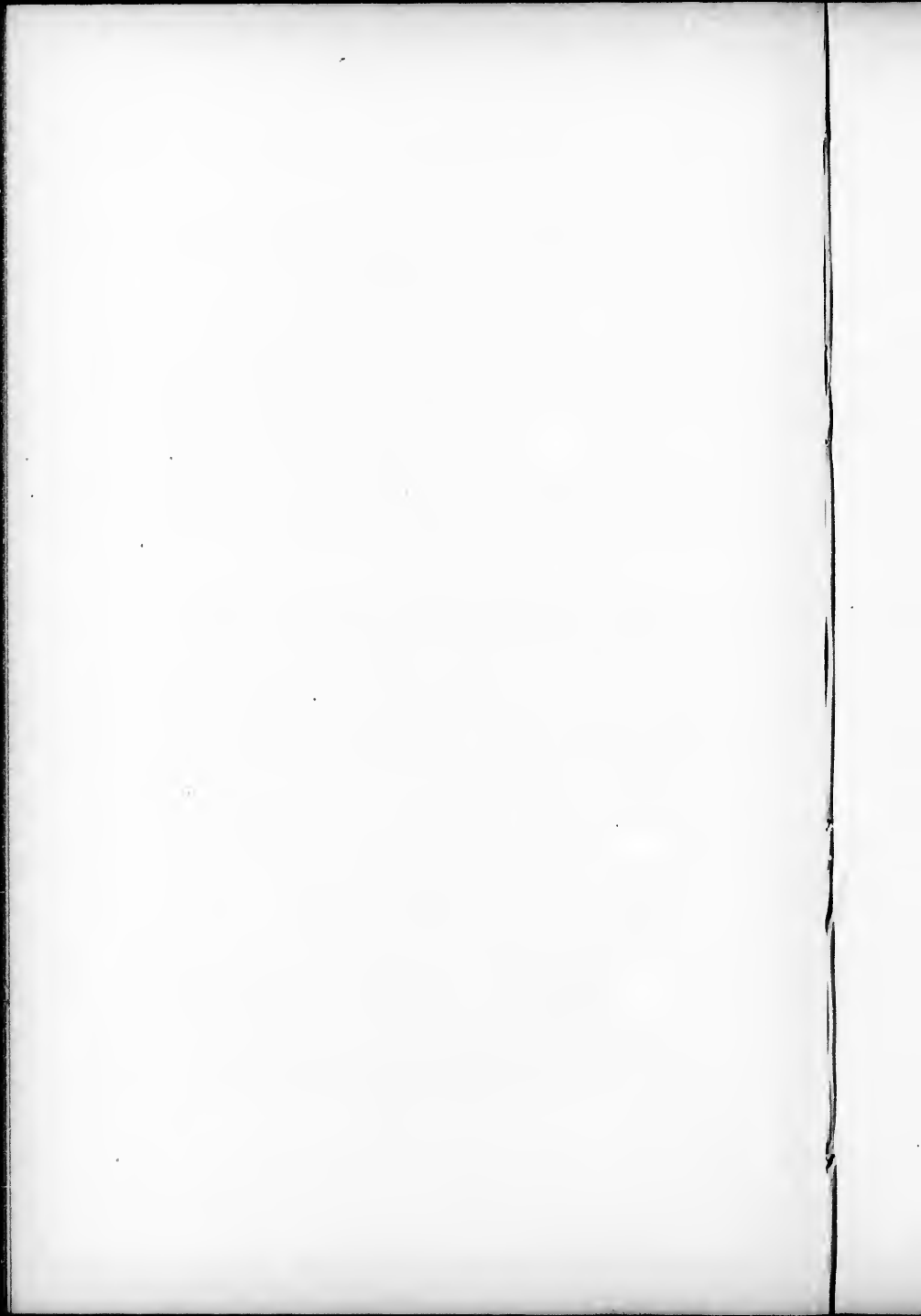
*Wednesday, 10th.*—We started here at one o'clock, first by steamer on Lake Ontario. It was refreshing after being nearly melted at Toronto, for there was a good breeze. The size of these inland seas strike one much. We arrived at Niagara about four, and found Mr. Plumb, John's quondam friend of eighteen years ago, waiting for us in waggonette, and we drove at once to his pretty house, surrounded by peach orchards and vines, an untidy but pretty garden. He asked after Leonard and Mary. Then we had tea, presided over by his pretty daughter of sixteen, and then the train by his orders stopped for us at his garden door, and, as he informed me, the last time it did so, was for the Prince of Wales! We arrived here, Clifton House, the Hotel, by a picturesque railway journey, and are opposite the American Falls, and the Horse Shoe Falls are on our right, nearly facing us. Like many other people, I am rather ashamed to confess I am not as much impressed and overwhelmed as I ought to be! Dick took a note from Mr. Plumb to his nephew, Mr. Macklem, and he arranged to call for us at three. In the morning we drove to the Rapids and Whirlpool, and went up and down all sorts of queer places in *queerer* elevators. The river looked beautiful, a blue-green colour, and the whirlpool is mysteriously curious, where poor Captain Webb disappeared! In the afternoon the Macklems took us to the American side on the fine Suspension Bridge, and then to Prospect Park, Goat Island, and different peeps and vistas of the Falls and Rapids. I think the immense breadth and volume of water, with the incessant rush and roar of the river, strike me more than the actual Falls. We saw some rapids between

the islands "Weird Sisters," and finally drove to Mr. Macklem's place, surrounded by rapid streams of the Niagara and very pretty. There seems no end to this river, it has so many turns and arms and rapids. We had tea (by this time I was nearly dead), and three dear small boys appeared; one only two and half had a violin, and he imitated a person playing on it, and made the sounds with his voice in the most amusing clever way, and laughed so merrily when we shouted applause. Mr. Macklem drove us home, and after dinner we played whist in E——'s nice bedroom. This morning I am not well! We have seen the maids off with the luggage by early rail and boat for Toronto and follow in afternoon.

*Friday, continuing.*—I was unable to see anything more of Niagara; the others crossed the ferry. We left at twenty minutes to five, and owing to the steamer being late on Lake Ontario we did not reach the Macpherson's till half-past nine. They waited dinner, and we rushed down, at least I did, just twelve minutes after my arrival, and also dressed! A Mr. Pattison, a very agreeable-looking man, who seems an authority on farming, and a Mr. and Mrs. Plumb (son of our Niagara friend), who was once at T—— P——, but I had entirely forgotten him. Mr. Pattison spoke of the ignorant, idle, good-for-nothing young men sent out here to make a living by their worried relations, sometimes with scarcely a sixpence, in which case they starved but for the charity of himself and others, or if with any money they fell into bad hands and lost everything. So many are sent here that he has made a kind of home for the destitute.

*Saturday Morning.*—Sir David M—— returned from Ottawa, and we breakfasted together. We nearly missed the train at Toronto (not having Miss M—— to keep us



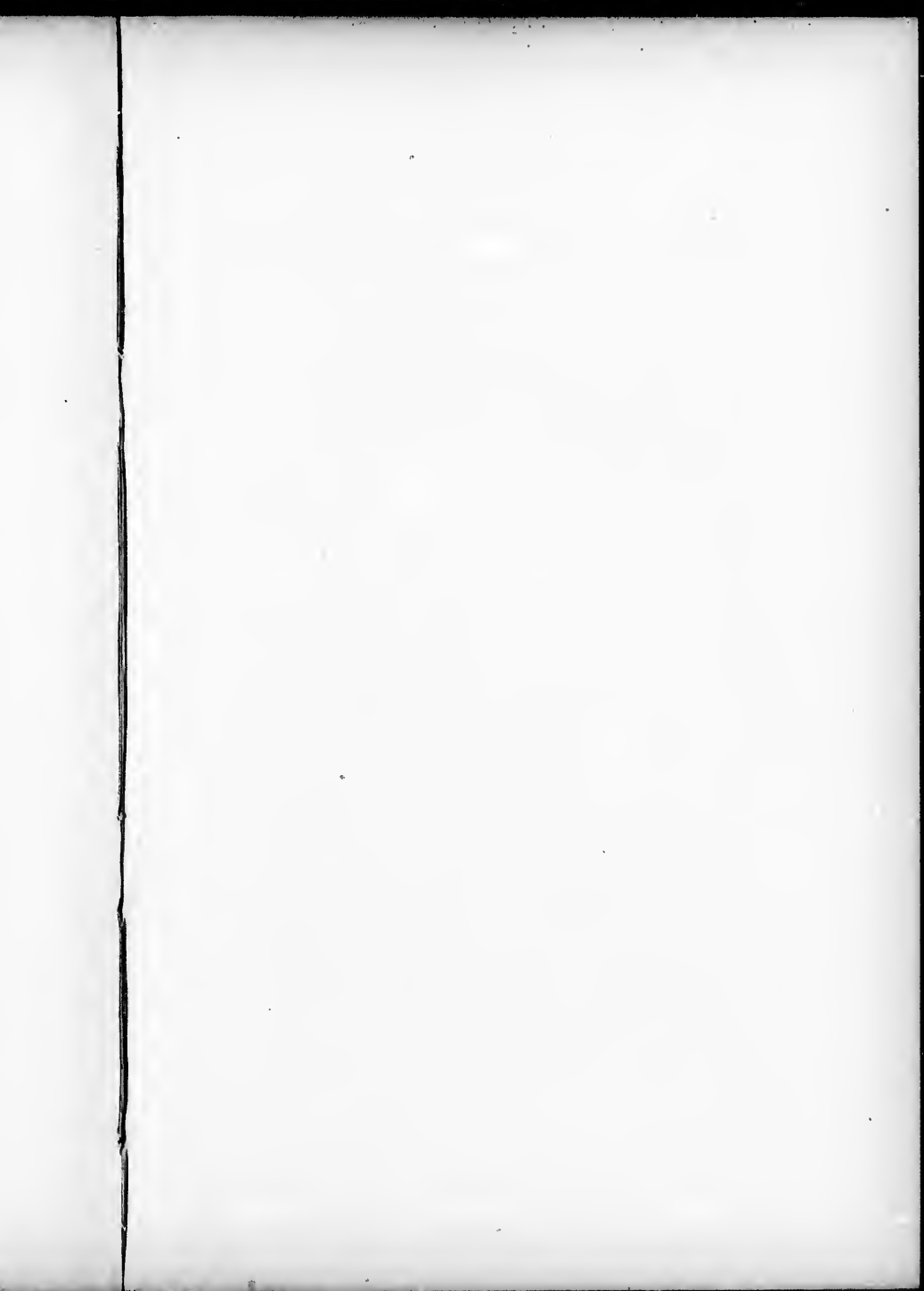


in order; I call her Queen Christina, she is so masterful), but just managed to get ourselves and luggage in, and to see George Bunburg, whom I had made several attempts to see before, and who I hear is enterprising and likely to do well. We reached Owen Sound, and got into the steamer all right about three o'clock. Nice farms nearly all along the line.

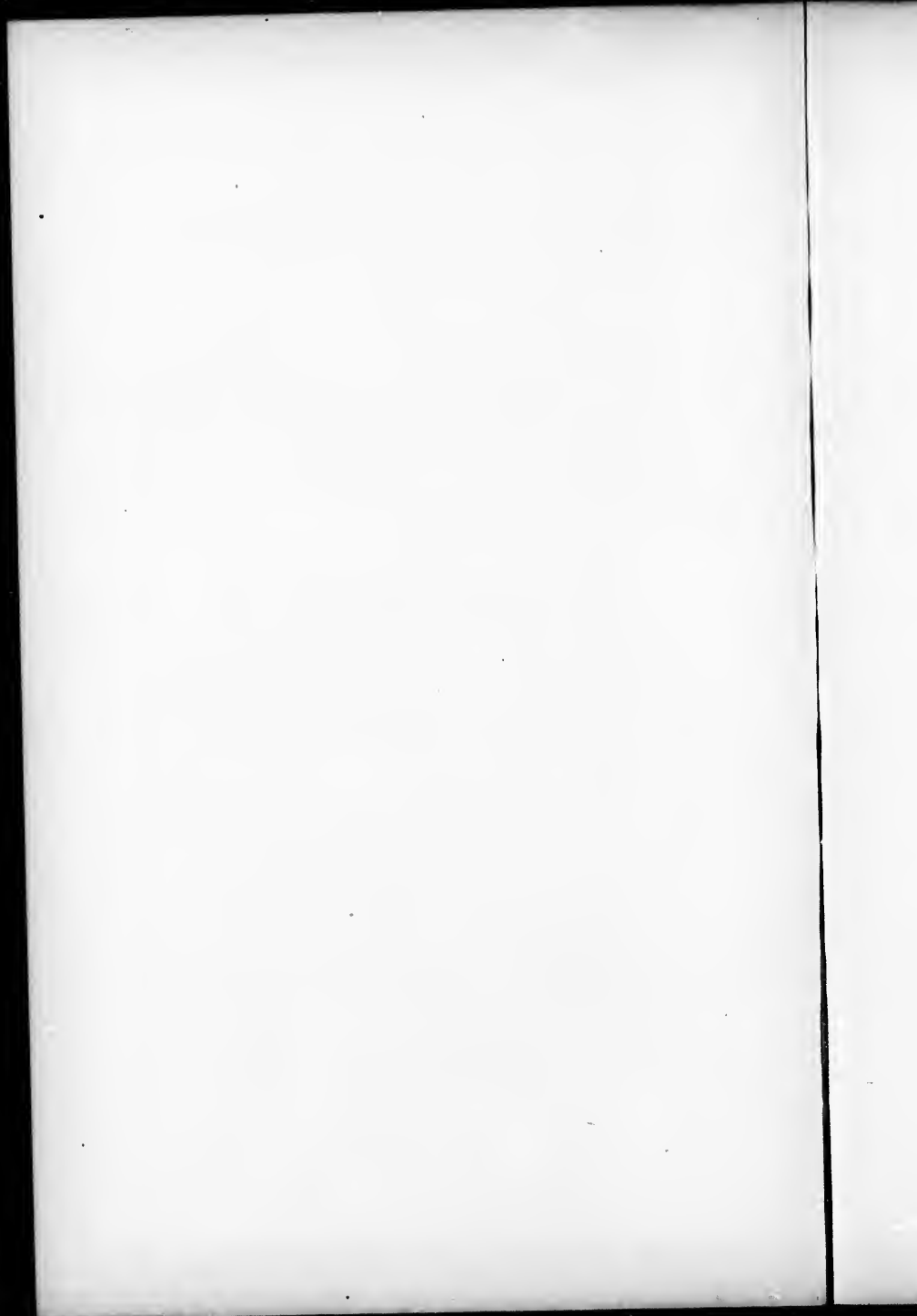
*Sunday, 14th September.*—I slept pretty comfortably. We got into a narrow passage between Lakes Superior and Huron, which was pretty and curious, great numbers of islands and a very narrow path marked out for steamers, which, as we met several, made the risk of collision seem very imminent; they moved very slowly, and have established regular rules of the road, but cannot travel by night, or if a fog comes on. St. Mary le Soult is a pretty place, on one side American, where they have made a lock to avoid the rapids from Lake Huron to Lake Superior. We waited some time to get into the lock, and then found ourselves in the largest lake in the world, five hundred miles long by three hundred and fifty miles wide. Of course, it is like the sea, and while I am writing it is rough enough to make it difficult. No land is in sight. I have had a talk with an Archdeacon who lives near St. John's College, Winnipeg, and is reading "Natural Law;" it is really getting very rough and I must stop.

*Tuesday, 16th.*—I am writing in the train, and I am thankful to be alive in it. We arrived at Port Arthur at eight o'clock yesterday, 15th, but could hear nothing of our private car, and when the train arrived no car still to be seen. At last, after hunting about and asking everyone, it turned up, and was very satisfactory. Two men were there to wait on us, and it was well provisioned, and we set off about an hour and-half late, but no one

minds such a trifle in these parts. At first the line was fairly straight and smooth, but then the country became wonderfully wild, with rocky hills covered with stumpy trees and undergrowth of brilliant colouring, and wooded lakes without end. In and out we wound, sometimes over most light and primitive bridges, and over high embankments, often running along the margin of the lakes, consisting of loose sand, which frequently rolled down the sides as we went over them. It rained nearly all day, and towards night it poured and was pitch dark. I was just undressed, and congratulating myself that we had been standing still at a station, and so I had been able to do it comfortably, and just got into my sofa bed, with Dick and Hedley opposite me behind their curtains, when we set off, and in a few minutes I felt a violent concussion; so many jerks come in common course that I was not frightened, but we stopped, and then our head man came to the door and said with dignity, "I think it right to announce to you, my lady, that an accident has happened." "What is it?" "The engine went over a culvert bridge all right, but the baggage waggon next to it fell down off the line, and as we were going slowly they put on the brake and no other carriage followed." "Can we go on to-night?" "Oh no, the roadway is broken up." This was a shock to my nerves, but at any rate we were safe for the night, and after running in and telling John and E——, we soon all fell asleep. During the night they tacked on an engine, with its great lamp eye at the back of our car (we are the last carriage), and every few minutes this monster gave a tremendous snort, but nothing awoke Hedley, who slumbered peacefully through it all. We got up early, rushed off to the scene of the disaster, as did all the other passengers. It was marvellous that the engine went



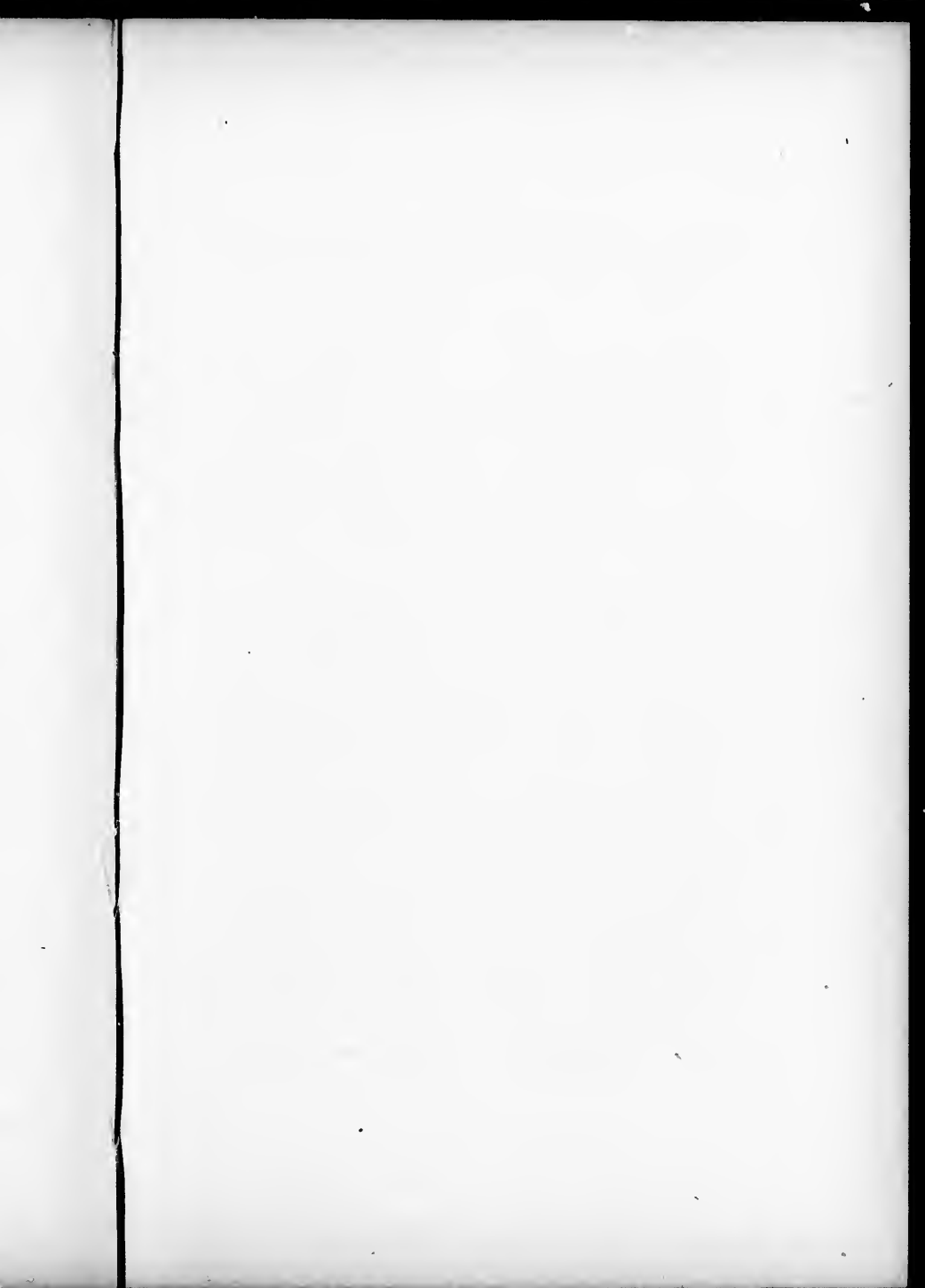


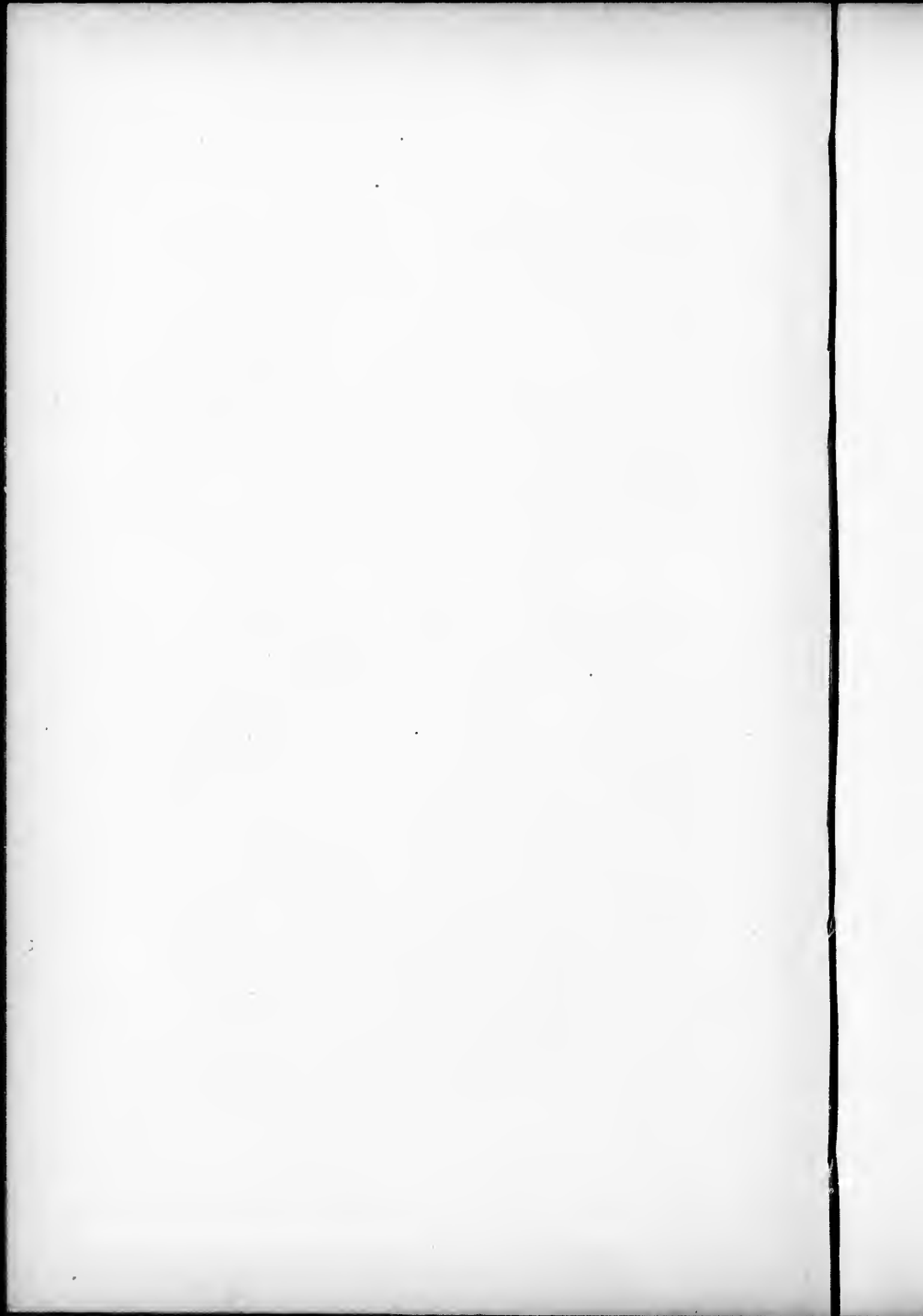


over that bridge, for really the rails were almost suspended in mid air, but fortunately for us it did, or we should have followed and telescoped, and probably been hurt or killed, the baggage waggon being suspended between the engine and cars, all on one side and down the bank close to the lake, the window broken through which the guard jumped out. We trembled for our luggage, which was *all* there. The lakes and gaily coloured hills that elsewhere I should admire, make our railroad so dangerous that we have to creep along, sometimes over long spidery wooden bridges, and again on most shaky and uncertain looking embankments, and round sharp corners; every now and then we stop for no apparent reason, and then all rush to the platform of our car to see what is the matter. Once a party of the railway officials got out and run back; we thought some of our luggage had fallen out, but it seems one of the bridges over which we had just passed was rather shaky, and they went to investigate. If we had gone on last night we meant to be detached at Rat Portage, or Lake of the Woods, but now we go on to Winnipeg if, please God, we can get there.

*Wednesday 17th.*—Soon after writing yesterday, our steward came in with a solemn face and said: "I have unpleasant news to communicate; a wire has just come to forbid the train crossing the tressel bridge in front of us, so every one must walk, and the luggage be carried over." The railroad is only lately completed, and they have had no experience hitherto of the effect of heavy rains. Some of the bridges are only temporary ones, but no doubt it will be a good and safe line soon. When one considers the country it passes through, and the difficulties of all sorts that they have had to encounter, I think the Canadian Pacific Railway Company and engineers, &c., deserve great credit. "There is a train to

meet us on the other side of the bridge to take us on to Winnipeg;” upon which there was a general outcry. “Part with our comfortable car and provisions? Forbid the thought!” “How long will it take to repair the bridge?” “I dont know at all; it may be *d.ys* or a fortnight.” After confabulating with the conductor of the train, we settled to remain this side of the bridge, and be shunted off till it was repaired, and tacked on to a train again for Winnipeg. We went as far as the bridge, and a curious scene was before us; the passengers for Rocky Mountains on the other side had been waiting there for hours, our train being delayed by the accident, and they proved to be some of our long lost friends of the British Association; we greeted each other with effusion; they rushed on our car, and spoke *all at once* about the glories of the Rockies and the dangers they had escaped, and the *fun* they had, &c. Some conducted me to the bridge to see what had happened there; considering that there was a great gap in the bridge, and the tressels were lying about anyhow, and a great iron crane hung suspended over the hole by one hook, and the engine lay on its side below, the *wire* message telling us it would not be safe to go over was rather ironical! All the luggage of the two trains was spread all over the rocks and bushes, and people running here and there, the silent lake so pretty and lovely in contrast. The men with the crane were coming to our assistarce at Vermillion Bay (where our culvert bridge gave way), and the engineer felt the tressels bending as the engine crossed, and was considering whether to jump off or stay; he decided to remain in the cab of the engine, as the jump was a very high one, and down they went to the bottom, but the men were only cut and bruised, and one broke his leg. This accounted for the delay in our getting





assistance, and fortunately for us all, that our small accident happened when it did. As our friends from Winnipeg thankfully exclaimed, "if it had not been for your accident, which was happily so harmless, we should have gone over that bridge, and as our train was faster and heavier there would probably have been a greater smash;" and we exclaimed, "but for our comparatively harmless accident, we should have gone over that bridge that night and come to great grief." Wasn't it a mercy we escaped? We had Professor Boyd Dawkins, Professor Shaw, Mr. de Hamel, Bishop of Ontario, Mr. Stephen Bourne, &c., on our car for some miles on our way *back*, and then we were shunted on a siding to wait as patiently as we could. At this *Hawk* something station we parted with our British Association friends, with many good wishes and waving of handkerchiefs, and were left shunted on the edge of a disagreeable embankment over the lake. After all this excitement we read, had dinner and played whist; then made our own beds, and all the 'boys' slept in the drawing room with me last night, and E— had the state cabin to herself. It was very cold in the night, and I had to hunt up another rug. We breakfasted at half-past eight, and now the others are taking a walk while I write. I forgot to say Gibson and Roberts went on with our luggage, .ross the bridge (or rather, by its side), in the train which returned to Winnipeg, and there they will stay till we return from the Rockies. E— and the boys are just off in the cab of an engine exploring to the broken bridge. It will be fun, perhaps, for them, but I find I have frights enough to endure in our necessary journeys. There is actually a cow at this station, so we had milk for porridge and tea; moreover, there is a piece of ploughed land, a rare

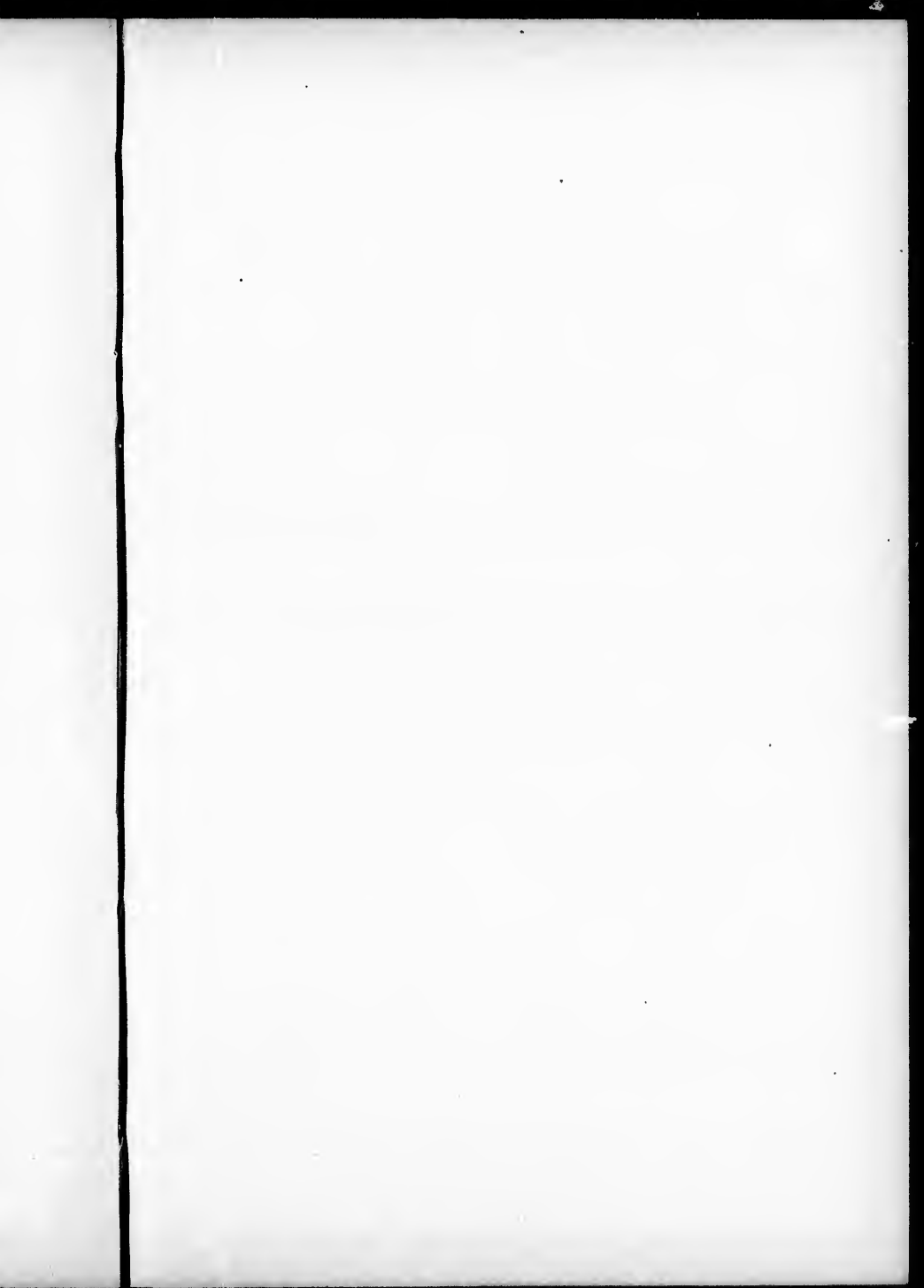
sight in this wild stony *watery* country. The Canadian Pacific Railway have not had experience before this autumn of the effect of heavy rains on their road, bridges, &c., and things have sometimes come to grief in consequence; some bridges are very good and not temporary.

*Later.*—Since writing the foregoing, John and E—and Hedley went off on the cow-catcher of an engine for two or three miles excursion! Dick did not “paddle his own canoe,” but the station master did for him on the lake here, and he *nearly* succeeded in catching a large trout! He and I wandered afterwards on the Rocky Hill, and picked enough blueberries for dinner, and I refreshed my eyes with some lovely-berried red-leaved little shrubs. Since luncheon a telegram came, telling us we might go over the bridge, and so off we went, and on arriving walked all about, some sketching the fallen engine, &c. We set off with Mr. Egan the manager, in his car in front of us, *en route* for Rat Portage, where I am finishing this journal up to this date, Wednesday, September 17th. It is lovely weather now, and this place is very pretty, and looks quite civilized after our wilderness kind of scenery. Mr. Egan is now going on to Winnipeg, and will post this for me. After our return from the Rockies to Winnipeg, we shall go to Chicago, Washington and Philadelphia, where write.

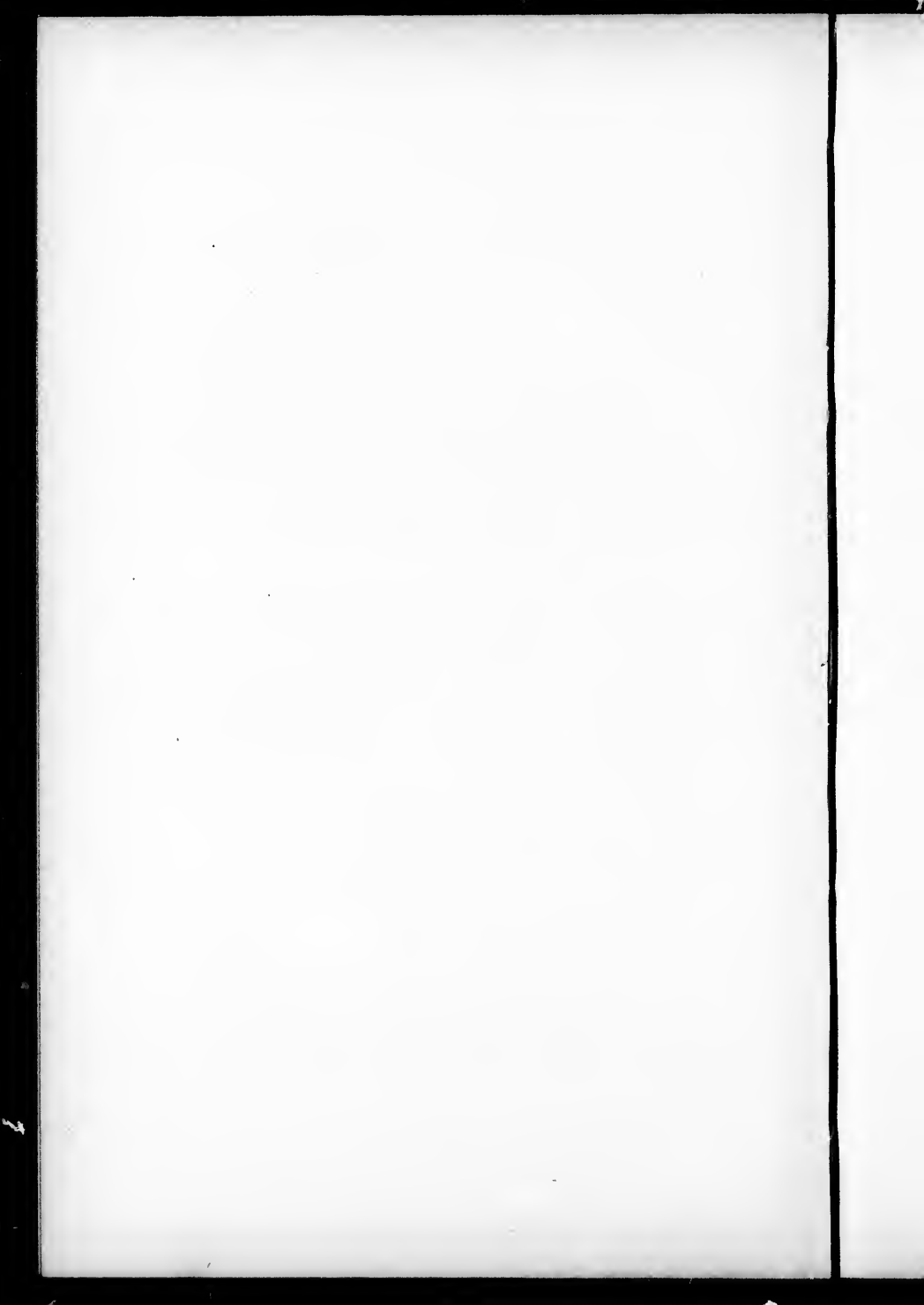
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### Letter No. 6.

September 21st, 1884.—I am beginning this in our car *en route* to the Rockies, in fact with their snow-covered summits well in sight. I posted a letter to







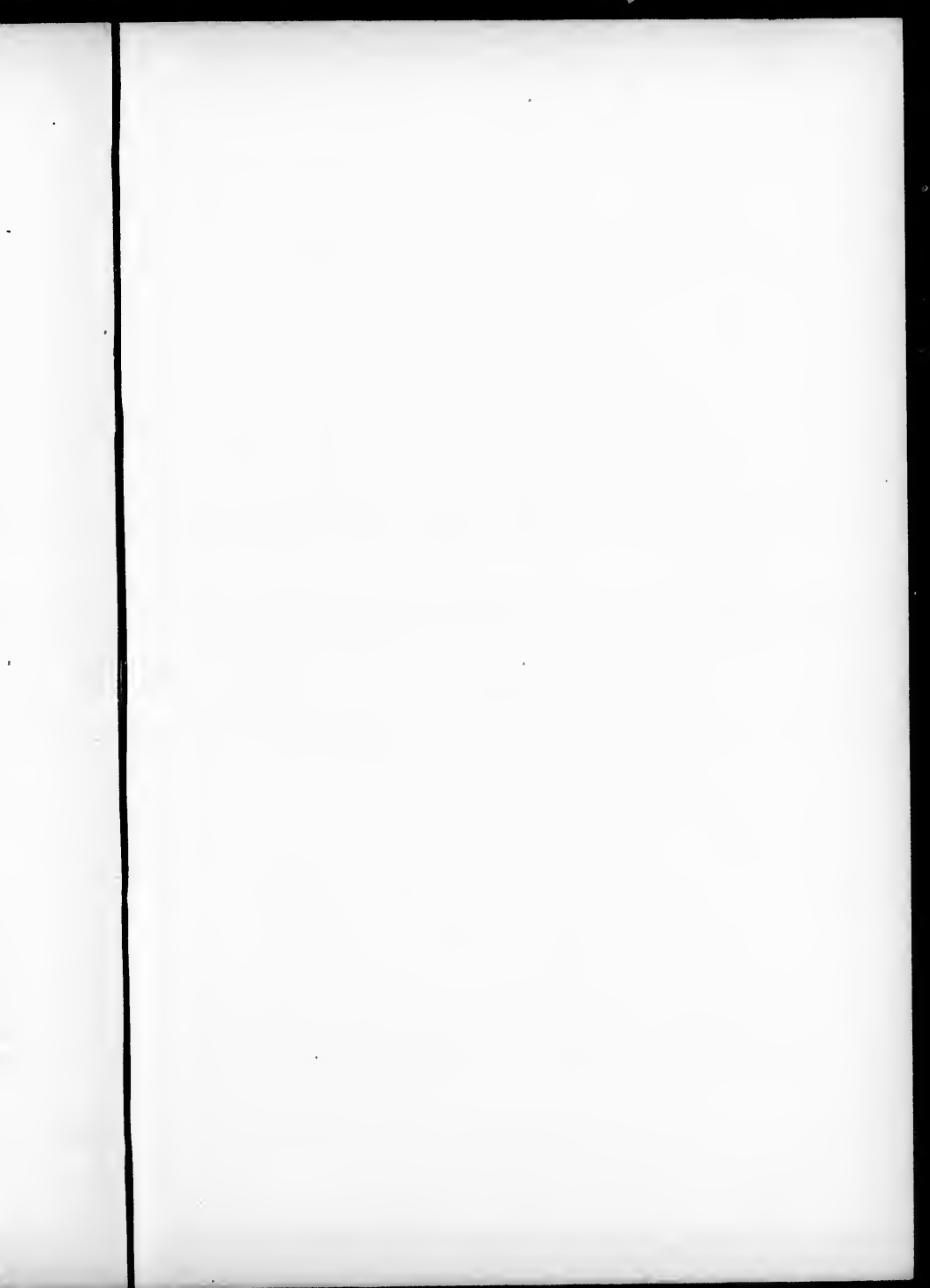
you, No. 5, at Winnipeg, and also a newspaper for Mary. From Winnipeg the Canadian Pacific Railway is much more comfortable, for on the boundless flat of the prairies there is no need for many tressel bridges or crumbling embankments, and we went along without fear, excepting that in the neighbourhood of settled parts, we had to look out for cows. Once we stopped very suddenly (their brakes are so good in America), having near gone over one in the dark. They use sometimes a curious kind of sound from the engine, not unlike the *moo* of a cow in distress, and I saw it effectually drive some off the line. The maids met us at Winnipeg Station, and seemed anxious to go to the Rockies, so we settled they might, and they rushed back for their things, but they returned only in time to see our train off! On the whole we thought it was as well they had not come, for maids don't generally like this kind of life, and we did not need them. We changed cooks at Winnipeg against my wish, but the others were not satisfied with our first one, and we have certainly *not* changed for the better; he is a coloured man called David, and has been ill, or pretends to be, since yesterday, and another coloured man whom, we call Jonathan, comes in to help him.

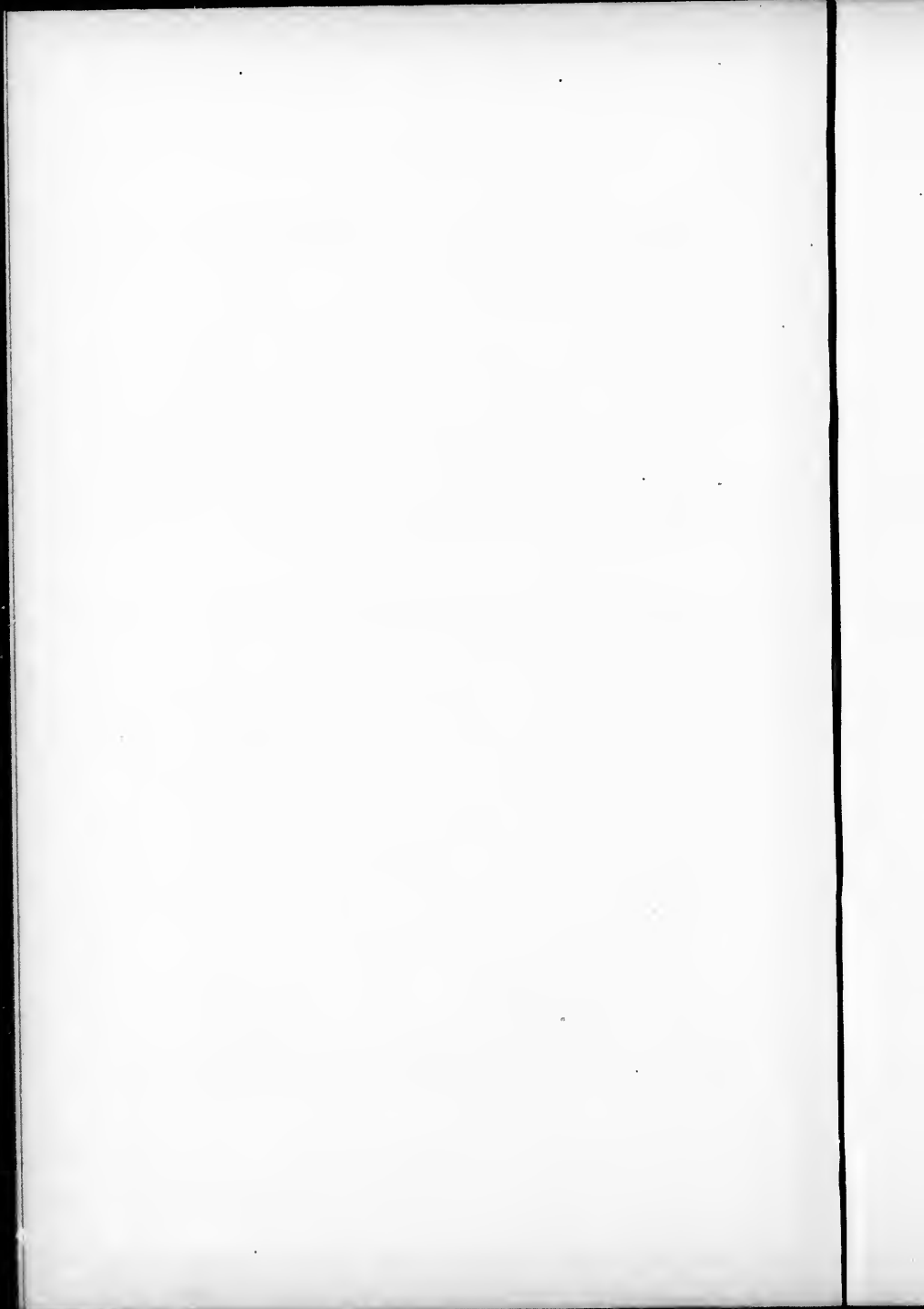
*Saturday.*—We arrived at Moose Jaw after a very rocking journey, so bad that I could not sleep, and sat in a chair part of the night; at last, however, the cold and sleepiness overcame all fear, and I slept in my bed soundly. We saw lots of Indians in red and white blankets, ugly and uninteresting creatures. We made acquaintance with the Roman Catholic Archbishop, who has been travelling in the car next to ours. He is a French Canadian, but talked English well. He is very pleasant. He introduced me to two priests, one of

whom had been working among the Indians thirty years. Afterwards he had a talk with John, and remarked upon my youthfulness to be his mother. Of course, I am always being taken for his wife, and they seem very much puzzled about it altogether.

*Saturday night, the 20th.*—We reached Calgary after a quieter night—quite an important city. A good many wooden houses, two or three churches (I think the congregations must be very small in each), and on Sunday morning all the inhabitants were out in their best, the men loafing and smoking about, and quite smart-looking young ladies showing their finery with great enjoyment, as they do at home. A mounted police officer drove a pair of good horses to meet some of his men, and there are cavalry barracks here for them. The train twice a week from Winnipeg is their only communication with the outer world, so when it arrives everyone, even from long distances, crowds the platform. We always take a walk at these resting places, but it is nervous work to go far, as the train starts without any notice, and they never keep to the time named.

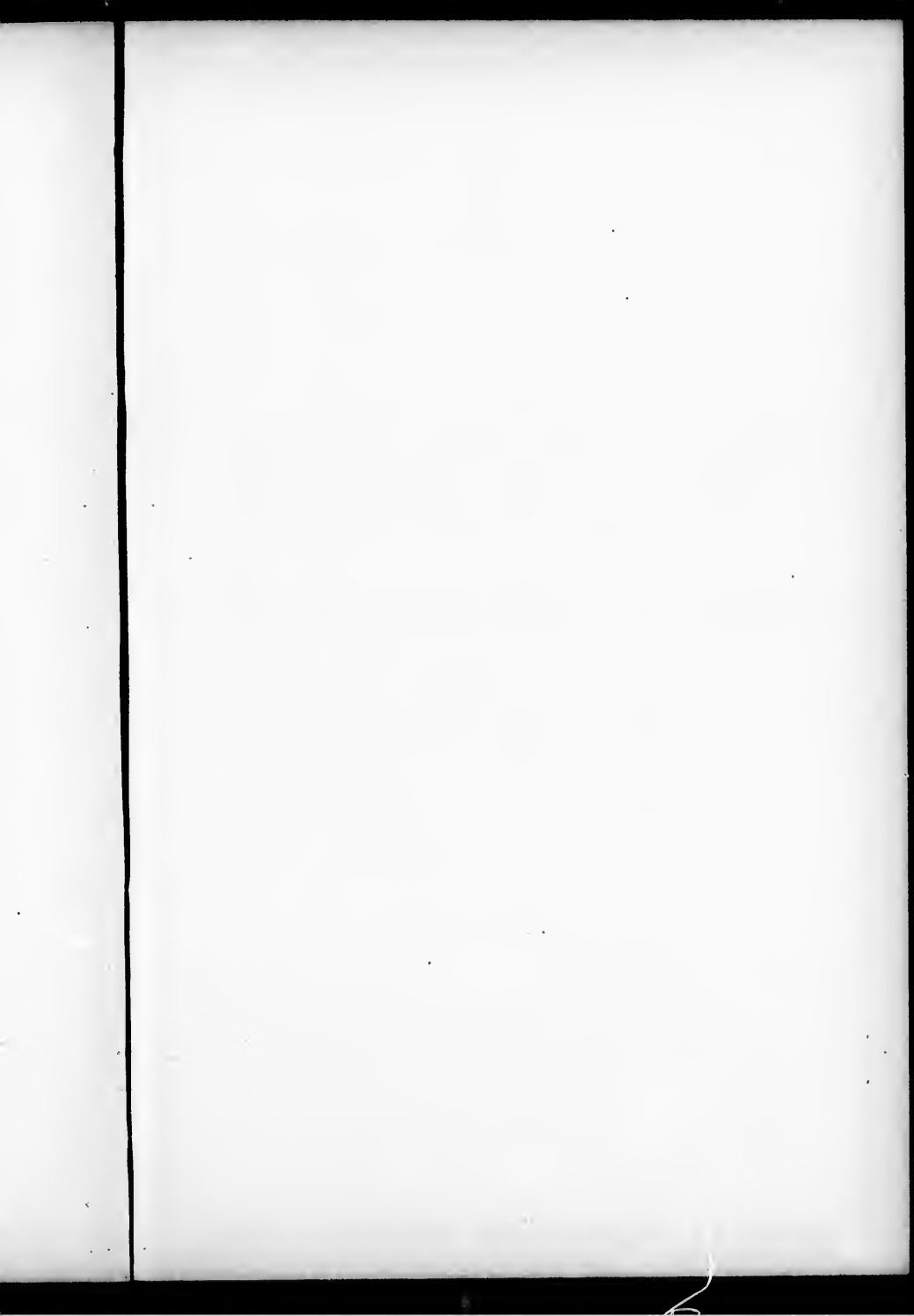
*Wednesday, September 25th.*—After leaving Calgary, which I forgot to say is near a coal mine (Mr. de Winton, son of Sir Francis, has a ranche near), and is likely to be an important place some day, we went to Laggan, which is well into the mountains, and there we saw Professor George Ramsay, brother of Sir James, and he told us to get hold of the contractor, Mr. Ross, who would help us about going further on. The railway people, &c., all said to our great disgust that ladies would not be allowed to go down the steep incline to British Columbia; upon this we found out Mr. Ross, and he kindly consented to take us down the Pacific slope in his



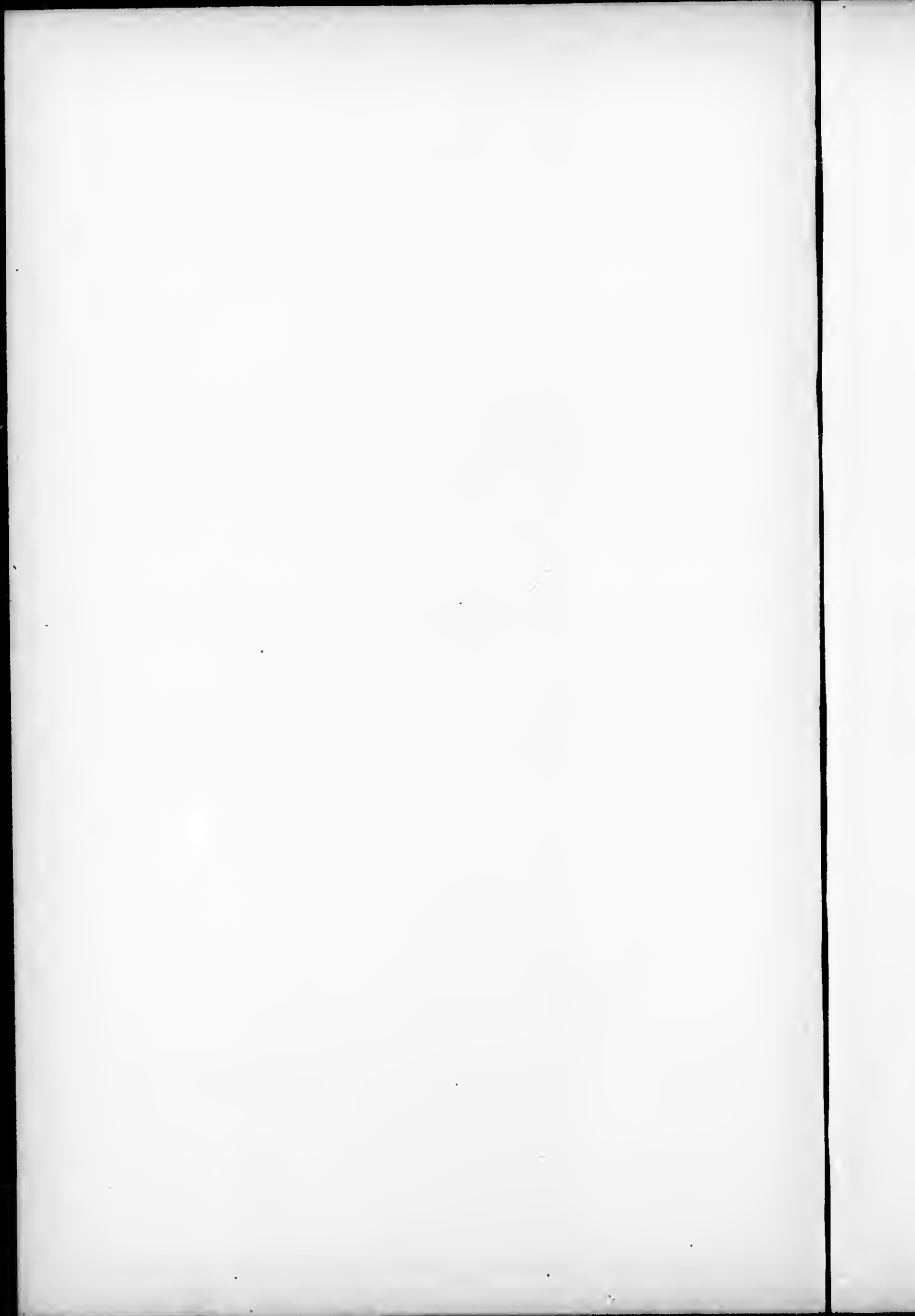


own car. At first the boys said I had better remain behind in our own car, but I felt that if there was a risk I would rather encounter it with them, and I wanted to see more of the country, so we prepared to start on Monday, but it poured, and Mr. Ross would not go till Tuesday. We took a small bag with night-gown, brush and comb, &c., and left the rest of our goods in charge of the odious, but I think honest, David, and started yesterday morning in Mr. Ross's car, in some respects a more convenient one than ours, for it has a writing table and a stove in the sitting room after an early breakfast at half-past seven. It was a glorious sunny day. We had two engines *reversed*, one before and one behind, and no end of brakes with safety 'switches,' every now and then to be turned on and to send us *up* hill if the engines ran away with us, and we crept down very slowly. It was very exciting, and the scenery magnificent, vistas of snowy mountains opening continually as we turned the corners, covered with brilliant yellow and red and purple foliage; and when we came to the foot of Mount Stephen (called after Mr. George Stephen, of Montreal), Mr. Ross said, "we ought to call one mountain Rayleigh." I exclaimed, "Oh, yes! There is a beautiful snow one which has been in sight all the way coming down, let *that* be Raleigh." And so it was agreed, and E— and I sketched it. Afterward Mr. Ross said, "Rayleigh has quite a family after him," a curious succession of gradually decreasing tops, and we agreed that they should be *his five brothers*. At one place we went down to a bridge, very high over a river, and I thought, "it would be unpleasant if the engine runs away here," but curiously enough I was not at all nervous, for I felt so much care was taken, and it was a glorious day, and the scenery lifted one's soul above the small

things of life *here*, and made one think of Him who created all these wonders, and yet became our human friend and sympathizer, and now lives to give us by and bye even "greater things than these!" At last we got to the *Flats* all safe, and then John and Dick walked to the end of the "construction," about five miles. If one was prepared to ride and rough it exceedingly, one could reach the Pacific in ten days, but ladies could not undergo the hardships, and we would not be left alone. Mr. Ross informed us that we must return soon to Kicking Horse Lake and Laggan, as there would be no train later. However, we said that John was extremely anxious to see the working of the line at the end, and it would be a great pity for him not to have the time, and "could we stay the night?" He replied, "certainly." Hedley and E—— walked on at a great pace after the other two, beyond my powers, and I sauntered on quietly alone, only meeting a few men, belonging to the railway in most cases and working on the line, which is the only *road* which one can walk on comfortably here, and I got three miles, but then a horrid bridge stopped me, as I hate walking on planks far apart over a height without a helping hand. I have been all along struck with the far superior accent and good English of the working men in America (Canada especially); they have often very good features, too, and wear a well-shaped moustache, and meet one with a smile. They treat one as equals, but they are not at all rude, and are always willing to help. I spoke to some in my solitary walk, and only that they were hard at work hammering in nails, &c., I should have liked to "tell them a story." They all returned from end of "construction" on a truck train, Dick and E—— on an open car, and Hedley and John in the cab of the engine. We then dined;



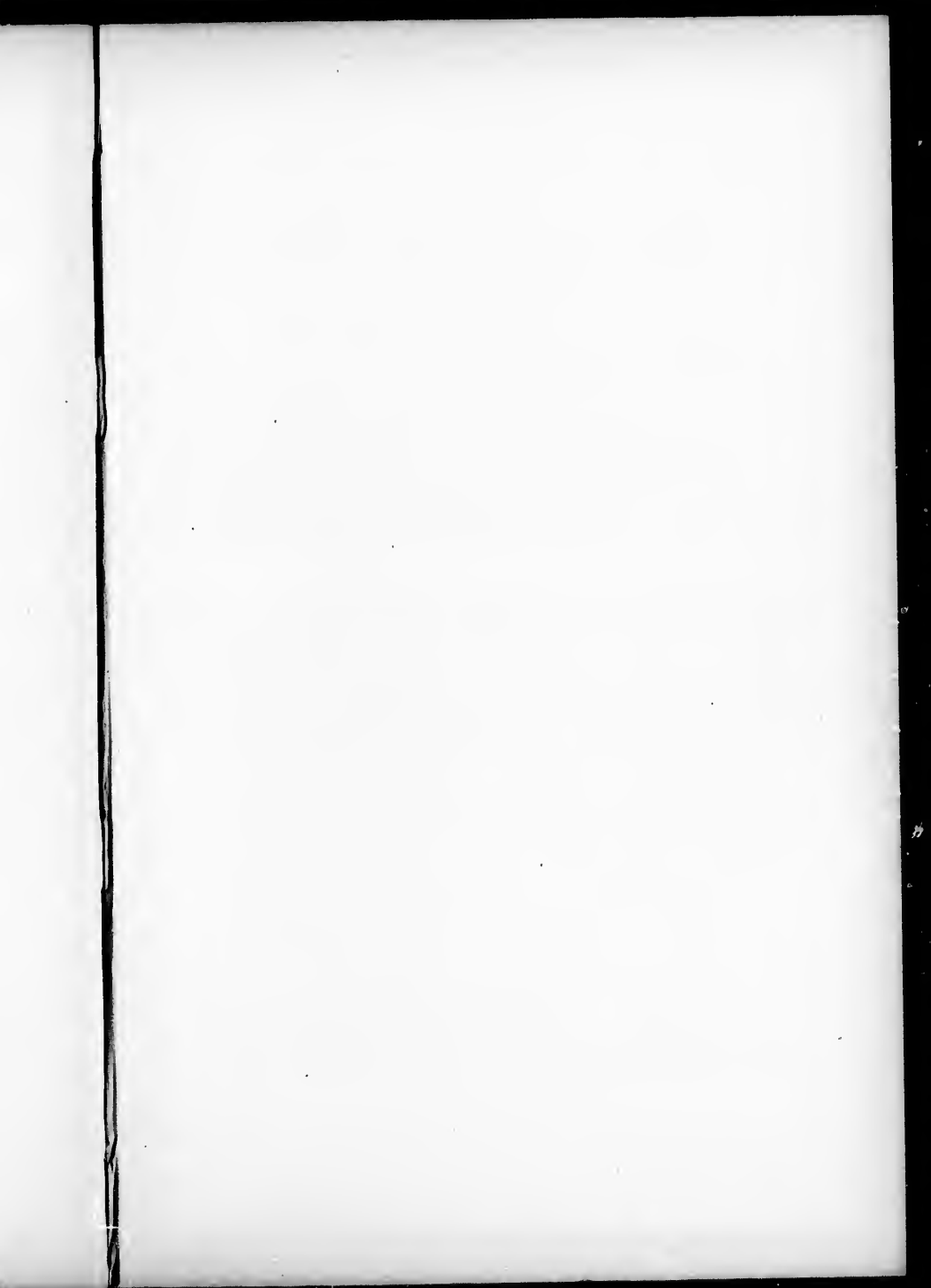


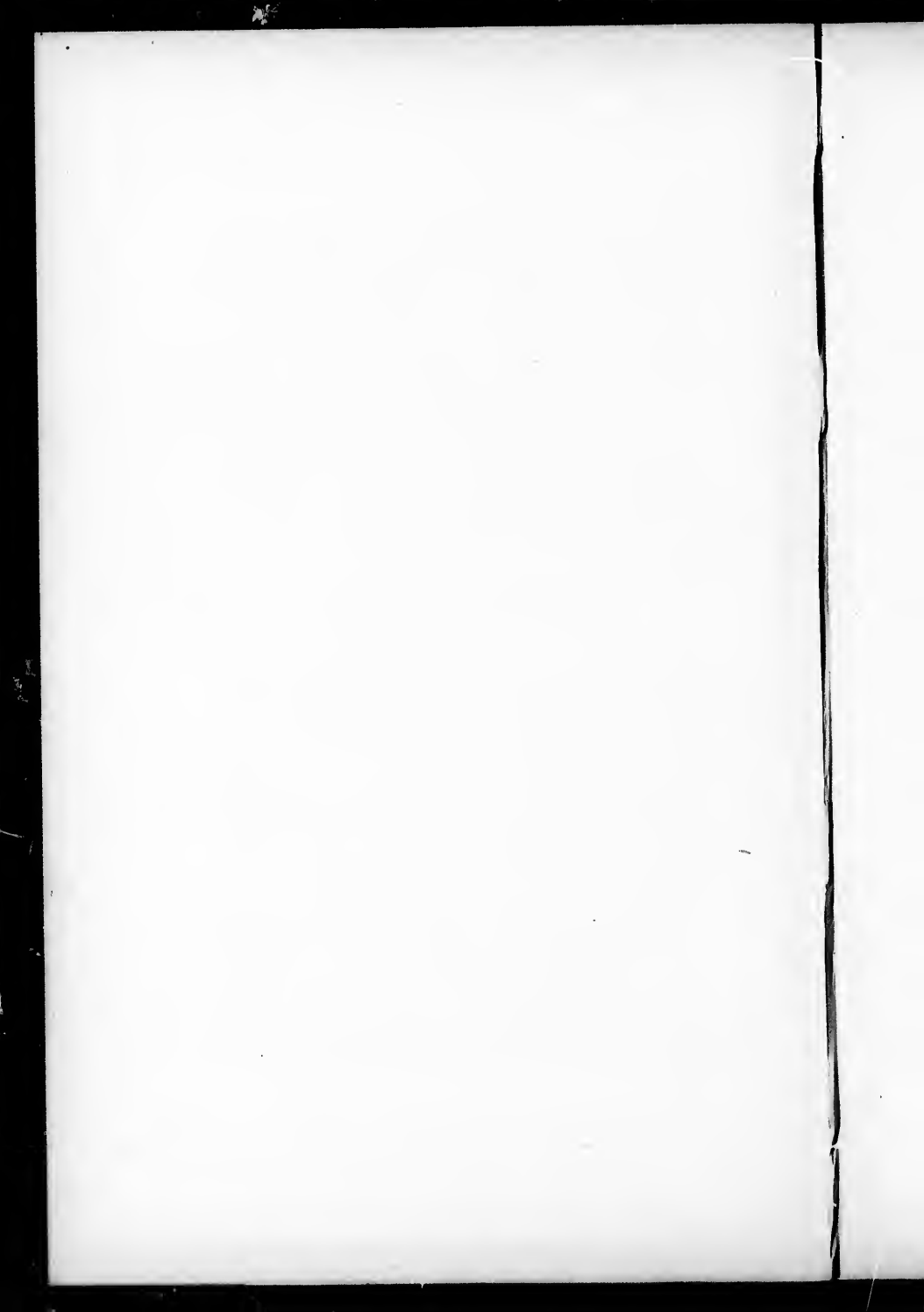


such a fat coloured man Mr. Ross has in his car! He could hardly squeeze through the narrow passages, but he managed to give us something to eat. Mr. Ross received a telegram later to say Mr. Angus, our host at Montreal, Mr. Donald Smith, both directors of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Mr. Cyrus Field, &c., &c., were at Calgary, and wanted to *come on*, so all is arranged for them, and they are expected soon, and we hope to return with them this afternoon to Laggan, to our own car. Last evening E—— suddenly said, “I wish we could sleep in a tent?” Mr. Ross answered, “I can easily manage it for you,” and accordingly two men of business (I think contractors for food, &c.), were turned out of their tent, and came to our car, and John and E—— slept in their small tent near the river. I don’t think they will want to do it *again*, and I was better off in a nice room all to myself, where I could dress comfortably, but had not many appliances for that end. We all met at eight o’clock breakfast, and our black man (who looked more than ever like a large bolster, well filled and tied at the top for his head), cooked us an eatable beef-steak, and after this John and Mr. Ross’s brother “*Jack*” rode off to penetrate as far as they could beyond “construction.” I am a little nervous about his ride, for the road is a mere track, and very rough, however, waggons and mules *do* travel on it. E—— has made many pretty sketches; mine are scanty and perfectly horrid. I don’t improve at all. The sun is trying to come out. We are on a siding, close to numbers of tents and mules and wagons, a sort of depôt for provisions, clothes, &c. I have never seen a tipsy man or woman since I landed at Quebec! and in many parts of Canada alcohol cannot be bought, and the penalty is *always* severe for selling or giving it to an Indian. Further on I passed

yesterday quite a "city" of tents; over one was printed "Hotel Fletcher," another, "Restaurant, meals at all hours," "Denver Hotel," "Laundry," "Saloon," &c. These are *speculations*, and are not connected with railway officials. Some of the men (one was taking a photograph of "the city,") have the American *twang*. Mr. Ross is going off directly the directors arrive, far into the interior, on an exploring tour into the Selkirk range, &c. The line is "graded" about fifty miles further on, and the bridges and tunnels are making. They are working the other end from Port Moodie on the Pacific, and will meet by the spring of next year. What a pity the British Association's visit to Canada was not in 1885 instead of 1884? Some day they are going to carry the line higher up, so as to avoid the steep incline down which we travelled so cautiously, but they are very anxious to get the line done *somehow*, and it is really wonderful at what a pace they go.

*Calgary, September 27th.*—On Wednesday, 24th, after John had gone off riding, Dick and I waited about for the directors' car, which we expected that morning, but alas! though it arrived at eleven, they only stopped at the telegraph office a moment, took no notice of us, and went on to the end of "construction," returning in about an hour, (John got back much later, and we wondered why Mr. Ross advised him to go, as it obliged him to miss this car); they again only made a pause, during which Dick spoke to Mr. Angus, and E—— also had a few words with Mr. D. Smith, but she was too modest in urging our claims to be helped on up the incline and they went and left us in the lurch. I heard afterwards that the American part of the company were in a great hurry to get on, Mr. Angus Field having telegrams following him all along the line, but we should

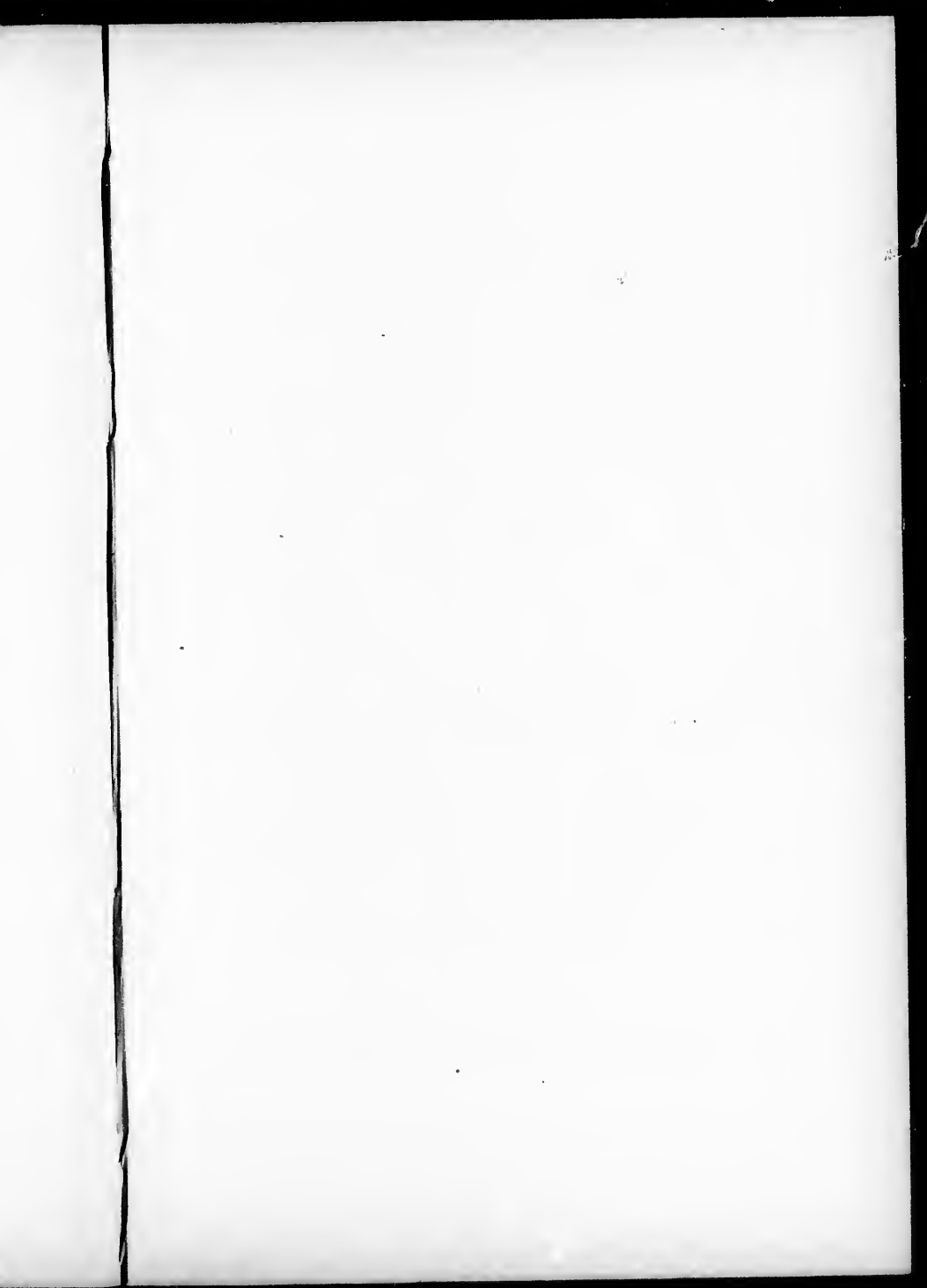




not have detained them, and they would only have had to drop us at Laggan, where our own car was waiting. So we had to wait another night, and all went to bed very grumpy!

*Thursday, 25th.*—After breakfast we walked some way, and then Hedley and I remained at the telegraph station (this is the only source of information in these parts), and the others went on. An hour or two later the freight train began to think of starting up the incline, and Hedley and I got into the cab of the engine. We soon came up with E——, who joined us there. Some two or three miles further on John and Dick appeared, wildly gesticulating as they stood on the middle of the line to try and stop us, but the engineer declared we were now on too steep an incline, and on we went, much to our dismay, for this entailed thirty or forty miles' walk for rheumatic John and not over-strong Dick. We reached the top all right, and found ourselves at "Kicking Horse Lake," and to our great relief up walked John and Dick. It seems they made a rush at the train as it passed, and John jumped on an open car all right—but Dick caught his foot in a sleeper and fell down, but had the presence of mind to pick himself up very quickly, and caught the last engine (we had one at each end) and jumped on the cow catcher! I shuddered to think what *might* have happened to Dick when he fell, but he only got a bruise on his knee and a severe injury to his trousers! We reached Laggan about half-past one, and found our cook still much of an invalid, with a real negro to assist him! I think the negroes are much more manly and altogether pleasanter than the half-breeds, who are mean, discontented, and impertinent when they dare. This negro was a capital servant, and had lived with his present master (to whom he was returning after the said

master's absence in Europe) twelve years. We left Laggan at half-past nine, Friday 26th, and had glorious scenery, most of which we had previously passed in the dark. Rocky mountains with their snowy tops all about us, and the lovely yellow and red and purple colouring on their sides. E—— sketched vigorously and I smudged! We reached Calgary about five, and found the Indians in great force, for they had received the treaty money quite lately, and were arrayed in gorgeous blankets of red and white and blue, and any number of gold and coloured beads! They are quiet enough, and don't look at all as if they would venture to scalp us, or make an oration like "Chincanchooke" with dignified eloquence; the expression of the elder ones is unpleasant, and you can see at once the results of even a *little* education by the brighter and happier countenances of the boys and girls. I took a lonely walk on the prairie, over which a strong cold wind was blowing. I saw several people riding in the distance. We left Calgary on 27th, Saturday, by a train partly freight, and consequently it rocked and jumped, and crashed and crunched, and we could scarcely pray, whist, or hear each other speak, and when we wanted sleep was banished, at least from *my* eyes. I watched the stars instead, and the brilliant morning star about three or four o'clock shining like a small moon, and then the sun rise over the prairie. We arrived at Winnipeg about six o'clock, on *Monday, 29th*; our *nasty* cook had no dinner provided for us, and though we had authority for remaining that night in the car to sleep, conflicting orders produced all kinds of unpleasantness, and we were shunted about and taken two or three miles off from the depot where alone we could get anything to eat. After making a great fuss we were taken back and had a good dinner at the restaurant, which we enjoyed after our monotonous fare in







the car. Our maids, who had been a fortnight at the Hotel doing nothing but spending our money, met us and brought letters, &c. Dick heard from Augusta for the first time—her letters had not reached him.

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LORD RAYLEIGH, THE PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION,  
AND PARTY RETURN FROM THE ROCKIES.

Lord Rayleigh, the president of the British Association for the advancement of Science, Lady Rayleigh, Clara Lady Rayleigh, Hon. Hedley Strutt and Hon. Richard Strutt returned yesterday afternoon from the Rockies in a private car attached to the regular train.

A TIMES reporter boarded the car about nine o'clock last night, and had a pleasant chat with Lord Rayleigh and the members of the party. They went to within a few miles of the Columbia River, saw the rails being laid on the Canadian Pacific Railway and were very much pleased with the wonderful rapidity the work was being done. Lord Rayleigh said he thought the Rockies were one of the wonders of the world—next to the Canadian Pacific, chimed in Mr. Strutt and Clara Lady Rayleigh. The latter said the party were struck with the brightness, intelligence and kindness of the men along the Canadian Pacific Railway line. The kindness they had shown to them would never be forgotten. The party could scarcely believe that the towns along the railway had grown up to their present size within the past two or three years, as they did not think it possible in a new country like this. They were loud in their praises of the country, and predicted that thousands of emigrants would come from England to Manitoba as a result of the Association's visit here.

The party put up at the Potter House to-day, and will leave for the east to-night.—*Winnipeg Daily Times, September 30th.*

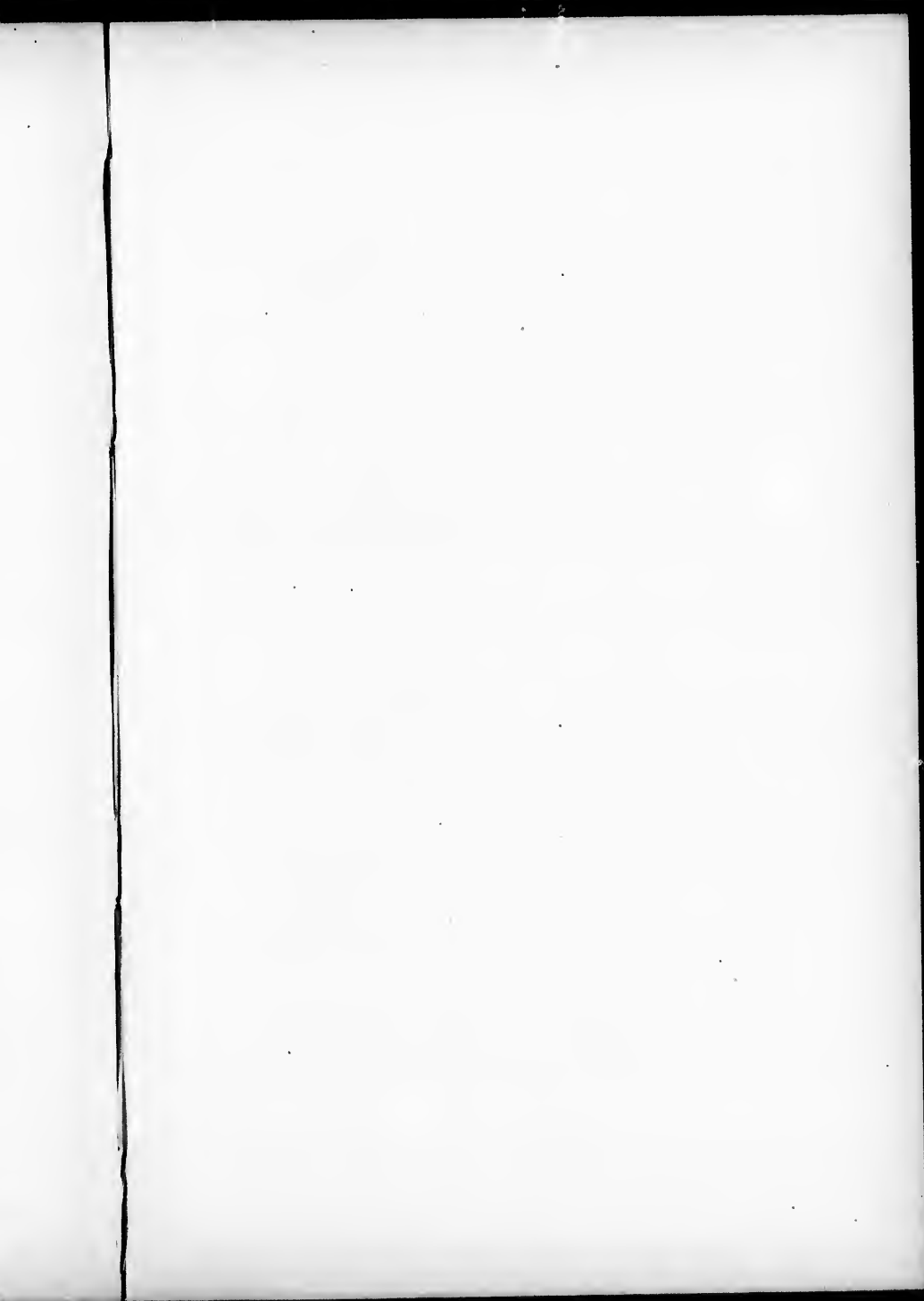
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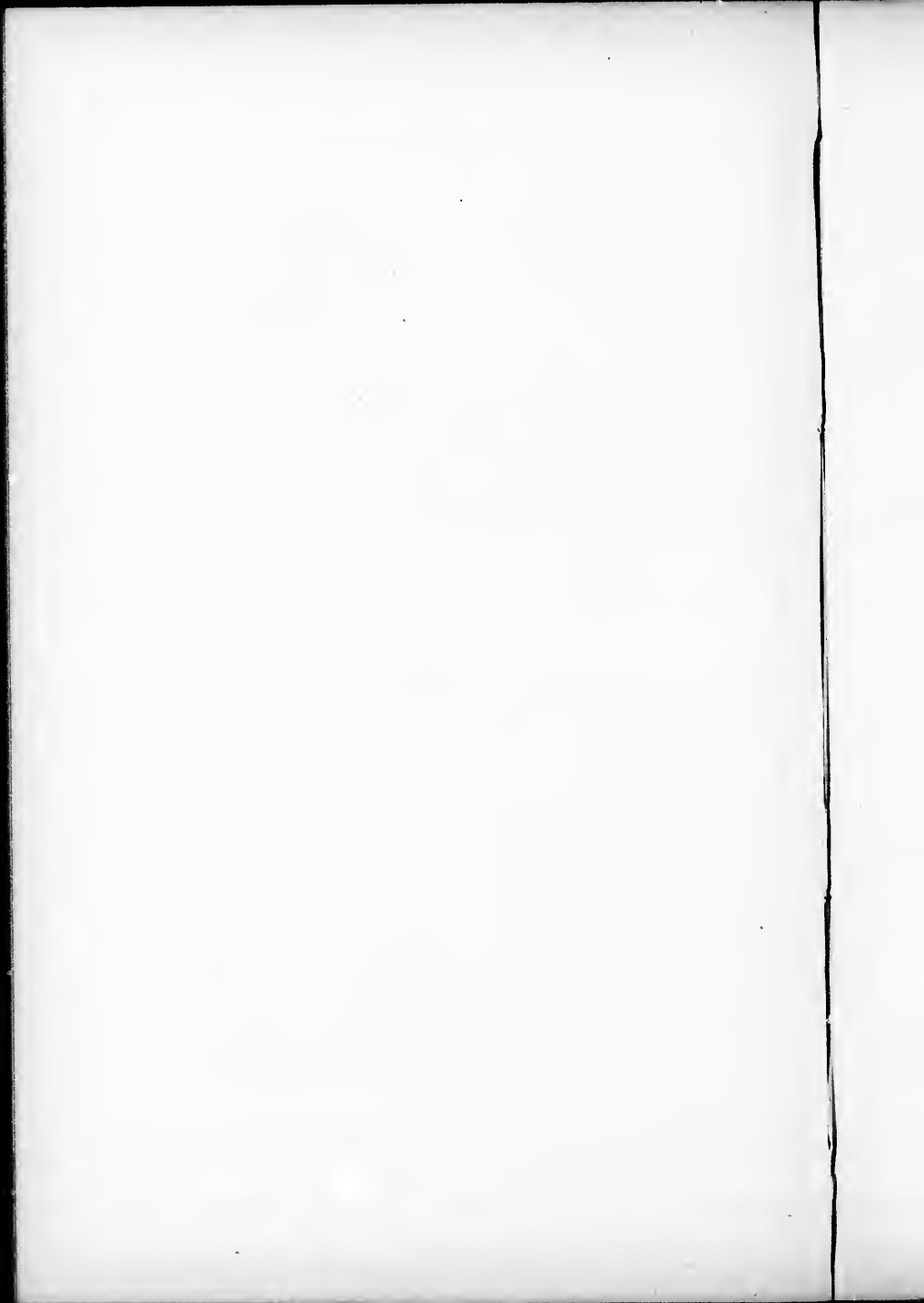
Letter No. 7.

*Washington, Sunday, 5th.*

I was obliged to leave off yesterday, and now proceed

to take up the tale begun in the train to Chicago. I was telling you about our arrival at Winnipeg, &c. We returned to our car after dinner and found ourselves, during our first sleep, shunted off to a repairing shed, and presently I heard what seemed a shower of stones thrown all over the car. I could look out of a window sitting up in my bed, and on doing so, I saw two men violently throwing water over it from a hose, and some of it came into my bed, upon which I showed my lovely countenance with dishevelled hair and indignant expression, and called out: "Are you going to drown me in my bed?" and then I heard a man say—"La! there is a young lady at the window! don't disturb her!" however, just at dawn they were at it again, and at six o'clock began to move us into the shed. I jumped up and expostulated in my dressing gown on the platform (all the rest were in their beds) and insisted upon their asking for orders from headquarters; just then, fortunately, an early bird in the shape of a representative of the *Press* appeared, and I got John to talk to him, and he went off to the authorities, and we were shunted to the depôt again, and so got our breakfast by ten o'clock; the reporters always think I am John's wife (E— is generally out of the way), and I believe the last idea is, that John and I have a grown up family, of which E— is one! It is rather fun to be *interviewed*, and John is now less shy about it, and consents to be pumped (in a *measure*). After breakfast we all drove in a horse-car up the main street, and were twice off the rails and sunk into a mud hole, and the boys had to help in lifting the omnibus out of it. They are slowly paving the streets, but there *never* was such a muddy laue calling itself a street anywhere before, I am sure; there are nice shops, however, and respectably dressed people walking or driving. We lunched and





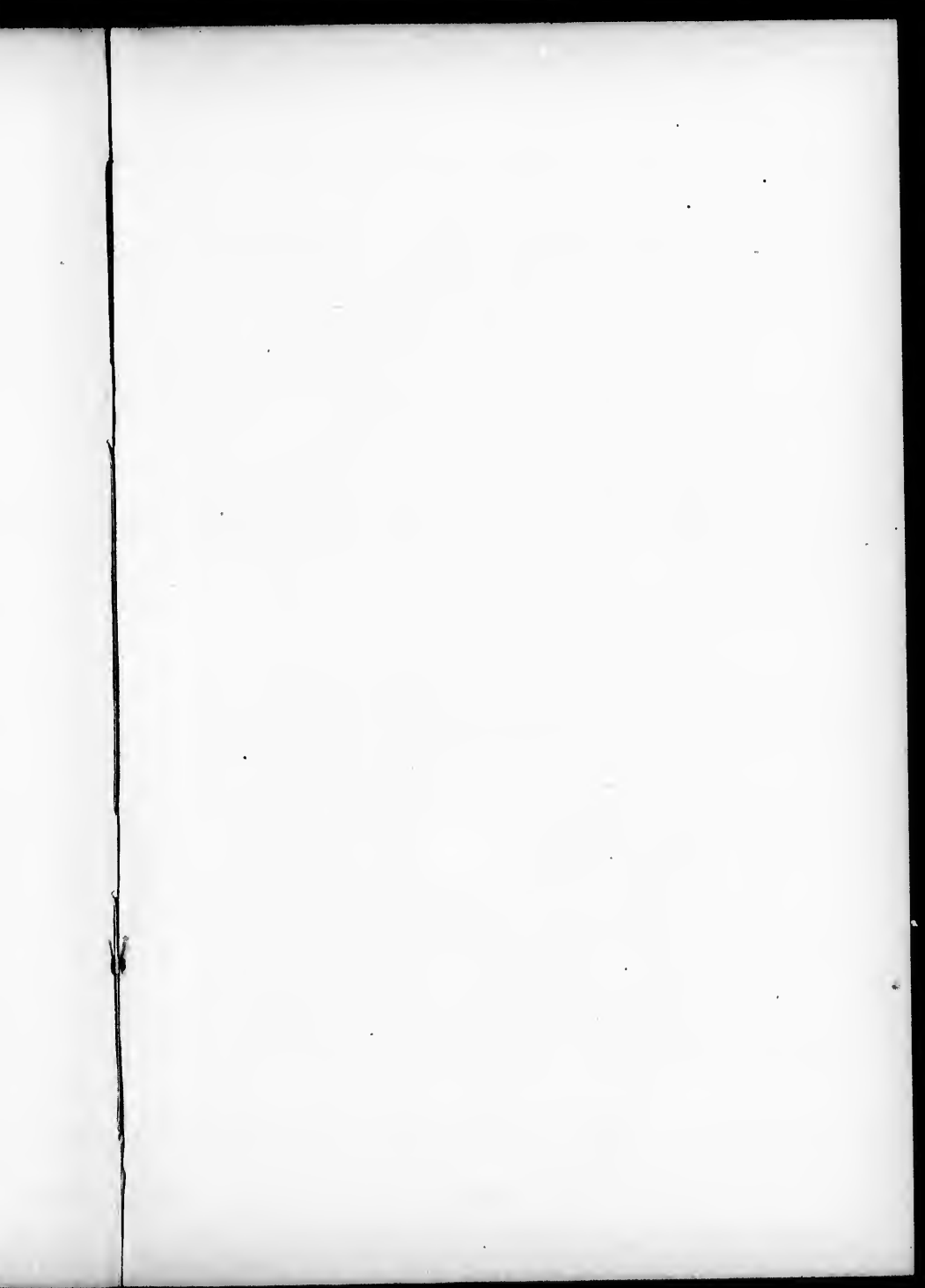
cleaned ourselves at *Potter House*, where the maids had been living during our absence in the Rockies, and it seems Mrs. Smith, the landlady, came from Lady Ward's, and knew the Claughtons, and lived for years with the Miss Bakers at Ross, (these unexpected encounters make one realize how narrow the world is). The country is ugly about Winnipeg, and so after paying a visit to the Archdeacon, whom we met in going there some fortnight ago, and seeing his nice house and wife, we dined at the depôt and left for *Chicago*; our coloured cook was walking and dawdling about apparently quite well, now that he had got rid of us. We had sleeping berths in the train—an unknown man slept in the one over mine, and I had to dress and undress behind the curtains of my own. We breakfasted at Barnsville Wednesday morning, and that evening stopped in pouring rain at *Milwaukie*; it is a finely situated town, but the station had been lately burnt down, and we were very cold and uncomfortable for two hours. Poking about to amuse themselves, the boys saw a large long deal box, directed Mrs. J. Stacey, and on a card attached, "This is to certify Mr. J. Stacey did not die of any infectious complaint." So he was waiting there to be sent on to her by next train, and we hope she got him safely.

*Thursday, Two o'clock p.m.*, we reached Chicago. Minnieapolis, which we passed through, is likely to be a fine city. We went to the Grand Pacific Hotel and were separated by long corridors and staircases, and spent our time chiefly in trying to find one another amidst its vast solitudes. Of course one never sees a chambermaid, or any one, and the quantity of little dishes and fine sounding names which one is served with at meals does not make up for the other discomforts.

*Friday, 3rd.*—John had a letter to the pork-killing man,

Mr. Armour, and he kindly sent two carriages for us, with an assistant, who was to lionize us about. We drove first to the Bank and got some money, and then through the best parts of the town, along the Michigan Boulevards, through which we had glimpses of the Lake, but everything here is sacrificed to the almighty *dollar*, and the railway engines poke themselves in everywhere, down the best streets, and destroying the prettiest landscapes, and making unearthly noises close to your bedroom, or puffing their steam out under your nose as you walk.

Chicago looks a more bustling, and a newer and a more railroad-dominated place than Glasgow, but like it in smoke and business aspect. As to the Boulevards, the houses are most of them new, and some in startling styles of architecture. Some in red, which are very good. One was nearly finished of white marble, quite a palace, with more ground than usual round it; but alas, for human hopes, the man who owns it and *millions* of dollars, has lately been pronounced *mad*, is in the care of a wife whom he lately married, and who does not care for him, and he will die before his marble palace is finished. There are no *prettinesses*, flowers, &c., about these fine houses, perhaps accounted for by the forty or fifty degrees below zero which they sometimes enjoy at Chicago. After six miles driving we got to the Piggery, &c., and the least said about that the better; it is certainly wonderful, but disgusting—the most interesting parts were the enormous yards containing *cattle*, all arranged comfortably, with hay and water, &c., and the tin-making business for the preserved meats (the tin all comes from England). Traveling for the last three or four weeks we have seen little hills of tin boxes perpetually along the line, as the people in the trains and stations, &c., seem to live almost entirely on tinned goods. After this we had a hasty



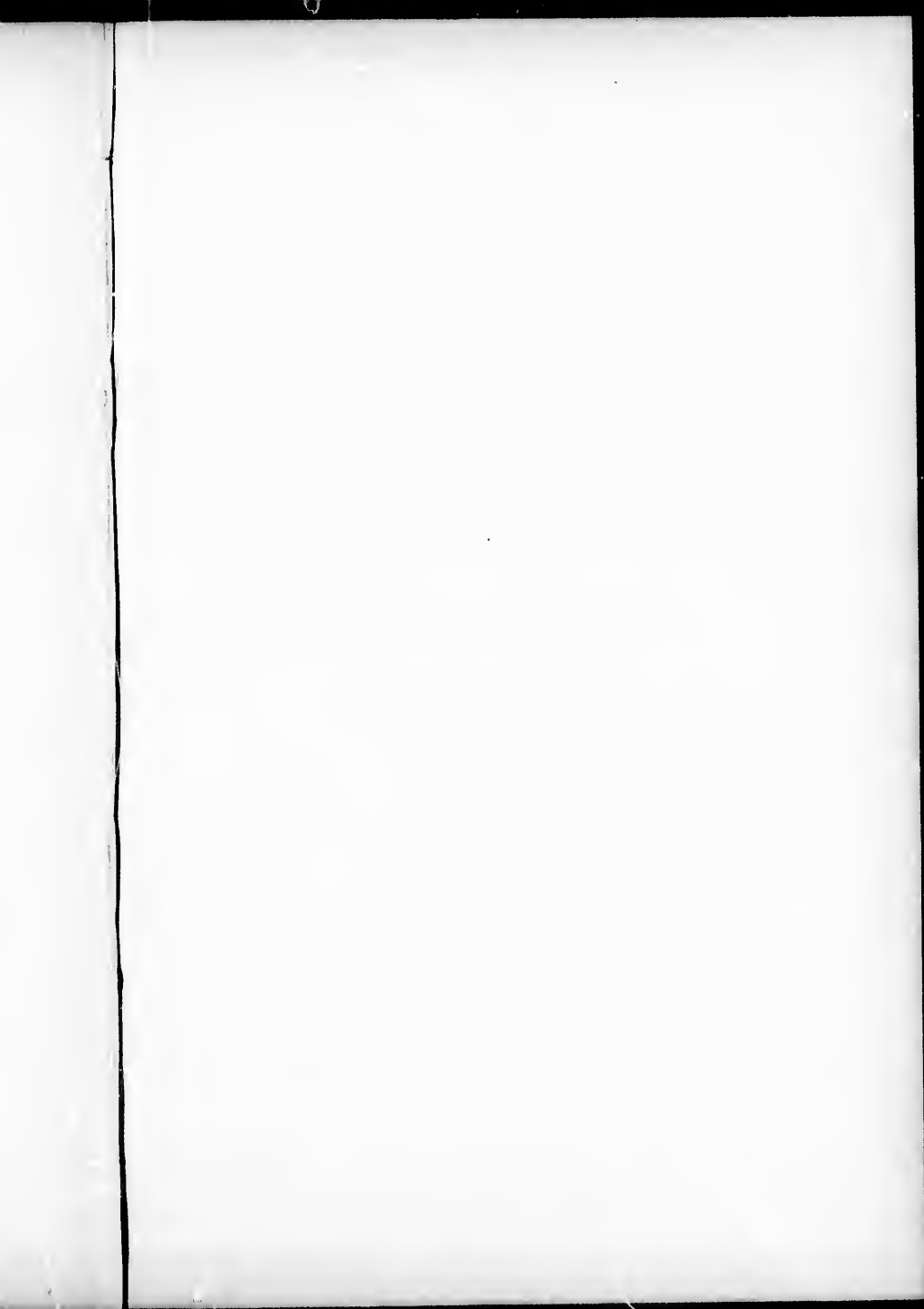




luncheon, and I decided to accompany John and E— here, and not wait for Dick who wanted to stay longer. We could not find our maids to tell them, and I had to pack a great deal myself, meaning to leave Gibson to follow with the rest, but they turned up at last, and we had a great scrimmage to get off in the "bus." John thought we might not have time to check our luggage, and so began to seek for tickets to give the maids, but he could not understand them, so a kind American in the 'bus explained them, and after all we were in time, thanks again to the said American, who *passed* E— and me to the train, assuring the railway people that he had seen our tickets, and he also got us into the sleeping car. When I was thanking him warmly, I added, "You must be amused to see such distracted English travellers?" "Well," he answered, "we are as bad in your country till we are used to it." After a great deal of shaking and going a great pace round many curves, which quite prevented us sleeping, we got *here* (Washington) yesterday at six o'clock. A man met us who was sent by an astronomer friend of John's, and brought us to this hotel, Wormley's. On our way in a spic and span omnibus we felt *going down* on one side, and found a wheel had come off. We jumped out, and a crowd collected, and finally we had to transfer our baggage and ourselves into another omnibus, and got through some handsome wide streets, with trees each side and good shops, to this hotel. Our first view of Washington was a lovely one, coming in with the Potomac river in front, and the fine Capitol on a hill, backed by a glorious red sunset, which reflected all in the river; it looked like an Italian scene. This is said to be a "city of magnificent distances," being planned for future greatness, and very like Paris in conception. We found acquaintances here, and John went

with one to the Observatory. This morning we all went to the American Episcopal Church, St. John's, rather "high," but nothing really objectionable. This is the centenary of the consecration of the first American Bishop, Dr. Siebury, Bishop of Connecticut, who, after having implored *our* Bishops in London to consecrate him, went at last to Scotland, and "there in an upper room received Apostolic orders from the Scotch Bishops, then called non-jurors." We were all struck with the handsome features of both men and women in church. In company with a great many others, we remained to Holy Communion, and I don't think I ever enjoyed it more than among these brethren—strangers, and separated by the wide Atlantic from our English Church, but joined to us by "one Lord, one faith," &c. After luncheon John had a chat with a French scientist, and Mr. Rutherford and his handsome son, and General and Mrs. Strachy, and Professor Adams, the astronomer; many of these people are here in conclave about *Greenwich* time, &c. John and E—— are now gone driving about with his friend. It is *very hot*, and poor Hedley is quite knocked down, but we took a little walk.

*Later.*—After dinner a good many adjourned to the drawing-room, Captain and Mrs. Ray, the Strachys, Rutherfords, &c. We had a scientific experiment with the shadow of the moon. Mr. Ray told a curious story of a wasp. He saw it advance slowly to a great *spider*, which the wasp apparently completely mesmerised, and then the wasp carried him off to a little house he had made, and deposited the spider next an *egg*, then another *egg*, and again another spider, till there was a long row alternately, then the larvæ awoke to life, and *lived* upon the spiders, who remained fat and well-liking, and apparently alive up to that point. Captain Ray says he believes Mr. Scott





is right in saying that the American side will never be able to give us warning of storms which will be of any use, for not more than one in ten of their storms reach us; *our* storms come from the North and Mid-Atlantic. Captain Ray fills the same post here that Mr. Scott does in London, meteorological and weather prophet. Presently a nigger of fine appearance, with a companion, played the banjo and sung. It was really very pretty, and we stood at the porch listening, and numbers of white-robed figures appeared on the opposite side (the young women so arrayed walk about a good deal these hot nights), and a little crowd gathered round us. It is surprising how little music and amusement they seem to have.

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### Letter No. 8.

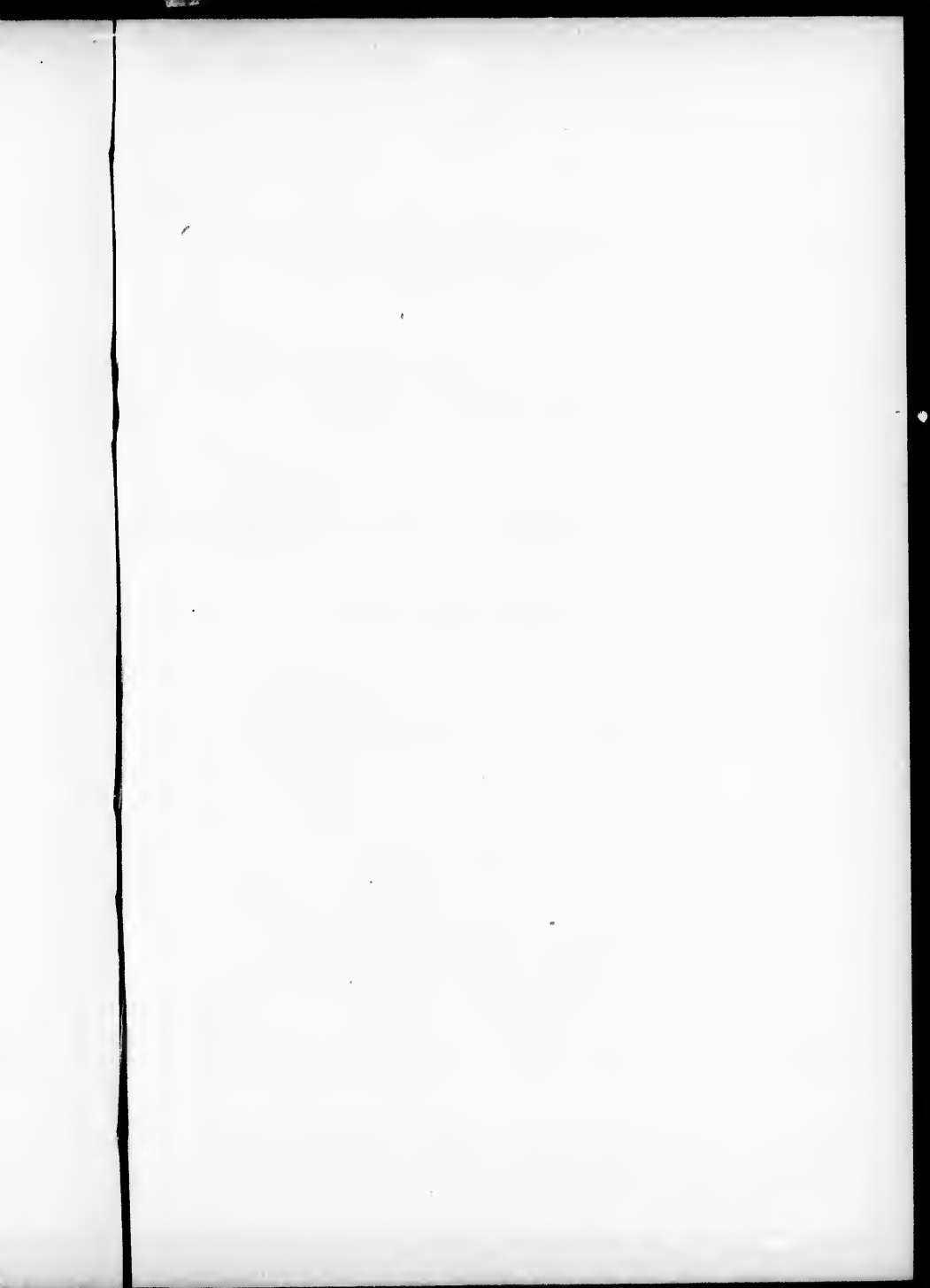
*Washington, Wormley's Hotel, Monday, 6th.*

The weather has been "exceptionally" hot, they say, for the time of year, Hedley quite unable to do anything. John went up the Monument, five hundred feet, and I went with Gibson to see the Capitol. The dome looks pretty from a distance, but the whole thing strikes me as large, handsome, uninteresting and vulgar; we inspected the Congress Hall and Senate Chamber. The view from the terrace was fine. At five o'clock Hedley and I accompanied Mr. Strachy to Arlington Heights, where there is a large cemetery for soldiers. It was formerly the country home of General Robert Lee, the hero of the Confederate War. It was intensely melancholy to drive through the graves of eleven thousand and odd soldiers, all killed in the second battle of Bull's Run (I believe), two thousand of them

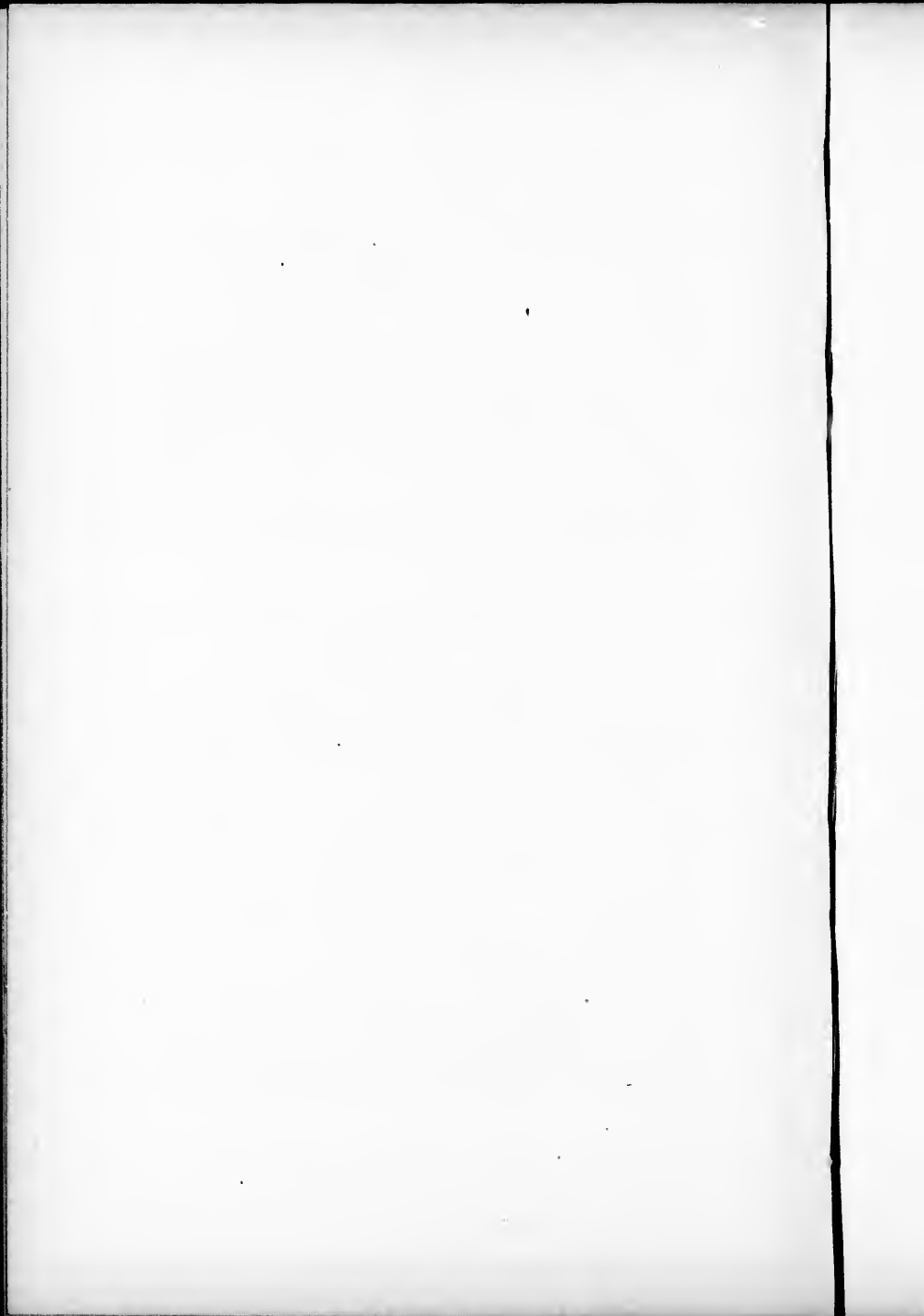
*unknown*, and buried in one grave, mostly young volunteers who had *just* joined. Each white stone told the story of the bereaved families, and the destruction of so much happiness. The view of the Potomac and Washington is very fine, and one thought sorrowfully of the poor Lees who gave up their pretty home and *all else*, for the sake of Virginia, and in vain!

*Tuesday, 7th.*—John and E—— and I went to Mount Vernon, Washington's residence and tomb. H—— somehow missed us, which quite spoilt *my* day. The air in the steamer was delightful, and the Potomac is mildly pretty. We were left at Mount Vernon, and I was disgusted with the shabbiness and untidiness of the tomb of the great patriot; that even in *his* case such a want of sentiment and reverence should be shown does not speak well for his countrymen. I spoke of this to many people afterwards, and they say it is owing to his family, who would not allow the tomb to be moved. In the evening we dined with our Minister, Mr. West, at the Embassy. It is a fine house, and we enjoyed our evening. There were only Mr. Johnstone and Mr. Helier attached to the Legation, besides ourselves. Miss West now presides over her father's house, and is very attractive; brought up in a convent in Paris, and speaks English with a strong accent. Miss West has given me some letters of introduction to people at Newport. They showed us some curious beans, which jumped about in an odd way when held over the light a little while. It is said there is a worm inside, which is influenced by the warmth.

*Wednesday.*—We meant to leave to-day, but Dick turned up unexpectedly from Chicago, and we put off going to Philadelphia that we might start together. We went over the White House to-day, where the President lives, and saw the blue room in which he receives







every one, rather ugly I thought it, and the bedroom in which President Garfield was ill, &c. In the afternoon John and E—— went to Baltimore, as he has scientific acquaintances there, and I don't know when we shall meet again.

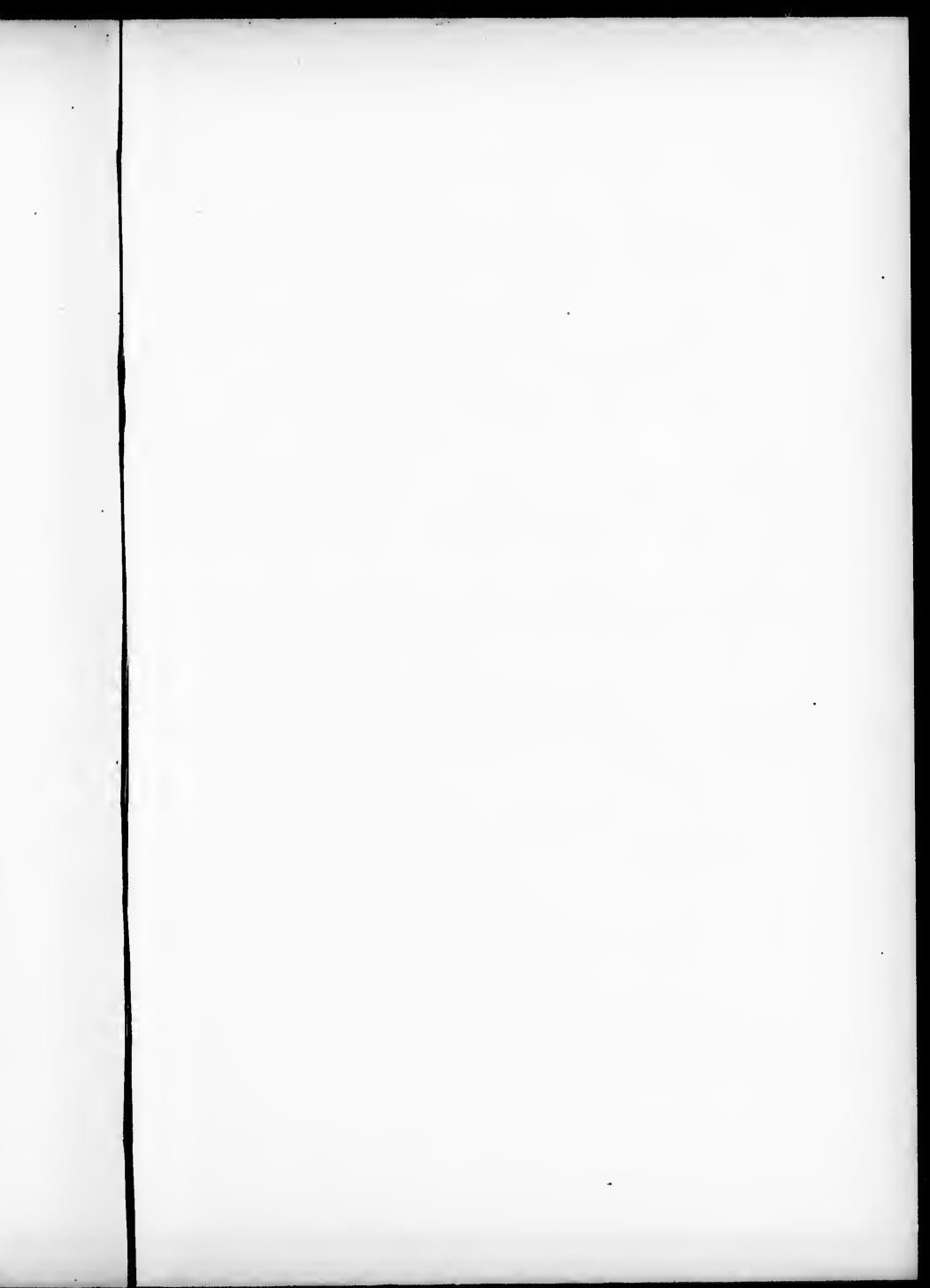
*Thursday.*—Hedley has just returned from Dick's hotel, and says he does not go to Philadelphia to-day, so we start alone at two o'clock. Last night two violent showers of rain cleared the atmosphere, and it is quite cool and pleasant this morning. I heard from Mr. B—— from Baltimore, and he says he is going to be married on the 15th, and hopes we will go to pay them a visit on the 16th; however, as the time does not suit, and I don't know his intended wife, I have declined.

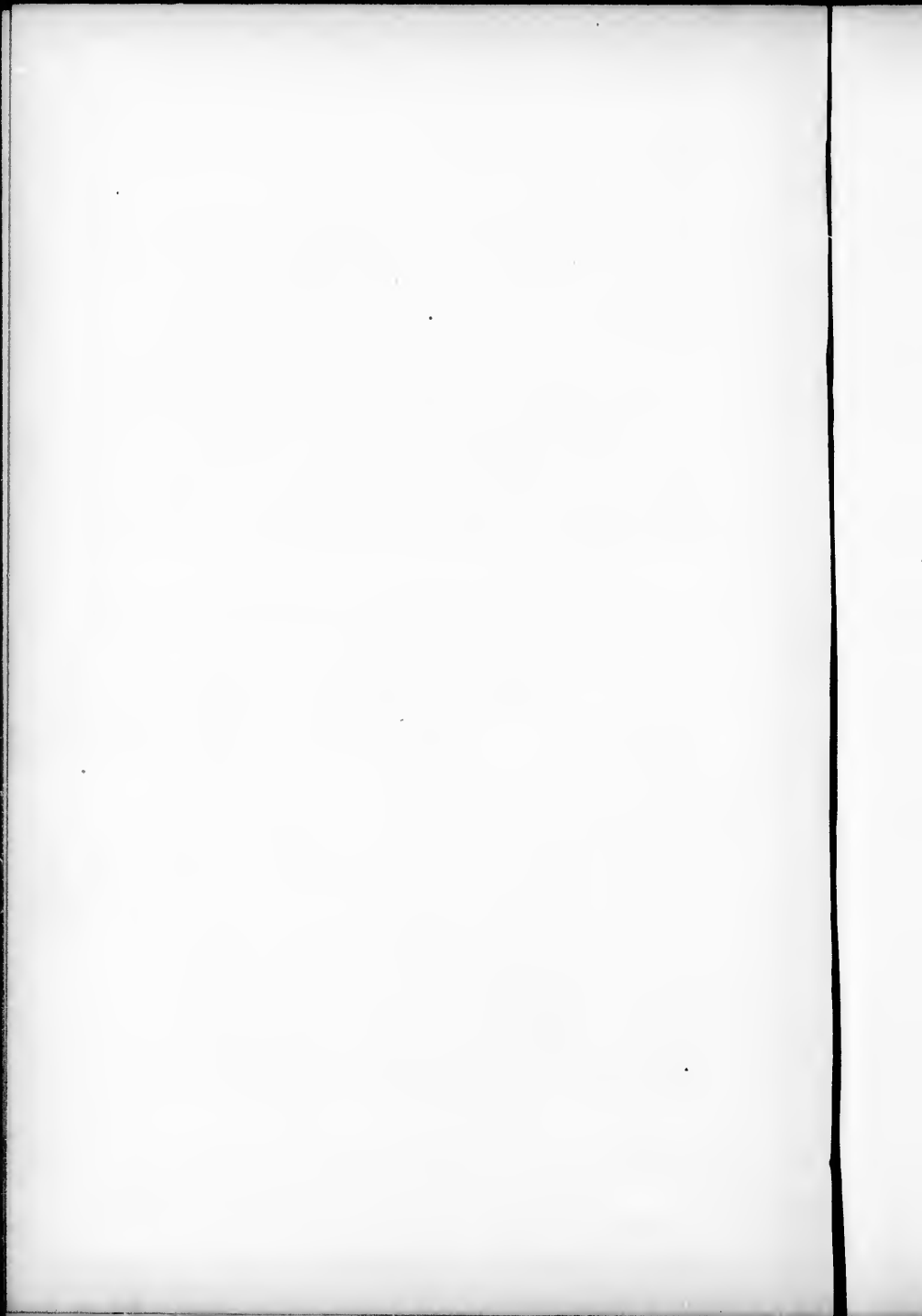
*Friday, 10th, Hotel Lafayette, Philadelphia.*

Last night I had the great pleasure of receiving four letters—one from you, and one from C—— and Mary, and Margaret. We left Dick behind at Washington, but he arrived last night; the journey was a pleasant one and the scenery pretty, especially Chesapeake Bay. I hear mosquitos swarm at Baltimore and so I am glad we did not go there. This is a very large hotel and I am on seventh floor, No. 750! Close to me is a fire escape, which I carefully investigated. We got cheated coming here from the station, and *so did Dick*, to our great triumph! The country coming here was more English and well populated than any we have seen. Going up in the lift who should I find there but Dr. Gladstone, one of our fellow passengers on the "Parisian;" we all laughed. Since I began this a very kind note has come by hand from Mr. Childs, of the *Public Ledger*, saying Mrs. C—— is at New York, but he will try to get her back on Saturday; he is coming to call at a quarter-past two, and offers us carriages to drive about.

*Half-past One.*—We have just come back from seeing the Roman Catholic Cathedral—not much worth seeing excepting a beautiful picture of our Lord as a Child among the doctors. We also saw the Academy of Arts, but there was nothing we cared for. I have had a kind note from Mrs. James Neilson, who hopes to see us at New Brunswick, *en route* for New York.

*Sunday, 12th.*—Mr. Childs came, a short, stout man, and very kind; he sent the carriage at three, and we drove in Fairmount Park, the largest park in the world, and really very pretty; saw conservatories and gardens with bright, but only *foliage*, plants—wonderful perillas, alternantheras, tresine, &c. It was a most lovely evening and we enjoyed the three hours' airing; it was perfectly clear and still, with sunshine and fresh balmy air. Yesterday (Saturday) directly after breakfast we went as by appointment to Mr. Childs' office; he has a beautifully fitted-up room, filled with all kinds of curiosities,—Tom Moore's harp, Washington's chair, Louis Napoleon's cup and saucer, splendid clocks of all kinds; one of them belonged to Lord Howe, which he had to leave behind him when he was "obliged to run away from the States in such a hurry!" Mr. Childs' seemed to think I must know all about this, but I am afraid I had quite forgotten that humiliation. This reminds me of a story I heard lately of an American lionizing an Englishman about; they came within sight of Bunker's Hill, and the American as delicately and modestly as he could announced: "*That, sir, is Bunker's Hill,*" the Englishman put up his glass and looked, and then said: "And who was Bunker, and what did he do on his hill?" Imagine the American's indignation at this gross ignorance! To return to Mr. Childs' room; while there several ladies called, and among them Mrs. Bloomfield Moore; she talked well and



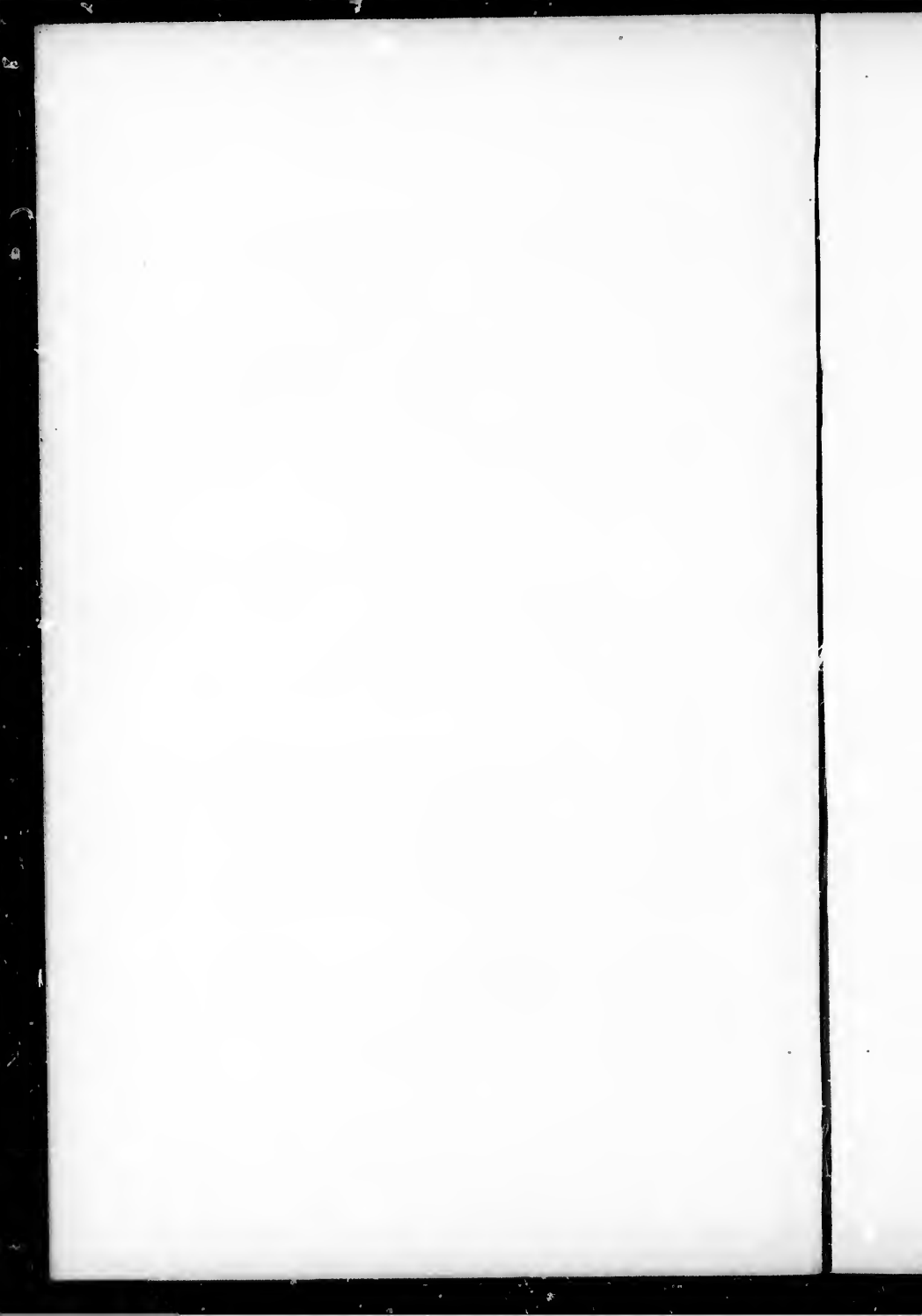


we made friends, and she proposed to call for us and take us a drive, to which we agreed. After she had gone Mr. Childs told me she was a poetess and a millionaire, and was supposed to be engaged to Browning the poet. A man was then told off to escort us over the building, and a wonderful place it is. All the printing and editorial work and "job" work so beautifully arranged and everything in such perfect order. The *Public Ledger* prints about 80,000 a day, or rather night, and Mr. Childs is the proprietor. Almost all the American news comes to us from his office from a Mr. Cook, who telegraphs it to the *Times*. Mr. Cook told me that all the speeches at the opening of the British Association meeting at Montreal—Lord Lansdowne's, Sir William Thomson's, &c.—were telegraphed to London before they were delivered, John's address had been left in London before he started. Mr. Cook got the substance of these speeches beforehand. After this we went to the Electric Exhibition going on here, and Dick tried an organ; then we had a drive with — —; she talked all the time and told me all about her husband and his will, and how astonished everyone was to find what immense confidence in her it proved; she knows Mrs. Capel Cure and Miss Western, and she has just bought a good house in London. She is much interested in Mr. Keally (the inventor of Keally's motor), and has supported him through all the incredulity and opposition he has met with; she believes he has discovered a new force, and has just made some experiments before ten or twelve people, in which without any apparent power of machinery he produced astonishing results, *not* electric and not compressed air, or, if the latter, he has found out a way of producing wonderful power without the usually necessary accoutrements. This is what *I* hear; he says it is a

force in ether, which is a medium separating atoms, but he will not tell his secret till he has taken out his patents. Mr. Childs sent us some tickets for the opera here, and I gave Mrs. A. B— one, and we all went, the music was pretty and singing good. Mr. Rosengarten, a friend of Mr. Childs, came into the box, and between one of the acts asked me if I would like to see some typical American political meetings? I said "Oh, yes;" so he carried me off, and the boys followed, to a splendid opera house, which was crammed to the galleries by a very respectable-looking, quiet audience, listening most attentively to the "Prohibition" candidate, who was shouting and apparently pleasing them much, but being behind him on the platform (they wanted me to go close to him but I would not), I could not hear the point of his jokes. Then we went to the Academy of Music, also a very large place, where a more rowdy lot were listening very quietly, however, to General Butler. Certainly no meetings of such size could take place in England with such entire absence of noise or policemen, or carriages, or cabs. We went to bed very tired having had so much to interest us all day. Mr. Childs, by the bye, has sent me a present of some china and a box full of lovely roses, which I shared with the sons and Mrs. A. B—. I see I have not mentioned before that I received yours and Mary's letter of 28th September, which came very soon after my birthday. This morning we went to a Presbyterian Church by mistake, but it was very dull and we soon went out and went to another close by, which turned out to be Ritualistic, but at any rate the music, and better still, the sermon, was very good,— "What think ye of Christ?" It was all of Him, so no one could object, not even you! Hedley and I then rushed off to the Lincoln Institution for Training Indian Girls, where Mr. Rosengarten was to

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meet us. It is a very interesting and useful work (the boys are also under training, but we did not see that part of the Institution) and the girls look so thriving and happy, and the teachers say they are *above* the average in intelligence; they sung a chant and hymn and gave me a photograph to take home. Mr. Rosengarten offered to take Hedley with him for a drive to see some of his relations, and so I have been alone since—reading, and writing to you.

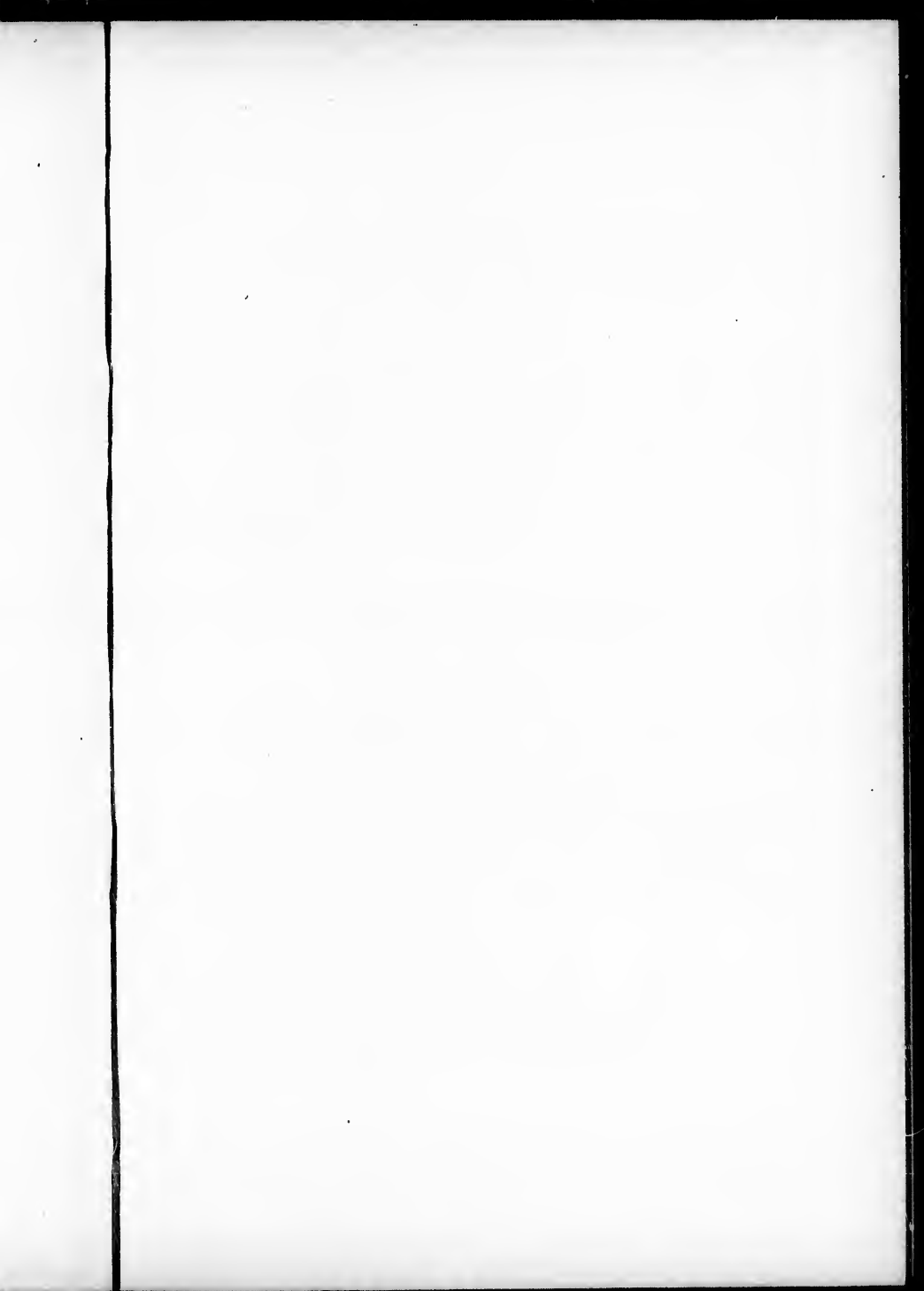
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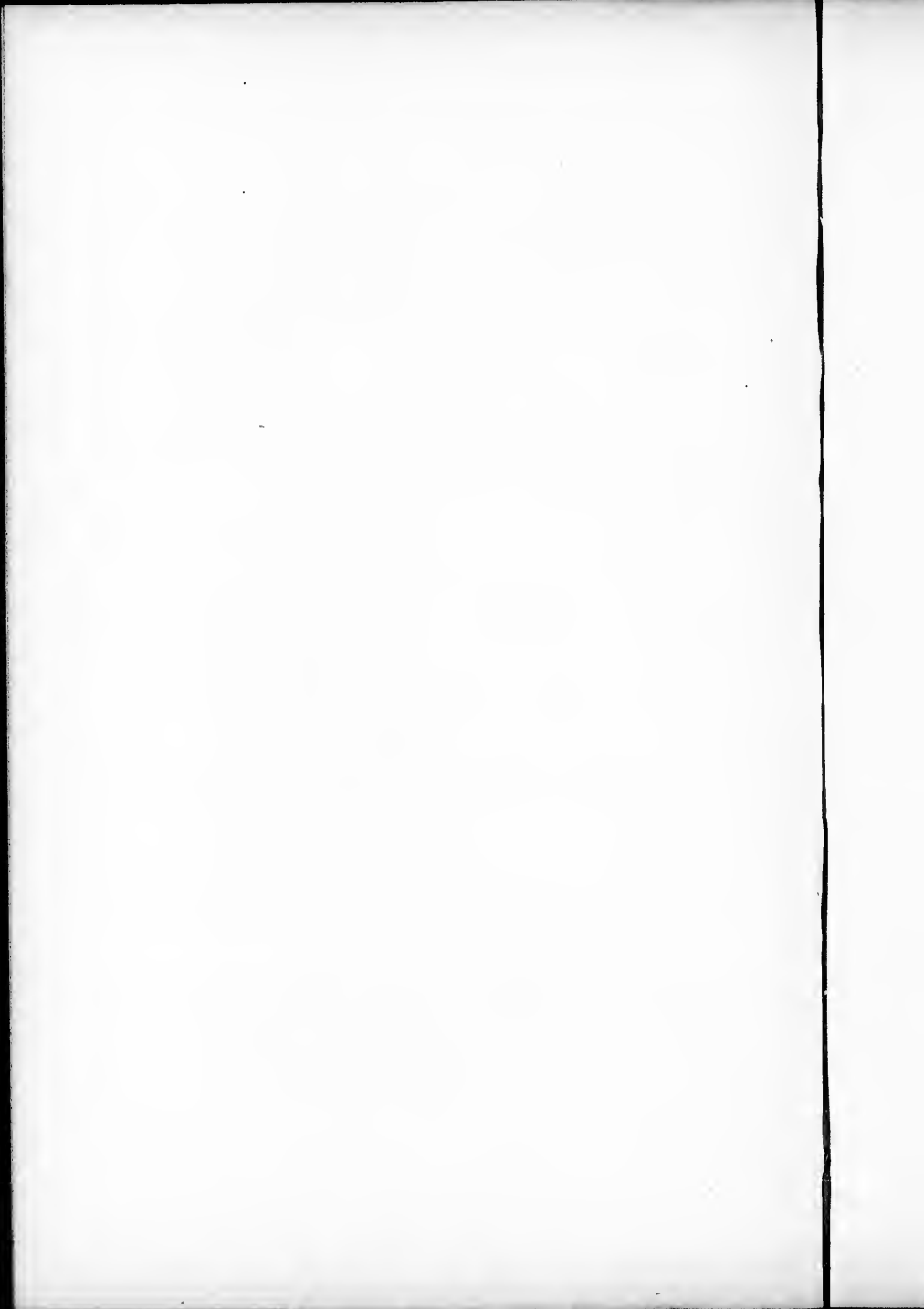
### Letter No. 9.

October 14th.—I sent my last letter to you on Sunday, and on Monday morning Mr. Childs called and brought me a note from Mrs. Childs saying she was very unwell and her doctor said she must be quiet, and would we defer our visit till Wednesday? I declined this at once, and Mr. Childs seemed very sorry, but when Dick joined us he said we were in no great hurry to leave Philadelphia and might as well stay, so I could only agree to remain till Thursday. He gave us seats at the Theatre to hear "May Blossom" (a pretty *good* play, which we all enjoyed), and he asked me if I wanted any books to read? I said "Yes, I should be very glad of some," thinking he would lend me a few of his own; well, a large parcel soon arrived with a lovely copy of Longfellow's Poems and my name in it, and lots of story books, all new. This morning (Tuesday) our future host at New Brunswick called, a nice-looking, lively man, and we go to them on Thursday—Mr. James Neilson. Yesterday afternoon we spent two hours at Mrs. A. B——'s, and met Mr. Keally. He is a curious person, and looks full of *fire*, and I should

say *not* an impostor, but I should not be surprised if he was *mad!* He talked away tremendously quickly, and used all kinds of new words invented to suit his discovery, and I got quite exhausted trying to understand him; all I could really make out was that he professed to have decomposed *hydrogen*, and evolved a lighter element from it, and that his new force has something to do with *vibration*; that he multiplies vibrations almost infinitely, and can distinguish *divisions of tones* in an unusual manner. Those who have seen his experiments lately, declare that *no* force with which scientists are acquainted could produce the same effects with the machinery used. "If it is a trick," he said, "at any rate it is a trick worth knowing—if a pint of water can send a train from this to New York, which it will do shortly." He employs several people to make his machinery, but when they have made it and used it successfully, they declare they don't know *why* or *how* it is done. I am trying to persuade John to stop here on Friday on his way from Baltimore and see one of his experiments. I have heard John say that he expected some great discovery would be made shortly, and in the *chemical* direction. Mr. Keally is a mechanist, and says he discovered this force by accident. It is curiously like the one in Bulwer's novel, which everyone was possessed of and could destroy anything in a moment. Mrs. A. B— is going to take us a drive this afternoon. At present my letters to Newport have only produced an invitation to dine with Mrs. Belmont on Saturday, which we are unable to accept. Hedley enjoyed his Sunday outing with Mr. Rosengarten, and was introduced to heaps of people, and felt quite an important person. He is always much liked, and I am not surprised.

*Wednesday, 15th.*—At two o'clock we met Mr. Childs

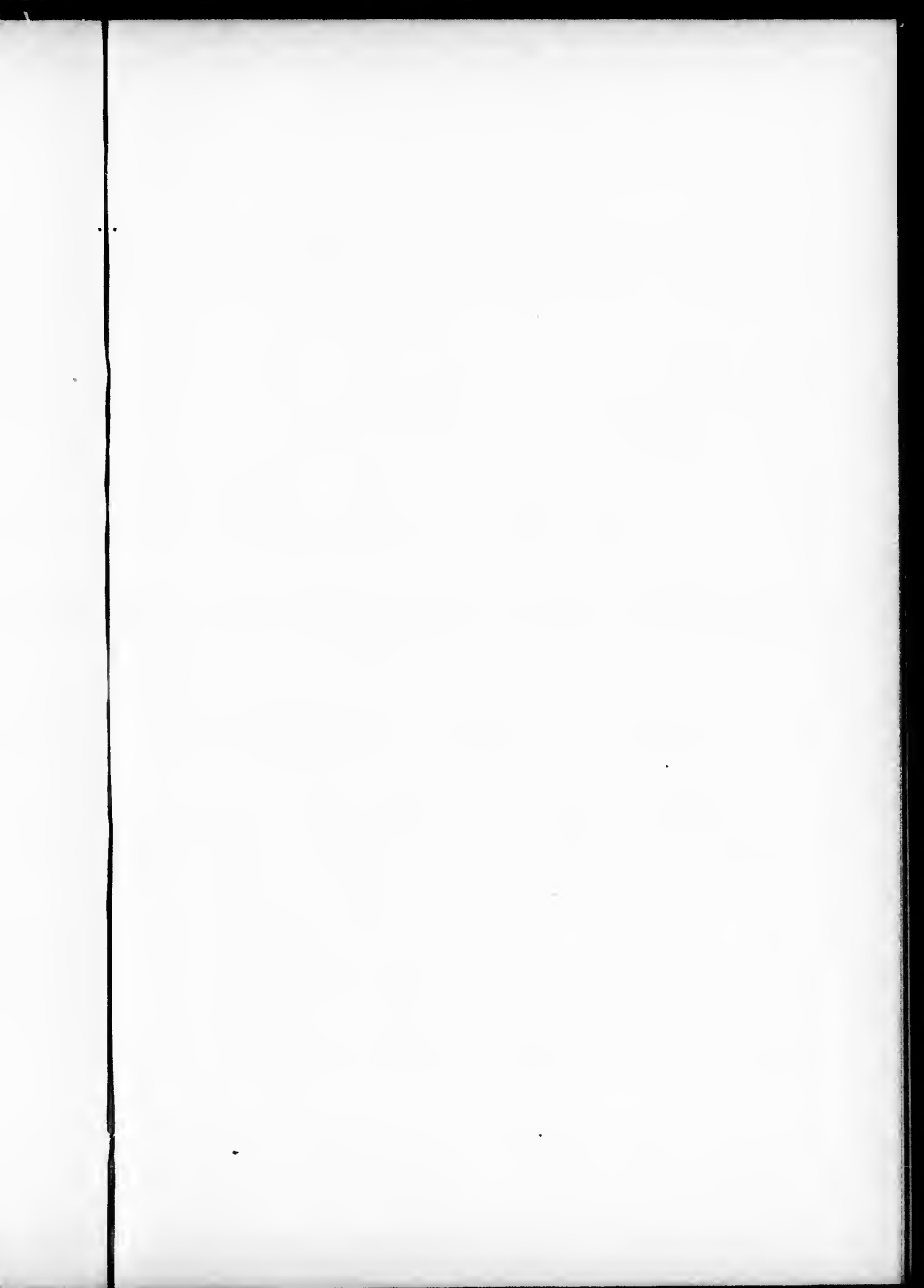




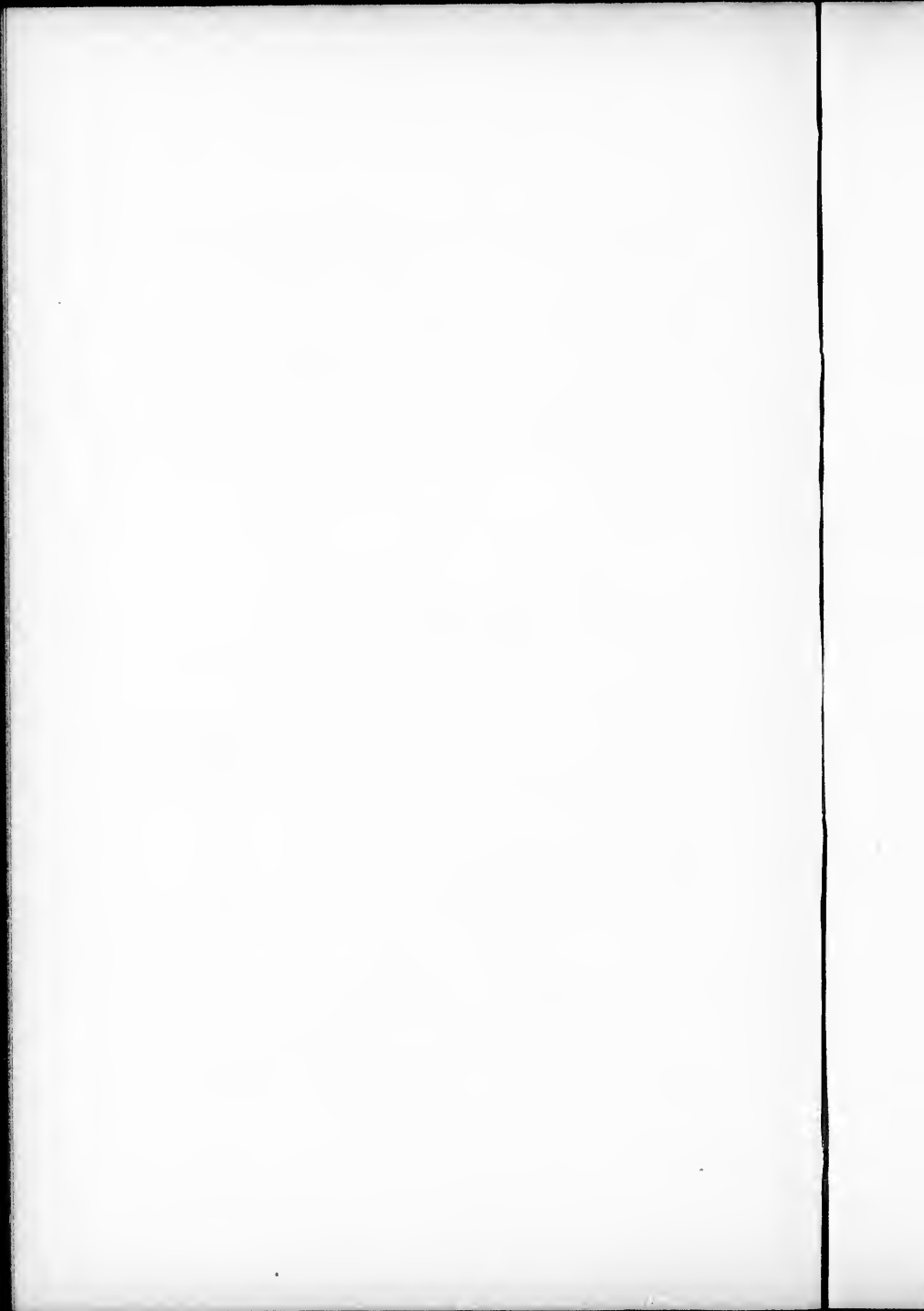
at the station, and went with him to Bryan Maur by rail, and then his carriage met us and took us to his farm and stables, &c., and then to his house; it is all very new and very tidy and pretty. He told his wife to buy any land she liked four years ago, and build anything she liked on it, and now he has paid the bills and handed her the deeds, and it is all her own. That's the way husbands do things in America! The wives and children have a good time here, and the working classes, too, have many privileges, or perhaps, I should say, that they *share* them with the richer and more educated people; everywhere, in the trains and trams and restaurants of stations and waiting rooms there is *equality*, and considering all things one does not suffer much by the mixture, excepting that they "*level down*," and one misses the comforts and *quiet* of the English railroads. Some of the working men are remarkably fine and intelligent looking, and always quiet and well behaved. I do not observe any very great politeness to women, which I was led to expect was the prevailing habit in the United States, but I notice that the fathers are wonderfully gentle and helpful with the children. Mrs. Childs is a bright little woman, and sings well, which you would scarcely expect when hearing her voice in speaking. It is a pity that so many of the women have such unpleasant voices, and the *men* have generally nothing harsh in their tones. A captain of one of the Cunard steamers sat next me, and seeing my distress over a plateful of very large oysters, whispered, "you need not eat them." We had carefully abstained from luncheon, as dinner was at four o'clock, and this was the menu for dinner: soup, *big* oysters, boiled cod, then devilled crab (which I ate, and it was very good), then very tough stewed beef-steak, large *blocks* of ice-cream, and peaches, and that was all! So my dinner consisted of crab, and I was

obliged to have something to eat on our return to the hotel. Mr. Childs is very rich, and gives away immensely. He shewed me a valuable collection of autographs, &c., given him by Mrs. S. C. Hall, whose husband, now an old man I believe, he partly supports. We left at half-past eight, and this morning, *Thursday, 16th*, Mr. Childs called early with his picture, framed, as a present. Sir William and Lady Thomson, and probably John and F——, are going to the Childs' on Saturday till Monday, and Mrs. B. M——, who called, is very anxious that they should see the Keally experiments. I hear John and E—— are going to Boston. We are starting this afternoon for Woodlawn, New Brunswick, the Neilsons' place, and to-day I have an invitation from Mrs. Pruyt of Albany. We are about to take our berths on board the Cunard steamer *Oregon*, which starts on 12th November. I had a great pleasure this morning in receiving from Clara a large photograph of *you* and Arthur Paley. It is very nice, and I am very glad she arranged so cleverly for you to be taken! You don't look quite so miserable and cross, as is your *wont* in general when being photographed. Clara and S—— were at a large evening party lately at Euston, where they met the Princess Frederica of Hanover, whom I have met several times at dear Katty Maude's, and she inquired about us from Clara.

*Woodlawn, New Brunswick, October 20th.*—We arrived here Thursday. Mrs. M—— called and kindly took me to the station, and presented me with some beautiful roses, which I brought here unpacked and gave to Mr. Neilson. Major R. S—— spoke to me again at the hotel about the Keally motor, and fervently repeated that after a thorough inspection of the machinery he is convinced that a new force is at work. Mr. Neilson and his carriage met us at the station. He is very lively





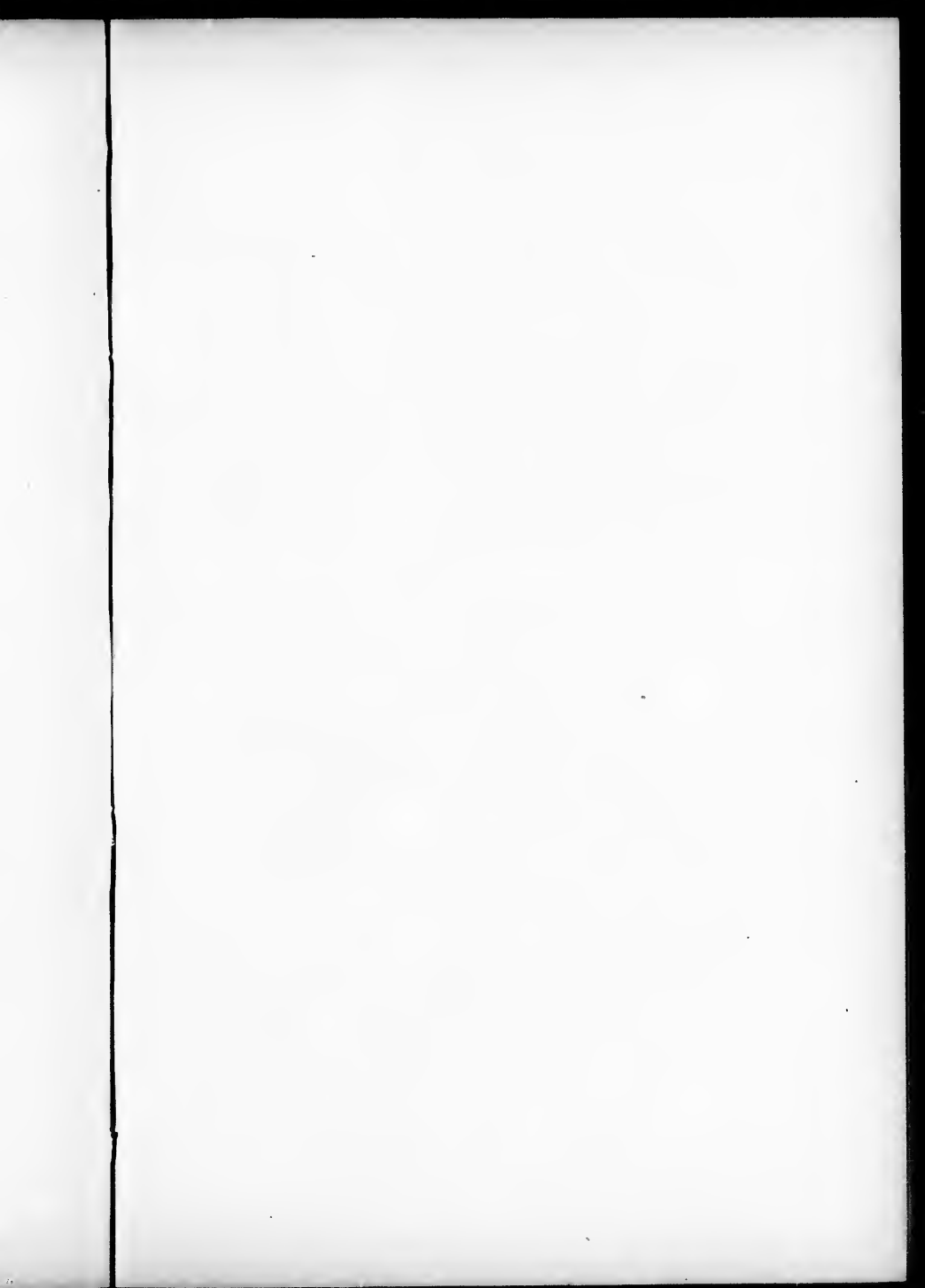


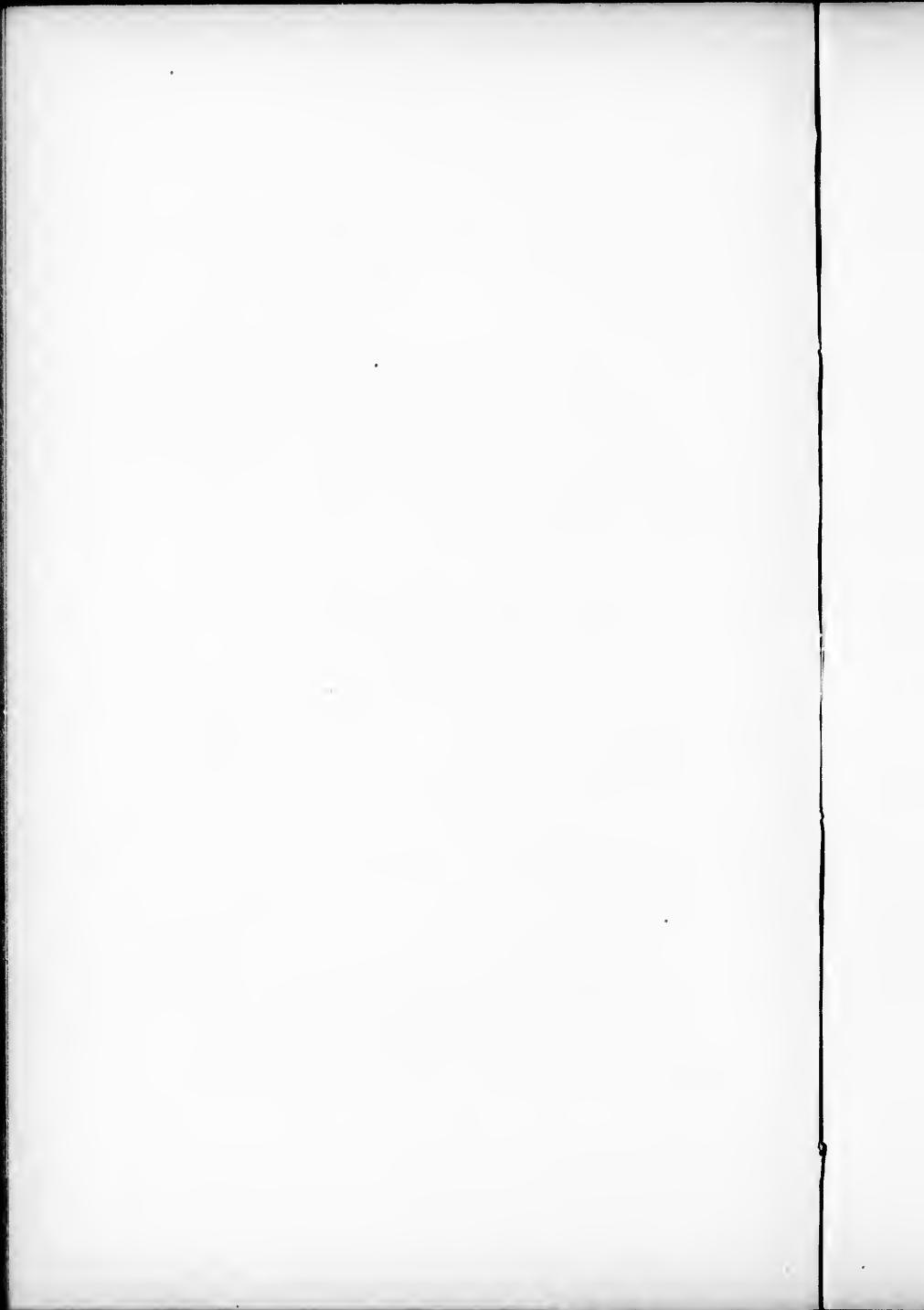
and full of information, having travelled a great deal, and overflowing with "go." She is very handsome and nice, and nothing can be kinder than they are. It is a pretty cottage, close to his mother's house, and with some grounds round them.

*Friday, 17th.*—We took a long drive, Mr. Neilson driving at a rapid pace, and the river and foliage was pretty, but the scenery here is not remarkable, and the town of New Brunswick does not look *rich* or flourishing. In the evening we went to his mother's, had tea, oysters and birds, and then a number of people came; Dr. and Mrs. Cook, Professor of Chemistry, and Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Warren, several Carpenters, who are cousins of the Neilsons, Admiral and Mrs. Admiral Boggs, Dr. and Mrs. Hart. He is a Dutch clergyman of the Dutch church here, and has been at John's laboratory at Cambridge, and talked about him and his work. I observe the gentlemen stand talking to *each other* a good deal as we do in England. Mrs. Neilson *mère* is a very nice old lady, with white hair, and something like you. She spoke about my brother Hedley, and tears came into her eyes as we talked; everyone here seems to have read his memoirs, and I enclose a scrap out of the New Brunswick paper, which will show you how he is remembered. Mrs. T. Neilson seems a capital housekeeper, and the cooking and everything seems so good and comfortable. Mr. Neilson owns most of the town, and is delighted when he can *sell* some of it, and the neighbours are nearly all his cousins. He says the municipal government of the town, &c., is at a *dead lock*. Nothing can be done to the *roads*, (which are disgraceful!) or the streets, which are dreadful *everywhere* nearly, that there is perpetual bribery and corruption, and all owing to universal suffrage, which makes the respectable people quite helpless! This is the view of all the people I stayed with or spoke to.

On *Saturday, 18th*, we made a long excursion to Long Branch, going by train to Redbank, a pretty village, where we got a carriage and drove to Long Branch, a favourite watering place of this part of the country and New York; miles upon miles of the sea coast is covered with houses, small and large, in every variety of style, with no trees and quite flat, with a fine sea beyond the sands. It looked like a scene on a *stage!* We passed some very pretty bays and creeks, but though the day was bright, the wind blew a gale, and we could not sit about. We lunched at the railway station, with our driver sitting at the next table. It is so funny to find everyone at your elbow, whatever their position may be, but I must say they behave very well. We returned by train, and I managed to catch a chill, and have been in bed most of the morning. The day was so lovely that Mr. Neilson persuaded me to drive with him in his *buggy*, a very comfortable carriage like a tea cart, and I enjoyed the sweet *Indian summer* and the pretty foliage with peeps of the river. In the afternoon I went with Mr. Neilson to call on his mother and Mrs. Carpenter, both fine old ladies, and as I said before, *old* and young women are well taken care of here.

*October 22nd.*—Hotel Brunswick, Boston. We left the kind Neilsons yesterday, and as Dick and I were not well, we took drawing-room car seats, which, however, were extremely uncomfortable wicker chairs, which turned round on a pivot with the least movement and made one feel sick! So I sat on a hard bench usually occupied by conductors. This is a fine hotel, and John and E—— came to see me last night after I was in bed; they seem enjoying themselves and are gay, seeing lots of scientific folk at Baltimore and *here at Cambridge*. They intend starting home on the 1st. We are arranging for berths in the "Oregon," on the 12th. Last night I was surprised





to get a letter from Liza, which had been sent to Evelyn, dated October 5th, telling me that No. 90, O— G— was let to Mr. Scott Holland till 8th December! I suppose some letter from Liza has been lost, for I have never heard a word of it before. The road yesterday was very pretty, crossing two or three rivers with beautiful colored foliage on their banks, and some fine towns. I enjoy scenery more and more as I get older, and feel more *one* with Nature, and Nature's God; the sense of the *Eternal* and *Infinite* deepens in my heart, and the grandeur of sky and mountain and river *with God over all* fills me with calm and peace. I am not at all well just now, and have to *sturve* nearly. It is difficult at hotels to get the right kind of food when one is out of sorts.

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DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE IN TOWN.

*To the Editor of the "Home News":—*

It may be of some interest to your readers to know that we have at present in our midst some distinguished people. Not indeed because they happen to be people of high rank in their own country, but because they represent names standing pre-eminent in the fields of science on the one side of their house, and on the other a name cherished in every household as the very embodiment of Christian chivalry, that of a veritable soldier of the cross.

The Dowager Lady Rayleigh (mother of Lord Rayleigh, the President of the British Association), is at present the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James Neilson, at their residence, Woodlawn. She is accompanied by her two sons, the Honorables Richard and Hedley Strutt. The former is married to a daughter of Lord Bragbrook, a member of the Cornwallis family. The Dowager Baroness is a sister of Hedley Vicars, the soldier-missionary of the Crimea, a name as well known and honoured in the households of America as those of Great Britain.

The party came out to attend the Scientific Convention of Canada, and have since travelled largely through the great

West. They express themselves enthusiastically as to our progress, material as well as intellectual.

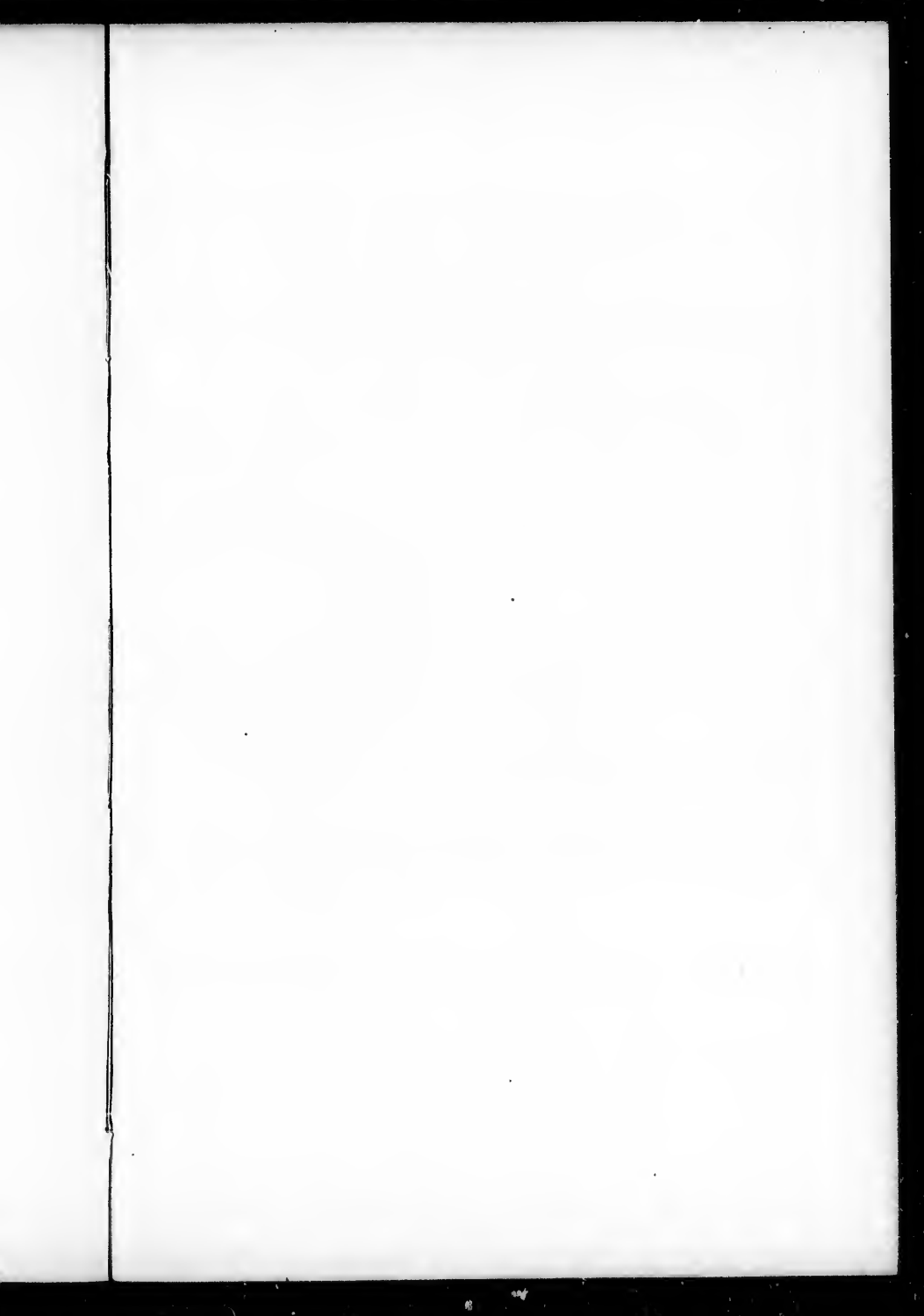
We take the occasion to congratulate our English consins upon the phenomenally fine season which they have selected, and trust that they may remain long enough to enjoy the loveliness of our American autumn and Indian summer.—*The Brunswick Daily Home News, Thursday, October 16th, 1884.*

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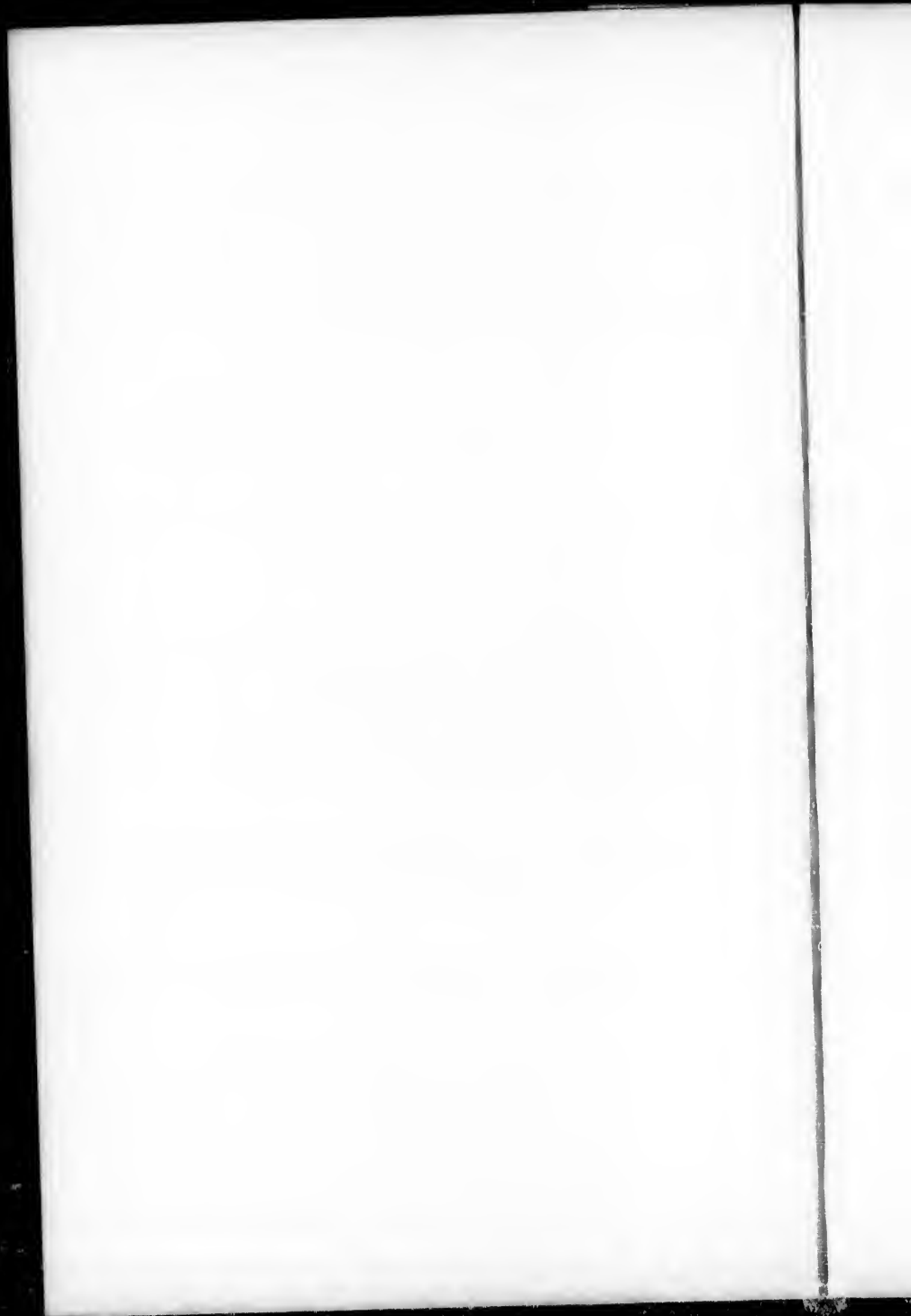
### Letter No. 10.

*October 25th, Newport, at "Madame Robertson's."*

Hedley and I and Gibson came here on Thursday, just to see the place, of which I had heard so much, and to acknowledge the offered civilities of some of the people there. We left Dick at Boston not very well, and indeed, I have been quite a wretch lately. Wednesday morning, E—— brought Professor Pickering, and he asked us to join John and E—— at his Observatory, and at a party given afterwards by Mrs. Pickering, so at 3.30 we set off all in a tram, and Professor Pickering met us about a mile from the house, and a carriage took us to the Observatory, where we saw curious things, and above all, the crescent moon, through a powerful telescope, which, oddly enough, I had never seen before. Mrs. Pickering had a large gathering, and I was introduced to quantities of people, some very nice looking and English in tone and manner. In this part of America one would scarcely know that you were not living among the present generation of English transported across the Atlantic quite recently; the manners of the coloured servants are very objectionable, and the porters of the cars quite odious; they march up and down, even in the more select Pulman cars, slam the doors, awakening one out of a much needed



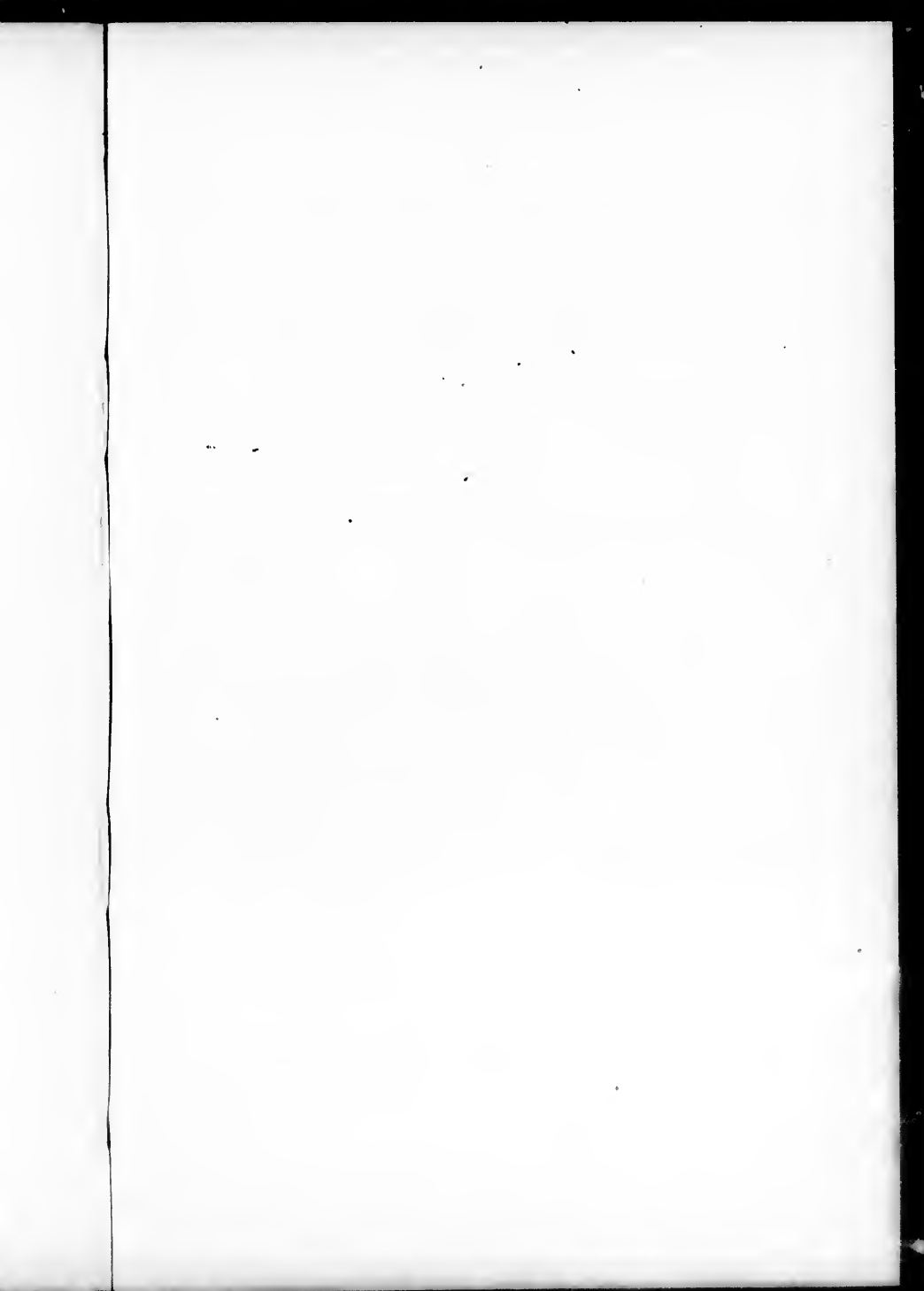


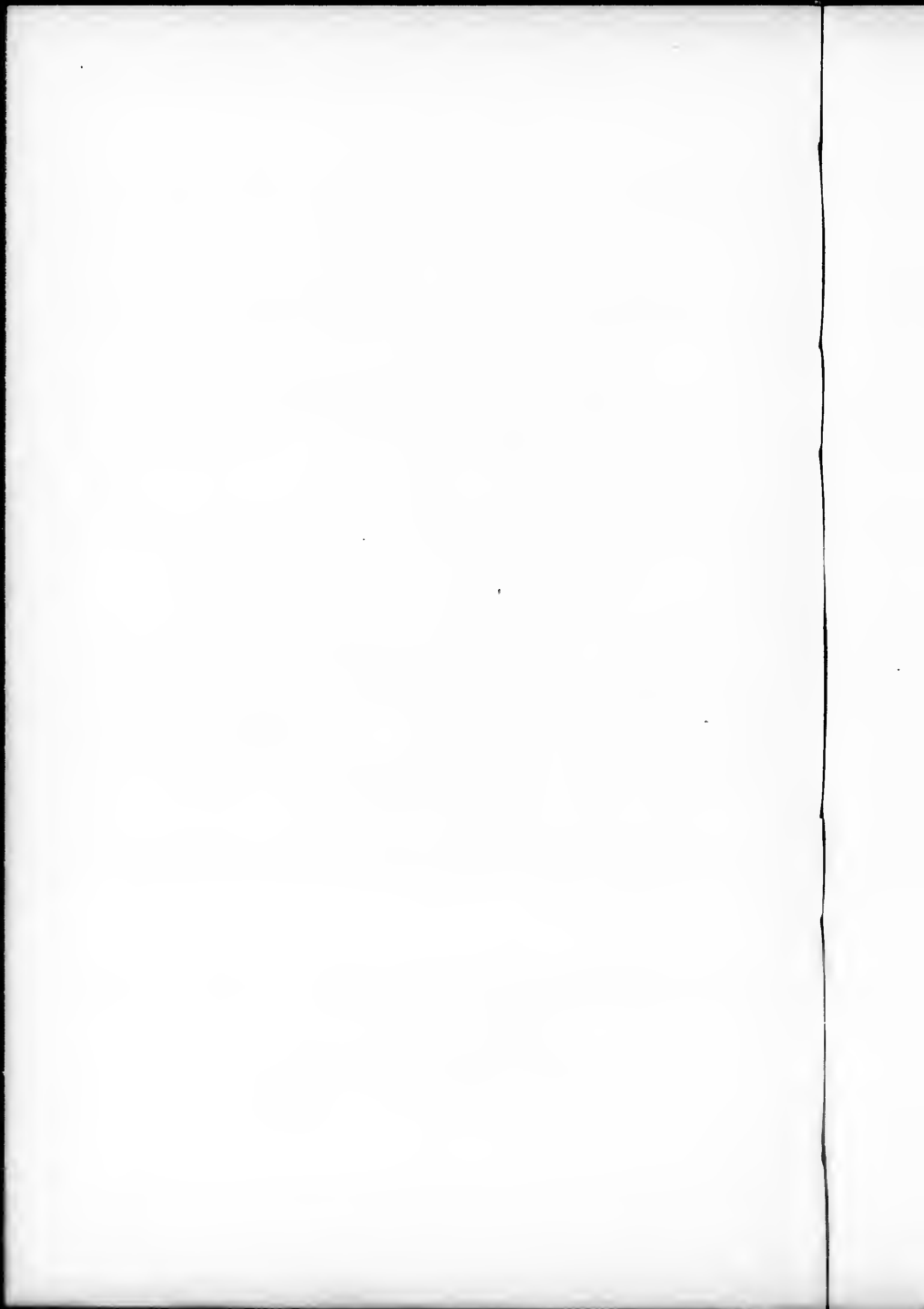


doze, and throw themselves down on the chairs and pick their teeth! "Dressed in a little brief authority, they strut before High Heaven," and make one wish they had never been *evolved* but remained altogether *apes*. The *waiters* at hotels are often pleasant enough, but the dislike of the white Americans to domestic service has given a monopoly of this employment to the coloured people, (shared in many parts by the Irish), and they give themselves airs accordingly. Dr. Wendel Holmes, of literary celebrity, was at the Pickerings, and I had a short talk with him, but as every minute some new introduction came off, I could never have a pleasant chat with any one. Mrs. Horsford, who was giving a large evening party, asked us to go there, and the Pickerings wanted me to stay with them till the time arrived, but I was not equal to this exertion, and we three returned in trams, which ought to be called *crams*, for they are invariably in that condition. I was also asked to join John and E—with a party going to a place called Beverly, but I decided to come here, as people were expecting us, and we arrived about ten minutes to three, and I found cards and notes, asking me to lunch and dine, and drive, and my landlady said the bell had been ringing all the morning, and the whole place was in excitement about our coming and its frequent delays! I got a carriage (it was too late to lunch out or drive), and left some cards and notes of explanation, and as we were leaving one at Mrs. Belmont's, she drove up in a well appointed drag, so we got out, and I found her a fair and light little person, very nice, and wonderfully young looking. She then drove us in her beautiful park phaeton to Mrs. Bruen's, where there was an afternoon party for my benefit—such a charming old lady! I told her I had a mother of eighty-one, and she said "Oh I am more than *that*, but no one knows my age, and I don't think about it, but

am ready when the call comes." I have heard since, she is past ninety! She is small and thin, full of life and interest in everything, and her brains as active as ever,—seems to have known every one of interest. I went there again to tea-dinner last evening, and we talked about everything and everybody under Heaven nearly! Her clever daughter and very pretty grand-daughter, Miss Perkins, have read widely, and our subjects of discussion were endless. Of course at the afternoon party there were numbers of people, and they told me they were quite delighted at my arrival, for the place was very dull now, and it was quite an excitement! Last evening a Professor Shields was at Mrs. Bruen's, and gave me his book on "Science and Faith." I have had three invitations to dine *to-day*, which of course I had to decline. To go on with yesterday's journal, we lunched with a Mrs. Bell, and met there Miss Perkins and another nice young lady, and a queer specimen, a Mr. W——, who travels about the Continent with eight children, and aggravated me by saying he was more at home in France than in England. We had several made up dishes, chiefly fish, but little I could eat! Three children came down afterwards and were made very much of, as usual; then Mrs. Belmont called for us in her barouche, and took us a delightful drive by the sea, but it was very cold, and as I had not brought my only warm wrap to Newport, I borrowed a seal skin jacket from Mrs. Bell; I find I have only brought one gown that I could have well done without, but I should be glad of two or three more things.

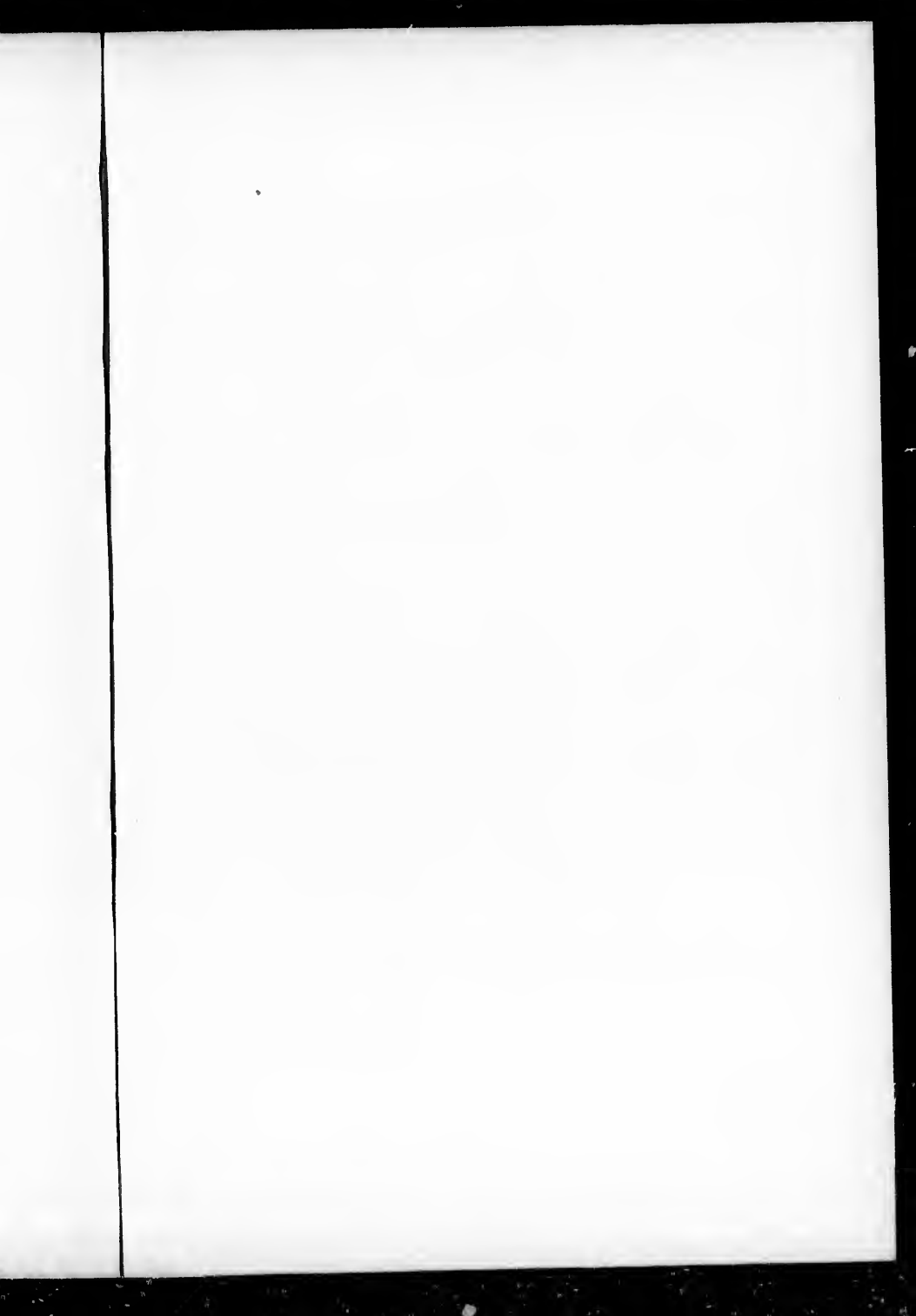
This place is something like *Ryde*, with numbers of villas, which in summer weather have beautiful lawns and gardens, and are filled with all the smart people from New York and Boston, &c.; in the season, they say it is wonderfully pretty and gay, and the few people remaining



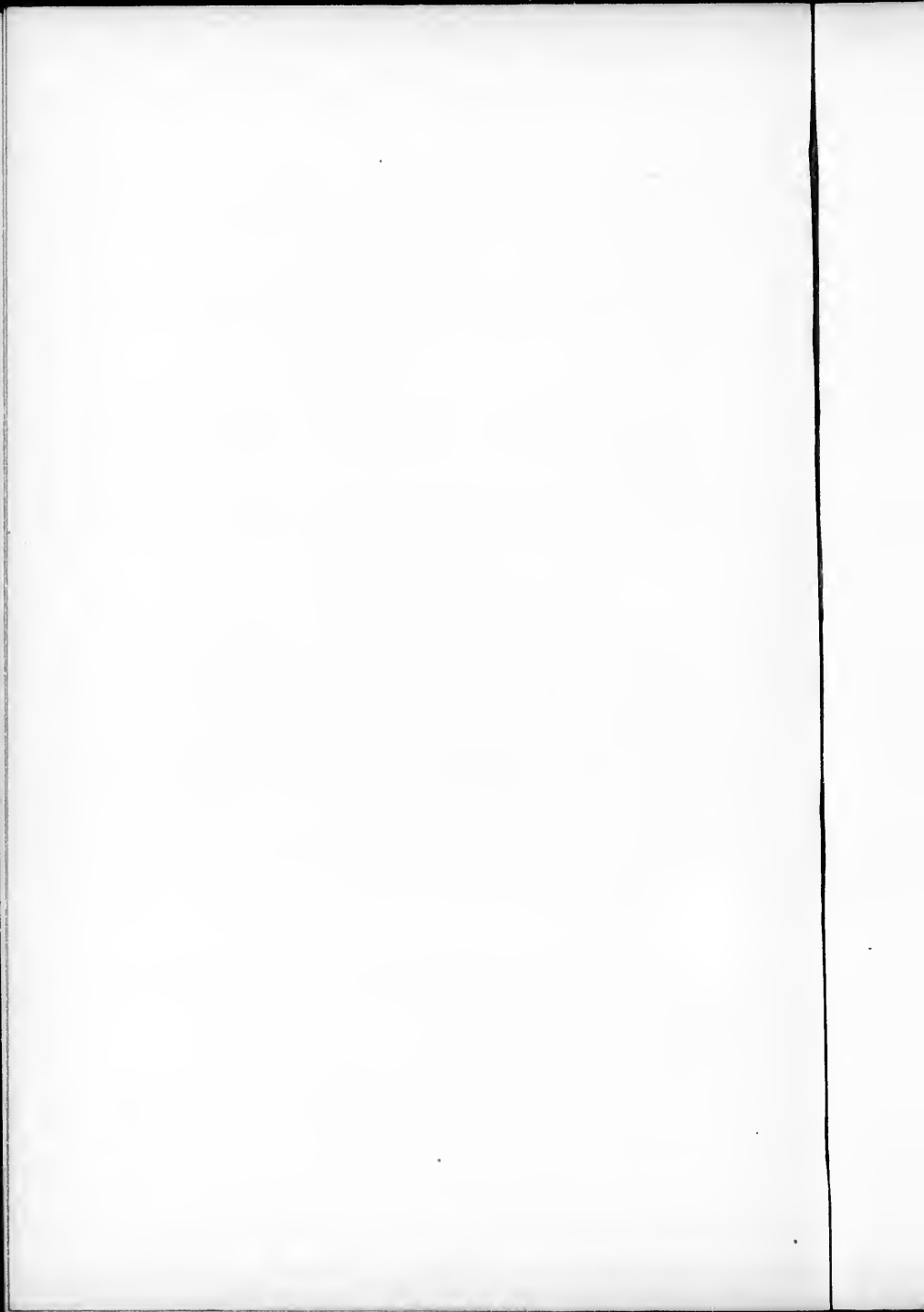


are so sorry I did not see Newport in all its glory, but I can guess what it would be, and I should dislike the kind of life they lead and the intense frivolity and absence of any kind of occupation, excepting dressing and flirtation! I think the *cream* had been left behind. This morning Professor Shields took us a drive to the two *Beaches*, two little bays with bathing sands, and then we drove to Miss Mason, who lives in a very pretty villa with her sister, and is very rich, and we all walked together to the *Cliff*, where there is a fashionable promenade, with rocks and sea on one side and green turf and the villas with their gardens all open on the other. If any one has a pretty house or place here it is all exposed to the public gaze, and even *use*, a great deal! We then drove to Mrs. Bruen's, where Hedley and I lunched. I am surprised to find how *fresh* the memory of my brother Hedley still remains in the minds of people, who I thought would have been too young to have heard of him at the time of his death, or too old to remember now what they had heard and read. Miss Mason and her friend spoke about him with such real feeling, and said they had been *brought up* on his "memoirs." Mrs. Bruen and her family, and Professor Shields and many others speak to me as if I was quite a *friend*, because of my relationship to Hedley! Isn't this curious after thirty years? They all asked about *Lucy*, and were so romantic as to be rather distressed that she had ever married; but I told them what a good man her husband was, and that she was so active and useful, and that it would have been a great pity if she had been *lost* as a wife and mother, &c. Mrs. Bruen, among other things, spoke of spiritualism, and said she knew from personal experience there was much truth in it. A relation and intimate friend was a powerful medium, and many extraordinary things, such as moving of furniture,

(heavy chairs and tables, &c.) and raps, &c., took place under circumstances which made imposition impossible, there being frequently no one present but Mrs. Bruen and her two daughters and this lady medium. A table at the *end* of the room would suddenly tilt up and rap. A large dining room table would tilt up, while all the things arranged for dinner on it would remain immovable—the lady not touching it. They all seemed to think that spiritualism had a bad influence, and Mrs. Bruen thinks *bad* spirits are at work. She is a wonderful old lady, past ninety, but full of energy and interest, moving large trees and making alterations constantly in her house and garden. She kissed me at parting, and I said “I shall tell my mother what a charming old lady you are,” and she said, “give her my kind regards, and tell her how glad I was to see you.” Well, at last with many hand-shakes and all talking at once, we parted, and I met Gibson at the station, and we returned to Boston yesterday, October 25th. I am now writing to you on Sunday from the Hotel Brunswick. Last evening Dick was out when we arrived, with Evelyn at a concert, for which I had tickets, but I was too tired to go; this morning we went to hear Dr. P. Brooks, the great preacher who everyone was raving about last spring in London, (or was it *last* year?) his church is like a great *temple*, or public hall, and cost £180,000. Mr. Winthrop gave us his pew, so we were well placed, and as he is *very* rapid and not very loud, the strain to hear his discourse would have been very great if we had not been near. “In such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh.” Christ comes to us in many ways, and through the long ages of the Old Testament and Christian dispensations he has been continually *showing* Himself,—all great events and promises have partial fulfilments,—little *milleniums* have taken

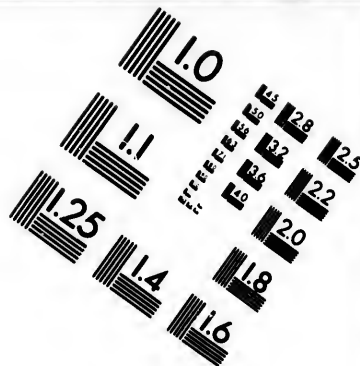
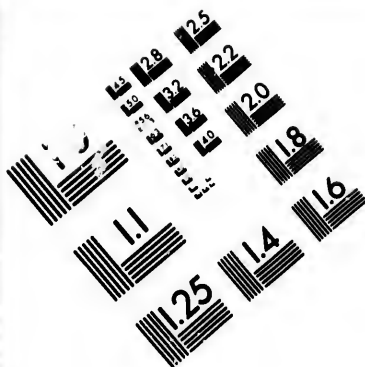




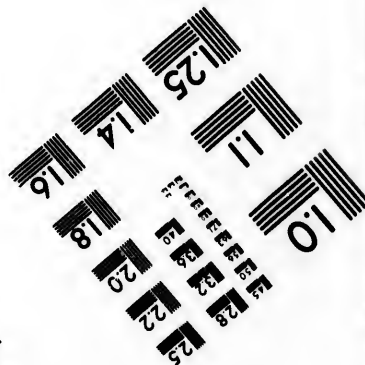
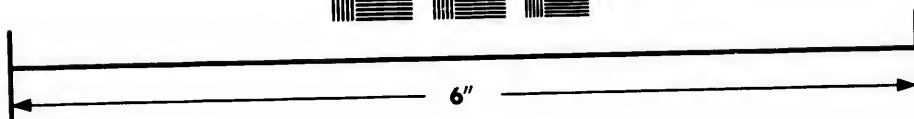
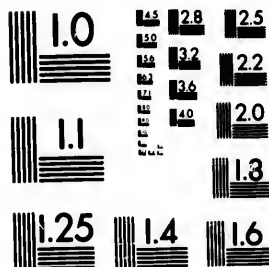


pace, and heavenly Jerusalems have been raised in many a church, in many a gathering of God's people,—all foreshadowing the *Great Event* which will bring God to man. Then he went on about a *King Idea*, the ruling object in every profession, in every life; how the *best of that idea*,—justice in a lawyer, holiness in a clergyman, and so on,—was brought home and revealed at times with great power. The reformations and revivals in the world are the *coming* in this sense. He spoke of *unconscious* love and devotion: that many a person thinks because they cannot always *feel* Christ present and cannot consciously recognize that they act for *Him* in their daily life, that they do not love or serve Him; they have given *themselves* to Him, but it seems as if He was forgotten while their daily work and employments *press Him out*. All the time, as with earthly love and care, the *heart* is full of Him, and every now and then strong religious exercises or unusual events excite the mind; He *comes* to it in full power, and then they recognize their Lord. Some of the sermon struck me as too *abstract*, but it was very suggestive; the music, too, was beautiful. He is a large stout man with fine well-cut features and beautiful expression. Coming out we met John and E—— and the Pickerings, who had been elsewhere. I think they are both tired of America, at least E—— is, and John wants to get to his work! I am not tired of Americans, but I could not *live* in this country; the system political is to me odious, much of the social system ditto; and the society is so disunited, so patchy, so apparently without bonds of union or common interests, the life they lead so dull and without the charms of society at home, and yet there are many as nice and clever and good as we can find anywhere. I dare say the missionary and charitable organizations, and educational institutions, &c., give some interest and occupation to the





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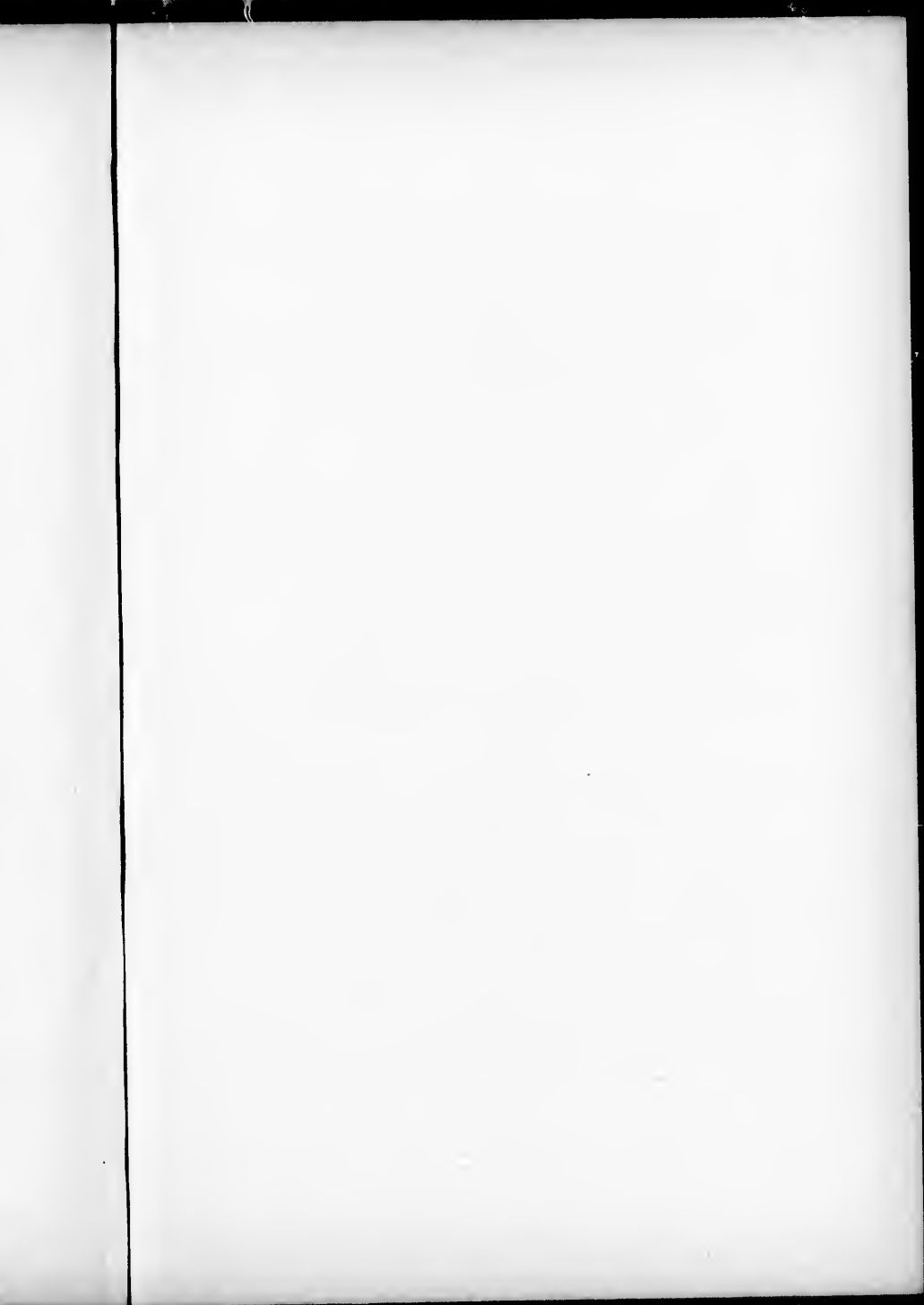
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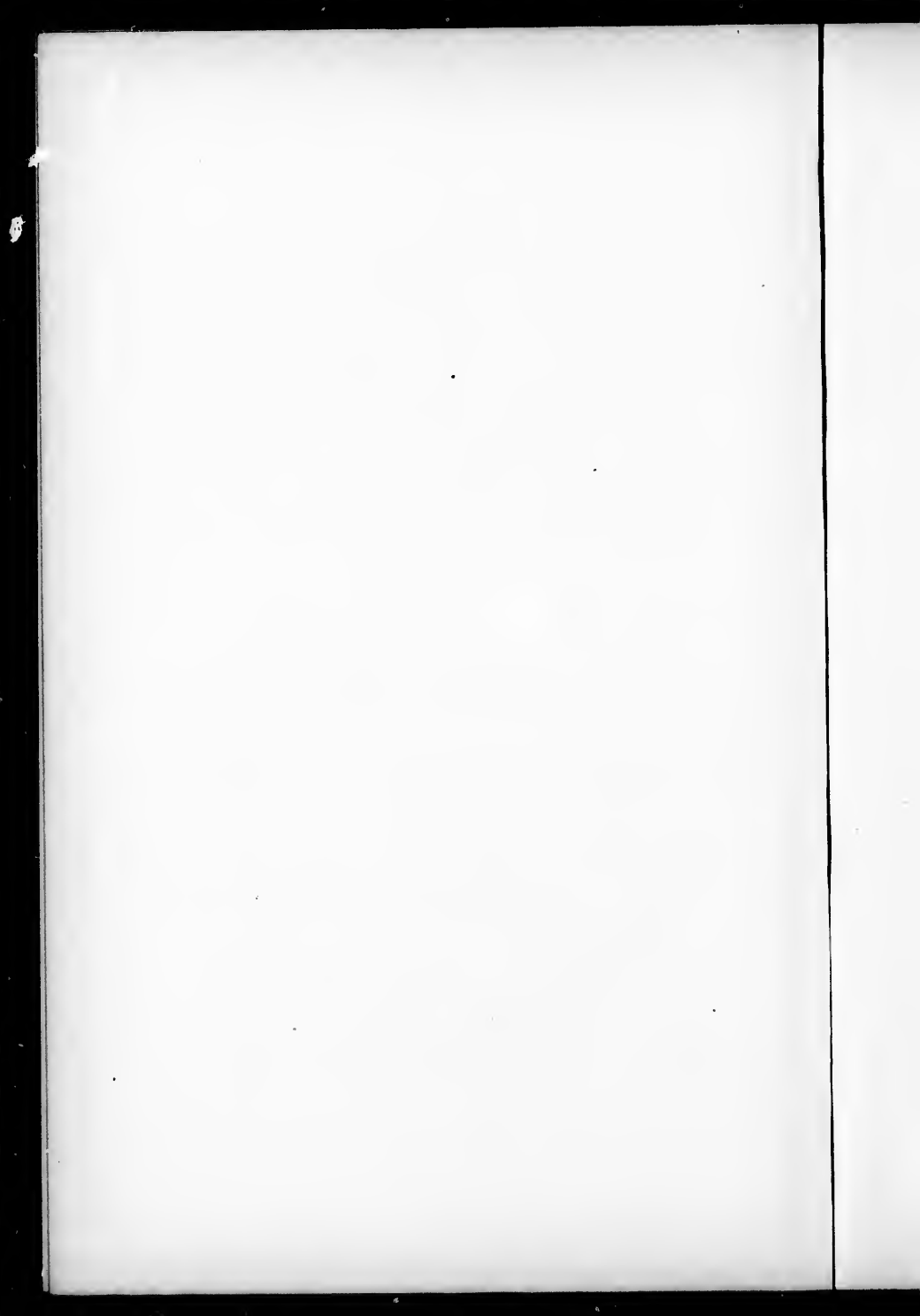
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energetic and pious ones, but there cannot be much of what we call *parish* work, or care of the poor, though there are plenty of poor in the large cities, and much distress as in older countries. Mrs. Bruen gave me Lowell's discourse on "The Democracy," which he delivered lately in Birmingham, and asked me for my candid opinion, without regard to *her* politics. So I said, "candid I shall be, and first of all being devoted to my country's old constitution, the democracy has to me a very unpleasant sound; by that I mean the Government of the many and from *below*, and *that* form of Government to me is highly objectionable. I think with Carlyle, that God meant the rulers of the world to be those men best fitted by their education and occupations and experiences to cope with the immense difficulties which encompass good government. So you see, I can't agree with much Lowell says, but some things are very good and I have ventured to mark them," upon which she handed the paper to Professor Shields, and told him to read it, and tell her what I had marked at a future time, as she wanted to go on talking! I found Professor Shields quite agreed with me when discussing the matter next day, but he said, "*we* can't help ourselves now, take care *you* don't get into the same difficulties." Mrs. Bruen made me give a resumé of all the reasons why the Lords opposed the passing of the Franchise Bill until the Redistribution Bill appeared. I must stop. We have been to hear Dr. Brooks again, this time *un-written* and not so interesting.

*Monday, 27th.*—After writing the foregoing yesterday, we went to dine, and then John called and spent nearly two hours chatting. *They* had been to lunch at the Lowell's (relations of the Minister in England), and leave to-day at one o'clock for New York, and on the first start in the *Germanica* for England. I think we are all glad

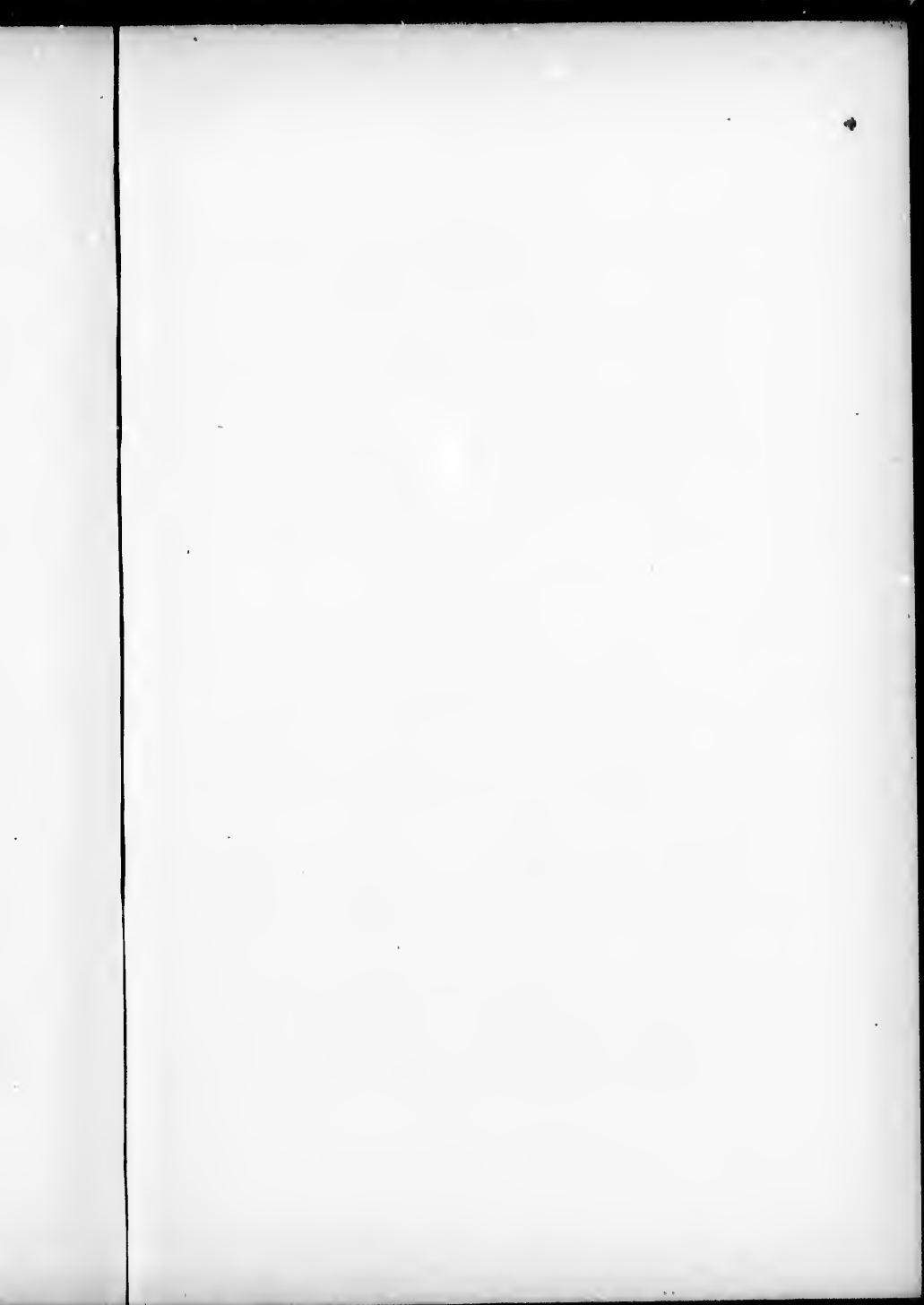


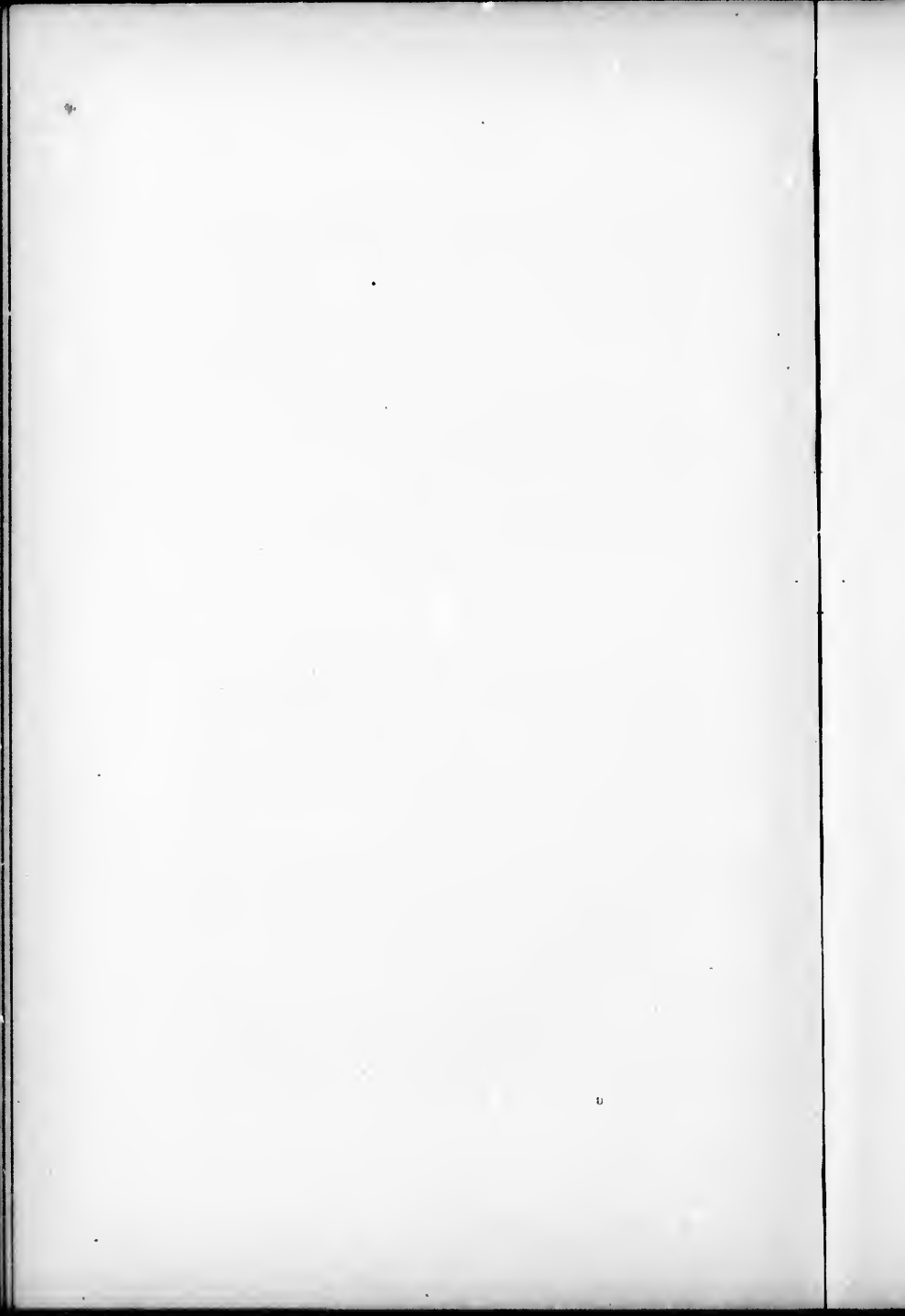




we are *not* going to Japan, &c., as I have just written to Mrs. Neilson, "the old country suits my aged inside the best." I told her I thought the people about New Brunswick and Boston were especially delightful. "After this," I added, "you will, perhaps, think me impertinent if I say they seem to me so English! but after all, you came from us, and it only shows you have kept the stock pure, while we have in many cases adopted a spurious Americanism in our ways and speech." Since I wrote this, Mrs. Perkins, a married daughter of dear Mrs. Bruen, and a masterful kind of person, has called on me, and upon my making some such remark as the foregoing, she exclaimed, "I don't like *that* at all! Before the war we used to like being taken for English, but now we *don't*,—How would *you* like to be taken for an American?" "Well," I replied, "we don't speak of the *mother* being like the *child*; whether you like it or not you *are* English by descent, and are our cousins at *least*." Dick asked her afterwards, "What do you wish to be thought?" "An American, of course." "Please tell me then how you describe an *American*?" We could not get her to do so; in fact, nothing pleases the *set-up* creatures, for if we judge of them by the Western or Southern, or even Central Americans, they exclaim at our injustice, and if we judge by these New England States, they are indignant at being thought English! This, I believe, is only a *pretence*, however, and that in their *hearts* they are fond of England, and justly proud of the relationship and likenesses. Certainly the New Englanders are conceited and *bumptious*, and in this also they keep up their British characteristics. They want to lose their State distinctions (which their patriot Washington was so anxious to guard), and become *one* great nation, centralizing everything, which, indeed, seems the rage

everywhere. The Democrats are more conservative and *really* liberal, and I trust Cleveland will get elected as President, for there are many independent Republicans (*Bollers*, they call them,) who will vote for him, knowing that Blaine would be a disgrace to their country; he is a plausible rogue, and respectable people of all opinions almost acknowledge it. Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop called (I have a nice sitting-room now), and we are to drive there and lunch with them to-morrow. Mrs. Lowell also called, and gave us the *Republican* view of things, being a strong Anti-Democrat; told us that the Southerners, by arguments of personal *fear*, made the negroes vote against the Republicans, who they would otherwise support, according to her story. So much, if true, for the freedom of American voters! Speaking of sea sickness when crossing the Atlantic, she said that like (someone else) she thought she should die the first day, and was afraid she should *not* the second day. Mr. Baillie Hamilton spoke to us at luncheon to-day; he has invented a new kind of organ, and is perfecting it here, and hopes to make it a good commercial business in New York, and then go home and marry Lady Evelyn Campbell. We liked him very much, and wish him all success. Mr. Perkins called, and we all went to the Archaeological Museum, which is an entertainment I am unworthy of, as I don't understand Art, china, or lace, or embroidery, or statuary, and only know what I *like*; but Mr. Perkins wasted a great deal of valuable information upon me. After this, we all walked to the common with Mr. Hamilton; he told us that he had worked for months in a factory at Worcester, near this, in his *shirt sleeves*, no man knowing him, and he thinks highly of the American workmen in these parts. They are kind and noble under their too independent and rough exterior, and that is my own impression; but still I detest





the system which has taught them that respect and politeness are servile and unmanly, and that domestic service is a disgrace. I had the pleasure of receiving your letter of 15th October this morning, and am so glad you can use your hand more. I don't think *any* of your letters are missing, but, *without conceit*, mine are of more value, as those to you are my only journal, and I should forget so many things if I had not these letters to refer to on returning home. Now I must finish this. Mr. Hamilton is talking while I am writing, and we shall see him at New York on the 3rd, Hotel Brunswick. You will probably only have one more letter from America. I am better, but still rather queer.

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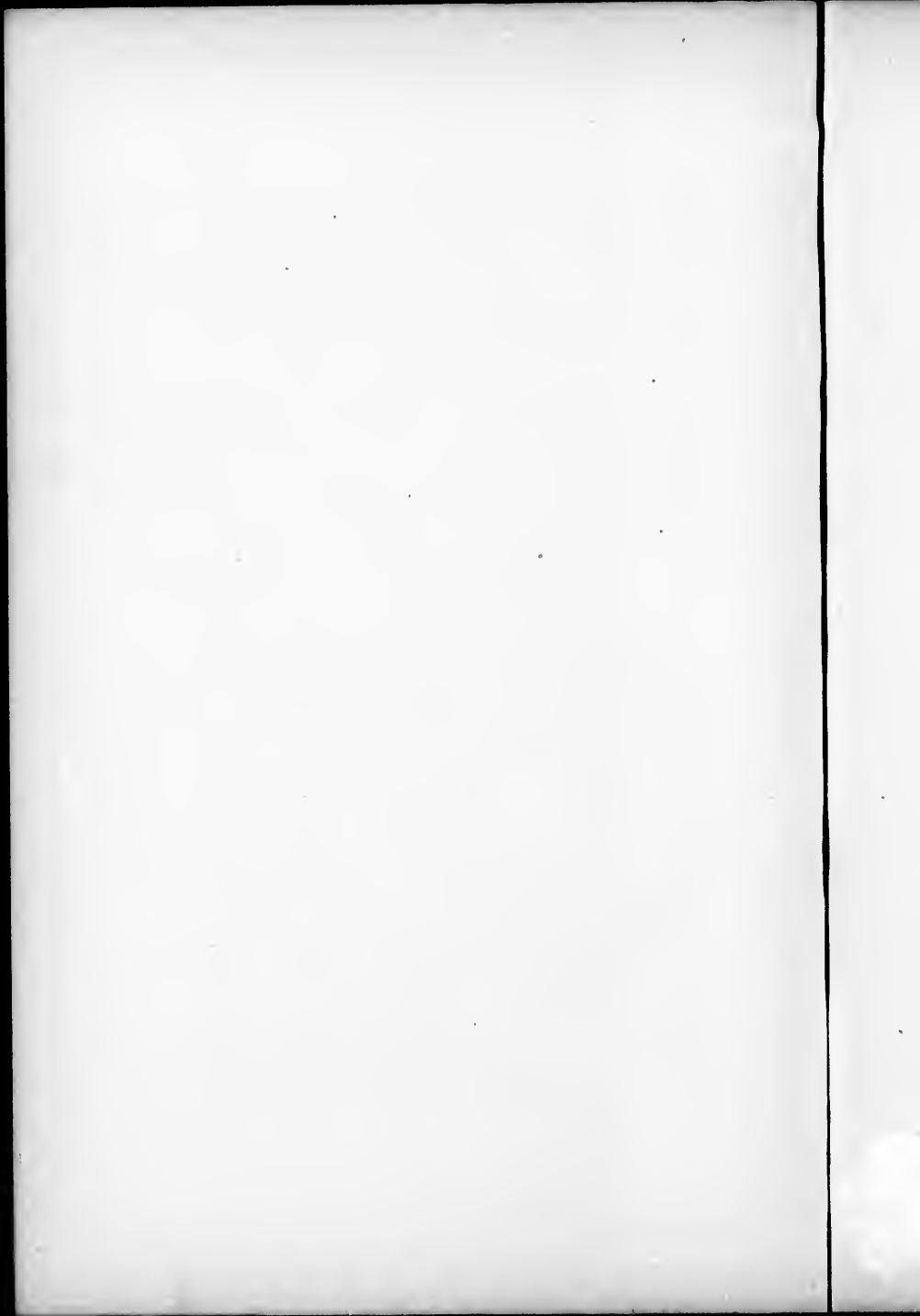
### Letter No. 11.

*Wednesday, October 29th, Brunswick Hotel, Boston.*

I sent you a letter on Monday, and I will now begin another, which may be the last from these shores. On Tuesday, Mrs. Pickering, the wife of the astronomer at Cambridge, called early "to be of use," but I was engaged to lunch out with the Winthrops, so we arranged to meet to-day. Dick went to play the organ at Advent Church, and was delighted with it, full of ingenious mechanism. At half-past twelve Hedley and I met him at the station, and Mr. Perkins met us, and we found Mrs. Winthrop's carriage at Brooklines. Mr. Perkins is a very accomplished man, lived a long time in Germany to study music, and in Italy to study Art generally. He looks very like Mr. Henry Sidgwick, and you would never guess he was an American. The drive through Brooklines was very pretty; we saw three large trees of a pure gold colour on

the greenest turf in one place, which had a lovely effect. The Winthrop's house is not furnished with æsthetic taste, but there were some good pictures. Mr. Winthrop has been married three times, and the present wife was married before, so there is rather a confusion of families. *Her* daughter only lives with them, and is affected with a sort of St. Vitus's dance, which made it rather trying for Hedley to take her in to luncheon; but I never saw anyone who seemed less self-conscious or more at her ease than this poor girl, and her mother is devoted to her, and shewed us her picture in great triumph. We had Mr. Packman, the historian of Canada, at luncheon, and Mr. F. J. Johnson, a celebrated architect, formerly a slaveowner in the Southern States, who liberated his slaves before the war, but was a "rebel," and lost his all, and had to work for his living. Mr. Packman said he thought Canada was improving wonderfully, but (as the English when we were there had told us), the French element multiplies with extraordinary rapidity, and they are a compact body under the control of their priests, and so carry all political questions their own way; consequently, but little progress is made in the province of Quebec. Mr. Packman is a Republican, but is going to vote for the Democratic candidate, Mr. Cleveland, because he believes him to be an honest man, and that Blaine would bring the country into difficulties. I wish some of *our* Republicans would come *here* and learn a lesson of conscientious independence! There were some ladies besides, but I did not make out their names. At last luncheon was ready, and such a nasty luncheon! Great oysters, and raw beef, and dried-up partridges, and the never failing blocks of ice-cream, which *sounds* very nice, but one gets tired of it, especially when it makes one ill! However, the *mental* food was very good, and

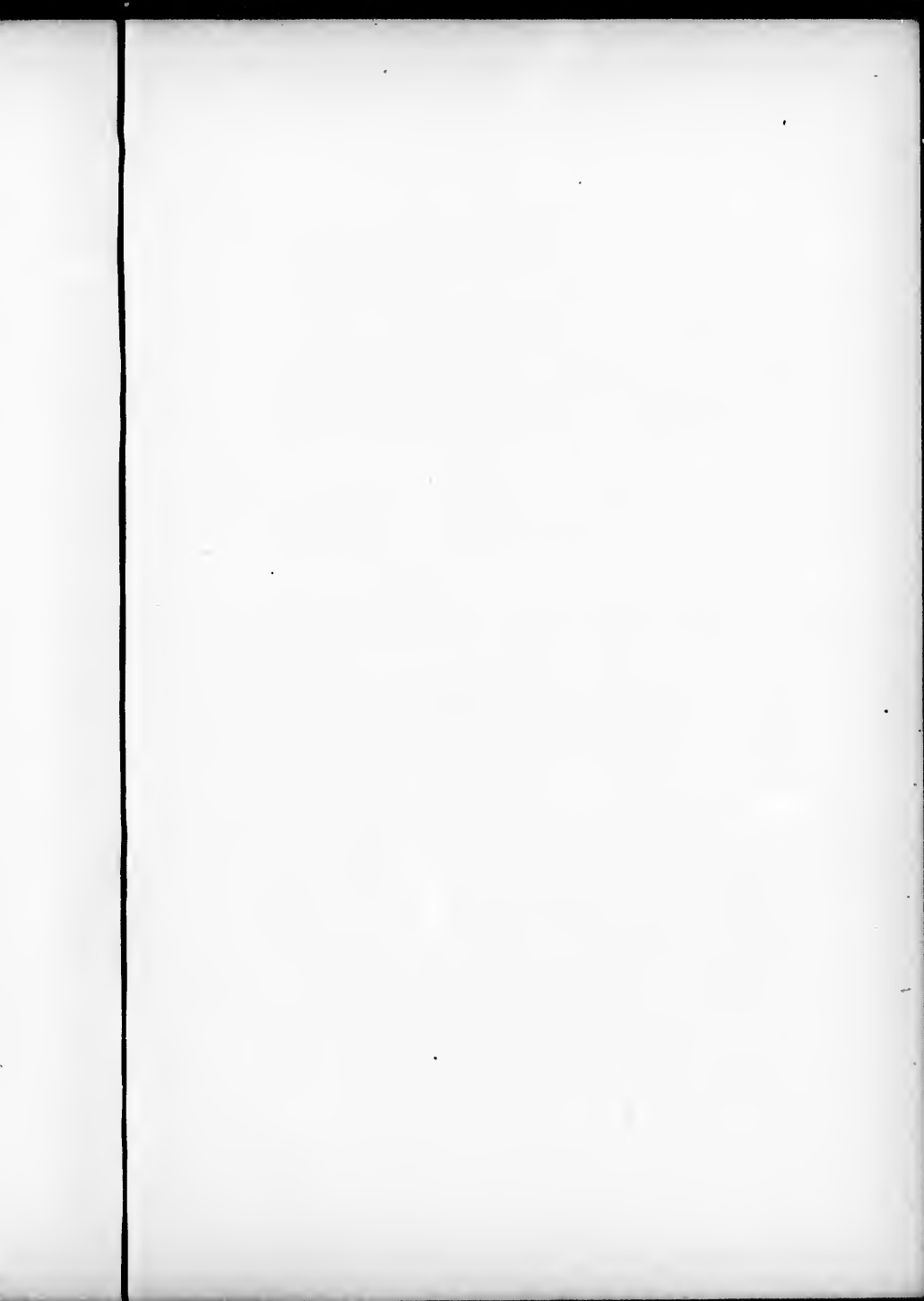
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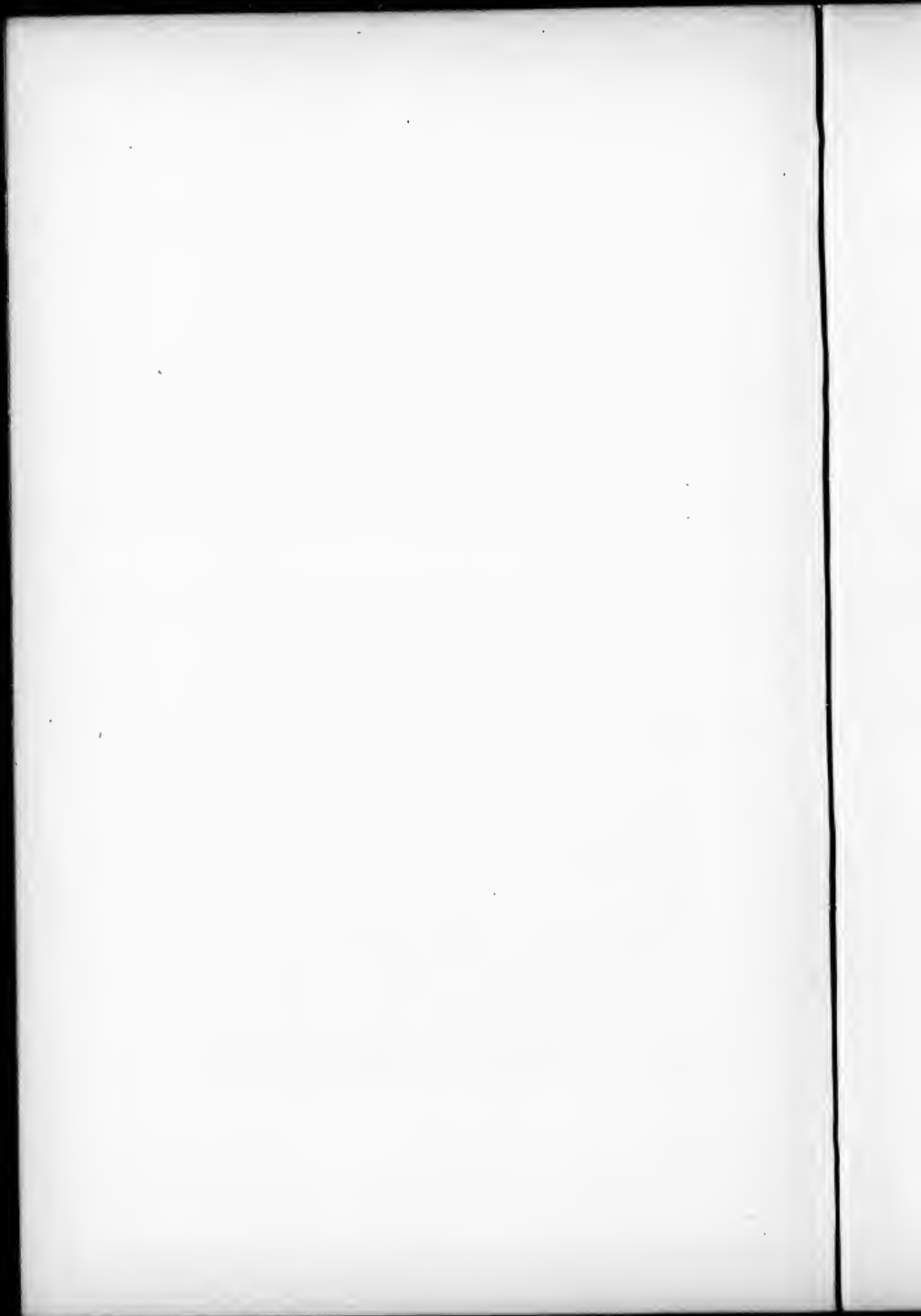




Mr. Winthrop, who knows everyone, spoke to me of Gladstone. He thinks he "is a man of many words; he knows something of everything, and a good deal of some things," but on the whole he evidently does *not* trust his statemanship. He knew the late Lord Lytton and his wife, and met her after their quarrel at Roger's, the poet, and thought her a very fine clever woman, with charms of manner. Lord Lytton he thought very unpleasant; very deaf, and sensitive about it, and would not use his trumpet. Macaulay was very *ponderous*, and had a *Niagara* flow of language. He always engrossed all conversation, and one got tired of listening. Mr. Winthrop greatly enjoyed the coming of age of Lord Cranbourne, at Hatfield, to which he was invited, and he thinks Lord Salisbury's speaking more interesting than Gladstone's,—that the House of Lords might make some compromise about the Redistribution Bill, and that it would be an immense pity for England to lose the three estates of the realm, and the Established church. "We don't want *you* to become a Republic, but keep up the standard of good government for the rest of the world." Afterwards we went to Mr. Augustus Lowell's, and there we found all vehement for *Blains!* I did not agree with their arguments, but listened to all very meekly and attentively! They also urged us, as every one else, *not* to give in to the idea of universal suffrage, which is the *bane*, they say, of politics in this country, and causes all their difficulties. After tea we drove home five miles in Mr. Winthrop's carriage; I like her very much, and she has more *softness* of manner, being a Southerner, than the Americans sometimes have. Wednesday we met Mrs. Pickering at the station, and after a short railway journey, drove to the beautiful grounds of *Wellesley College*, founded by a rich American, Mr. Durrant,

for girls over sixteen. Three separate buildings, and a pretty lake, and a very interesting President, Miss Freeman, about thirty. After seeing the perfect and numerous arrangements made for the education of the young women, chemistry-rooms, libraries, statuary, &c., &c., and making acquaintance with some of the lady professors, we had luncheon with hundreds of girls; some of these pay less, (the regular payment is forty-five dollars or pounds, I forget which, a year), and have some light work to do, *wait* on us, &c. I can't say the luncheon was good! the beef hard, and I had only bread and jam! I thought "unless they have a really good breakfast and dinner, these young women will not be able to bear the strain on their mental and bodily powers." After this innocent meal, six young girls, dressed in blue serge and white costumes, with hats of the shape of undergraduate's, rowed us in two boats, one painted blue with light oars, the other white, and the girls rowing it also in white costumes; our blue captain was a very pretty bright girl, just the type one reads of in novels as the American girl, (but not a *lady* in the American view, or our own,) and she chatted away, and led the others in some pretty songs, while they rested on their oars, and then we were obliged to hurry away. One of the professors told me how clever the *captain* was, and another asked me to send six copies of Hedley's Memoirs for the Sunday Lending Library here, with my name, "which they should value so much." We returned to Cambridge, and *kind* Mrs. Pickering, who is very good looking and energetic, took us to Harvard College, and we saw the Memorial Hall, and interesting Gymnasium, where the young men were practising all kinds of wonderful exercises. We got home very tired, and at seven o'clock dined with Mr. and Mrs. Perkins. Mrs. Perkins, like her mother, Mrs.





Bruen, has had great experiences in Spiritualism, and believes it is *not good*.

*Thursday, 30th.*—At Mrs. Pruy'n's, *Albany*.—We left Boston about eleven o'clock, and found her carriage and cart waiting for us at station, and received a most kind welcome. She is a rather stout woman, of about forty, who has been very pretty, and has two daughters of sixteen and eleven, and a stepson who is very delicate. Mrs. Pruy'n is very rich, (everything having been left to her as usual here), and the house is filled with beautiful gold and silver-plate, and china and books, and curiosities of all sorts. She seems very energetic and good in all relations of life. Some people dined,—her father, Judge Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Kidd, Mr. Ledgard, of old Dutch extraction, which is very common here and in the States generally, and lives in the country *Canzenovia*, on the shores of a lake. His family have been there for generations.

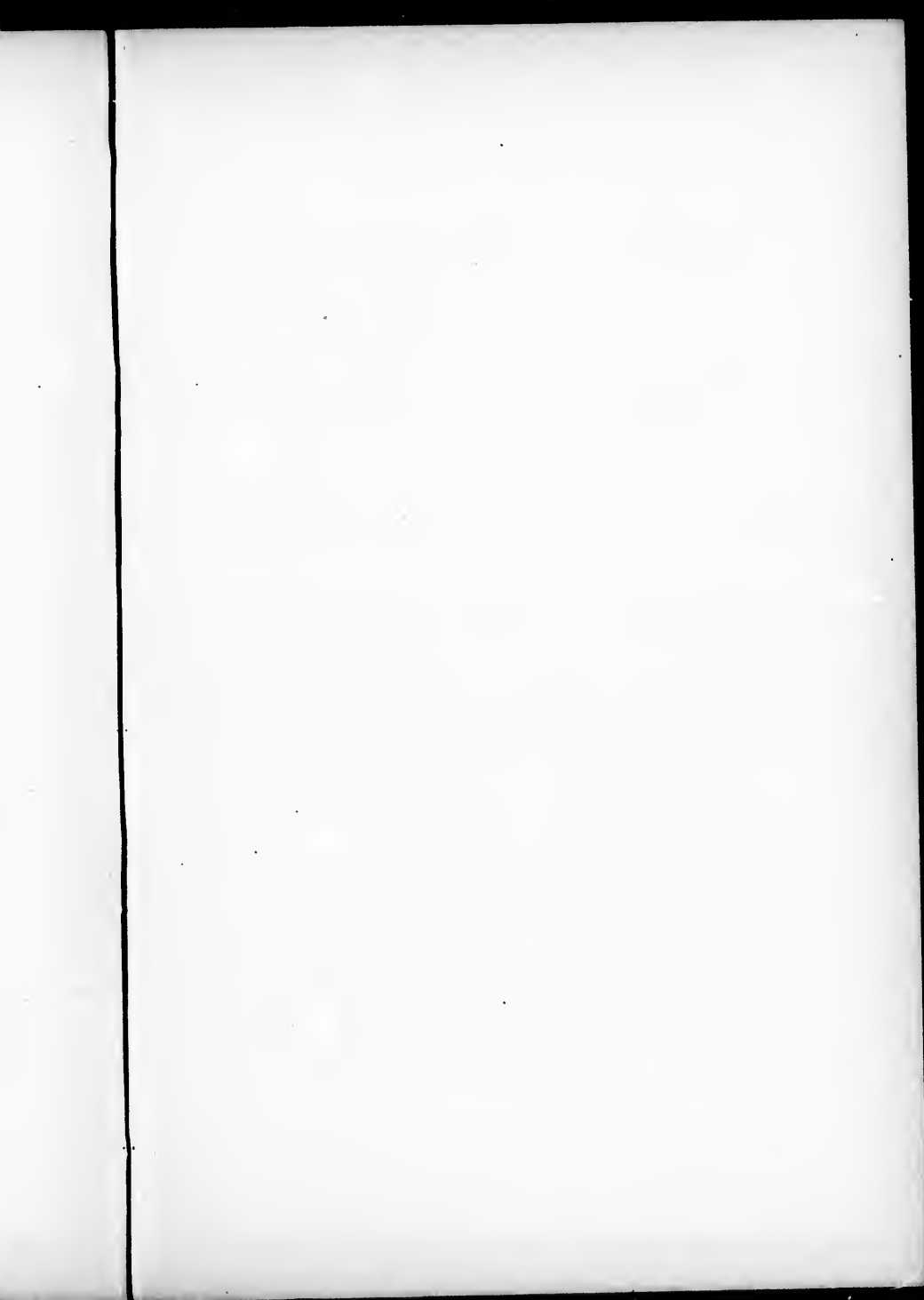
*Friday, 31st.*—We all went to see the Capitol, an enormous and handsome building not yet completed, but what I cared for much more, we saw the President, or rather I should say, the *candidate*, Governor Cleveland. He talked with us some minutes, and seemed a simple, honest kind of man, without vulgarity, but not of society manners or attractiveness. I wished him success, for which he thanked me cordially. The poor man is hunted to death by men and meetings of all sorts. So we did not stay long. I caught cold in this hot place, (they do burn such fearful *furnaces* in the houses here), and I could not go out again.

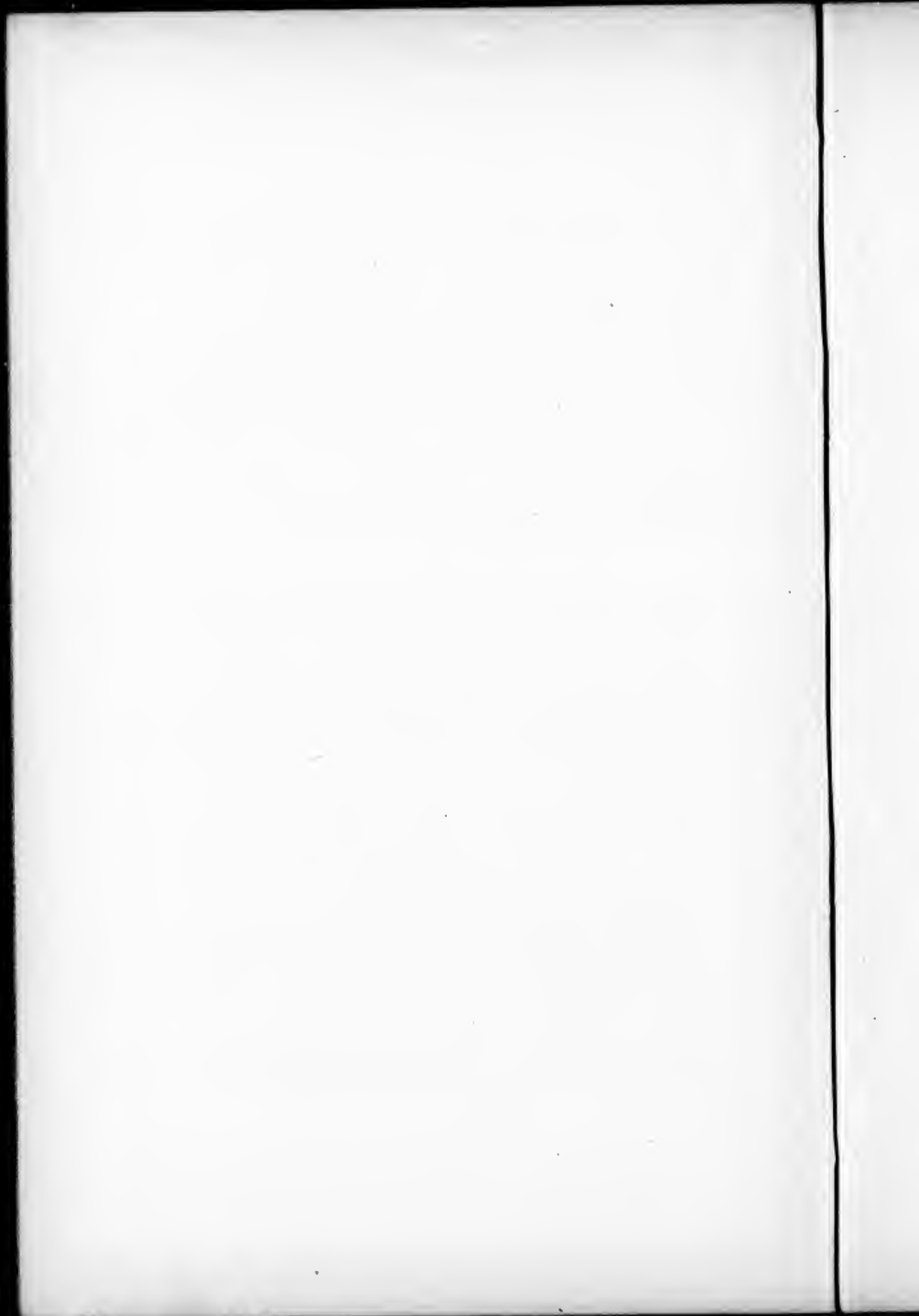
*Saturday.*—Remained in bed till four o'clock to-day, and then got up to tea, Mrs. Pruy'n's sister, Mrs. Corney, such a nice cheerful woman, with a face something like Lisa's, and Mrs. Evans, with a handsome niece, came to

lunch yesterday. Miss Pruyne drove Hedley in a nice pony carriage. At dinner we had General and Mrs. Mirvan, another sister, and Dr. Holms, Librarian in the Capitol. This afternoon two presents of flowers came for me; they all went to church in the morning, being All Saints' day. The Evans asked us all to dine, but Mrs. Pruyne had company at home. Mr. Palmer, son of the man who sculptured "Faith," so often photographed, and the clergyman of St. Peter's, Dr. Battershall, who was very pleasant, and talked nicely of Mr. Rainsford, son of Mr. Rainsford of Halkin street, who has done wonders in New York, at St. George's. The American religious people are far less narrow minded and censorious than we are; one sect or party can see that a great deal of good and successful work is done by another! Mrs. Pruyne is decidedly ritualistic, but she is quite sorry I shall not be here next week, to hear Moody and Sankey, who are to hold meetings. A Miss Lansing dined here, and seems a very touchy American-loving person, and snubbed the boys if they hinted anything here was not perfection.

*Sunday, 2nd.*—Heard a good sermon from Dr. Battershall, at St. Peter's, on "Seeing *Him* who is invisible,"—the Apostle's definition of *faith*. We remained to Holy Communion. He is evidently fond of ritual, but there was nothing really objectionable. In the evening we all went to Judge Parker's, and Mrs. Parker, who had not left her room for some weeks, came down to see me, and is a very nice old lady; all the daughters and their husbands, and the widower son, came to heavy tea, a regular custom in the family—then Dick played, and we sung hymns.

*Monday, 3rd.*—Had a delightful drive with Mrs. Pruyne in the morning, violet mountains (the Caltgills) in the distance, with brilliant foreground of autumn tinted







trees, and golden fields, and a bright sun shining on all, made a pretty picture; the streets and roads here are very bad, as generally in America; really one drives over *boulders* of stone in some of the streets here, and they say, "it can't be helped, the municipal corporation have it in their own hands." Our kind hostess has given me a pretty dusting brush and a book, &c., and is going to send me a box of biscuits I liked, for the voyage home. Mrs. Pickering has sent me a pretty little case, with my initials on it. We left Albany at twenty minutes to three, and much enjoyed the scenery on the banks of the Hudson *en route* to New York, but it got dark before we came to the prettiest part, and we did not get settled in this Hotel Brunswick till past eight o'clock.

*Tuesday, 4th.*—After a better night I awoke, feeling less uncomfortable, but I have not been at all well lately, and I suppose that what I want is *rest* and a different diet. I found dear Mary's letter, and one from Clara. I shall not hear any more, I suppose, now, till I meet Edward, &c., at Ampton Hall, on the 20th inst. We all agree our hearts are "homeward bound" now, and the dear old Grandie will, please God, welcome us back in health and peace. I have had lots of visitors this morning and afternoon. To-night we dine with my Philadelphia friend, Mrs. B. Moore.

*Later.*—We met Monseigneur Capel at dinner, and Major Recard Seaver, and a Miss Hooker. Crowds all about the hotel (Fifth Avenue); electoral returns put up in front of an electric light near it, and cheers as they appeared to favour one side or another from the dense crowd. Monseigneur Capel is handsome and agreeable, but he did not impress me *at all* as a sincere or saintly person. We had to make our way home through a great crush, but there was nothing unpleasant. The Republicans have had it all their own way for more than twenty years, and

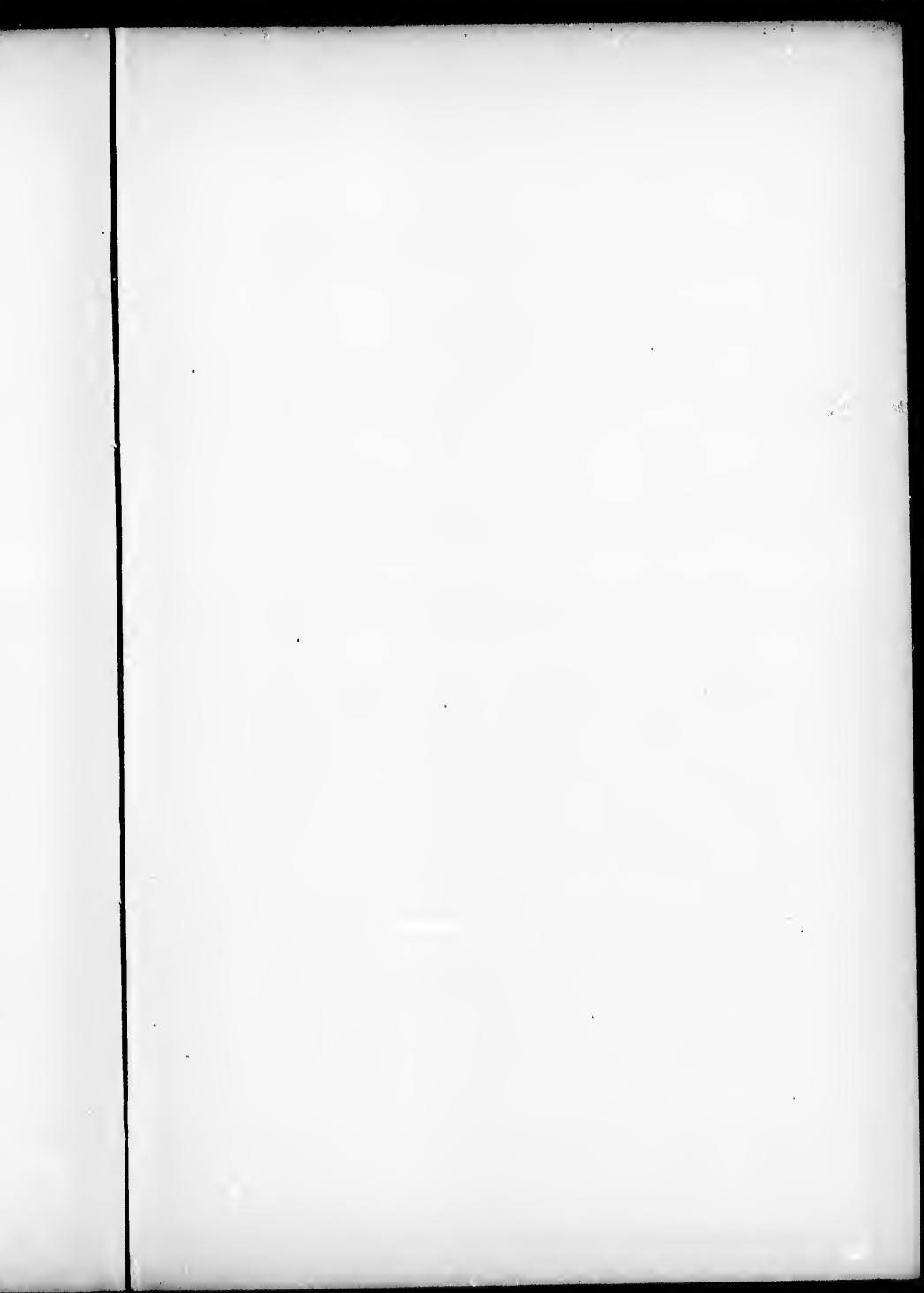
have, of *course*, become tyrannical and corrupt, so no wonder the best of them support Cleveland, who is believed to be honest, and has proved himself capable and sensible as Governor of New York. The cheering and groaning went on all night, which was not conducive to sound slumber. They cheer and groan in *unison*, which has a curious effect.

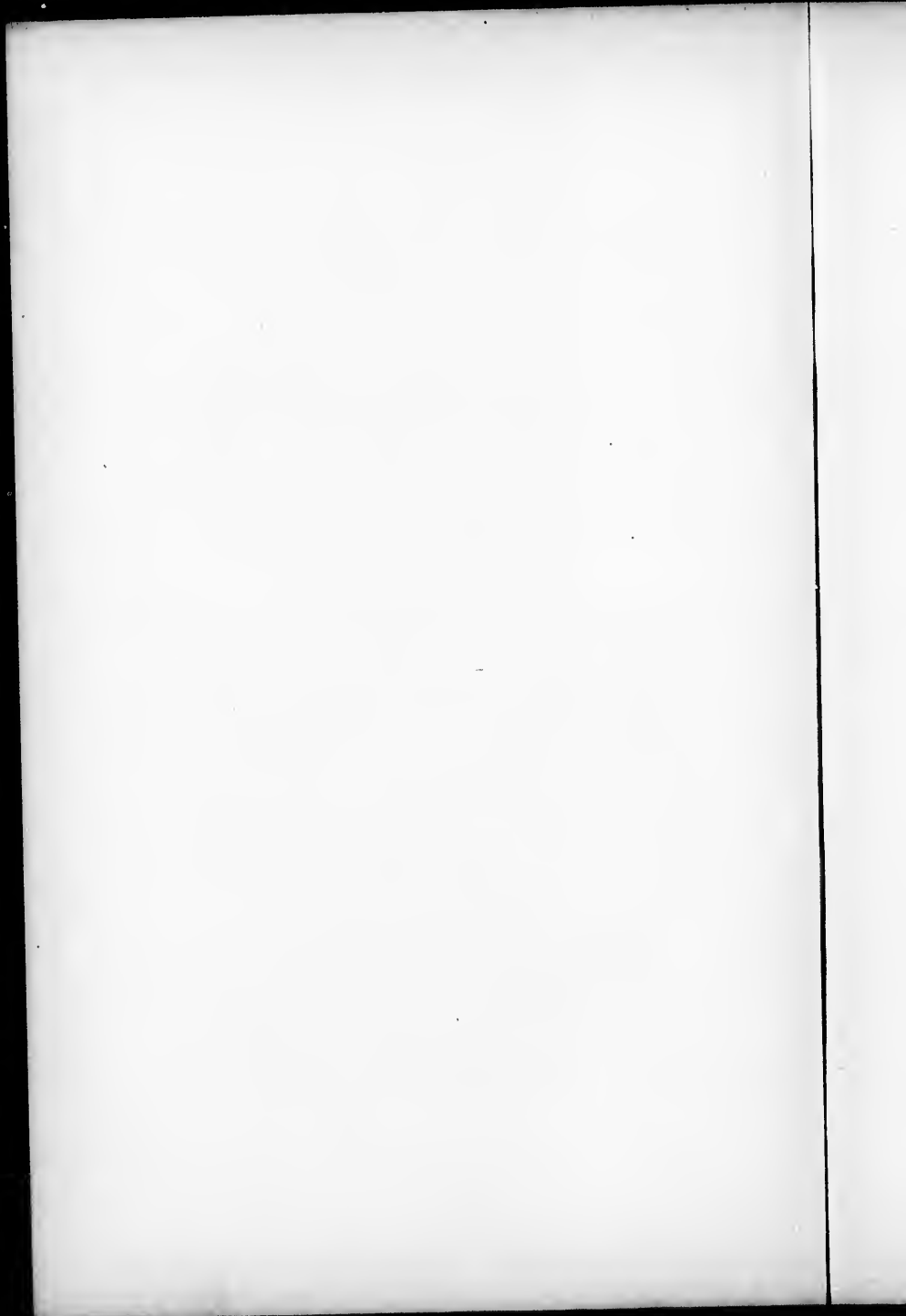
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### Letter No. 12.

*November 7th, Brunswick Hotel, New York.*

I am not sure whether I wrote up my journal to *this* date, Wednesday, 5th. On that morning Hedley and I went by *elevated* railway to get money from the bank, and pay for our passages in Cunard boat, the *Oregon*, on the 12th. After luncheon, Mrs. Belmont called and took Dick and me a drive in the park, and afterwards to Tiffany's, the great place for jewellery and such things. Dick went then to hear Mr. Baillie Hamilton's organ, and Hedley walked to the Millers, where Mrs. Belmont took us for an afternoon party they had got up for my benefit. They live in rather a nice flat, which was crowded with people, and where I got the most delicious chocolate and cream and biscuits! I was introduced to *everyone*, I think, and talked politics as much as I could with all the men in turn; even the Republicans strongly advise our retaining the House of Lords, and *not* giving universal suffrage. There were some nice-looking well-dressed people at this party, and all so kind and anxious we should be pleased. I like the Americans! they are so good *au fond*, and the women are superior to the men of the younger generation.



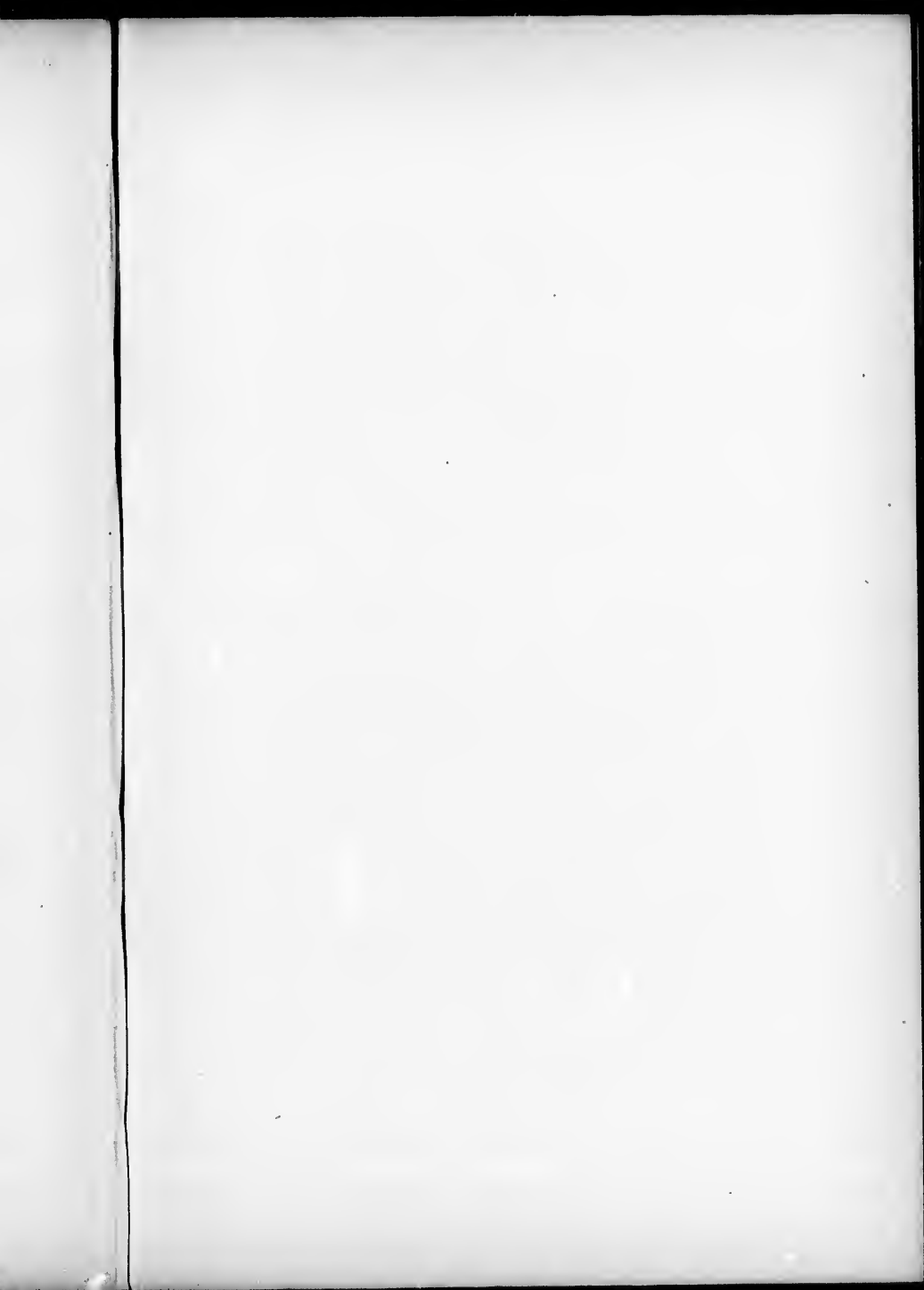


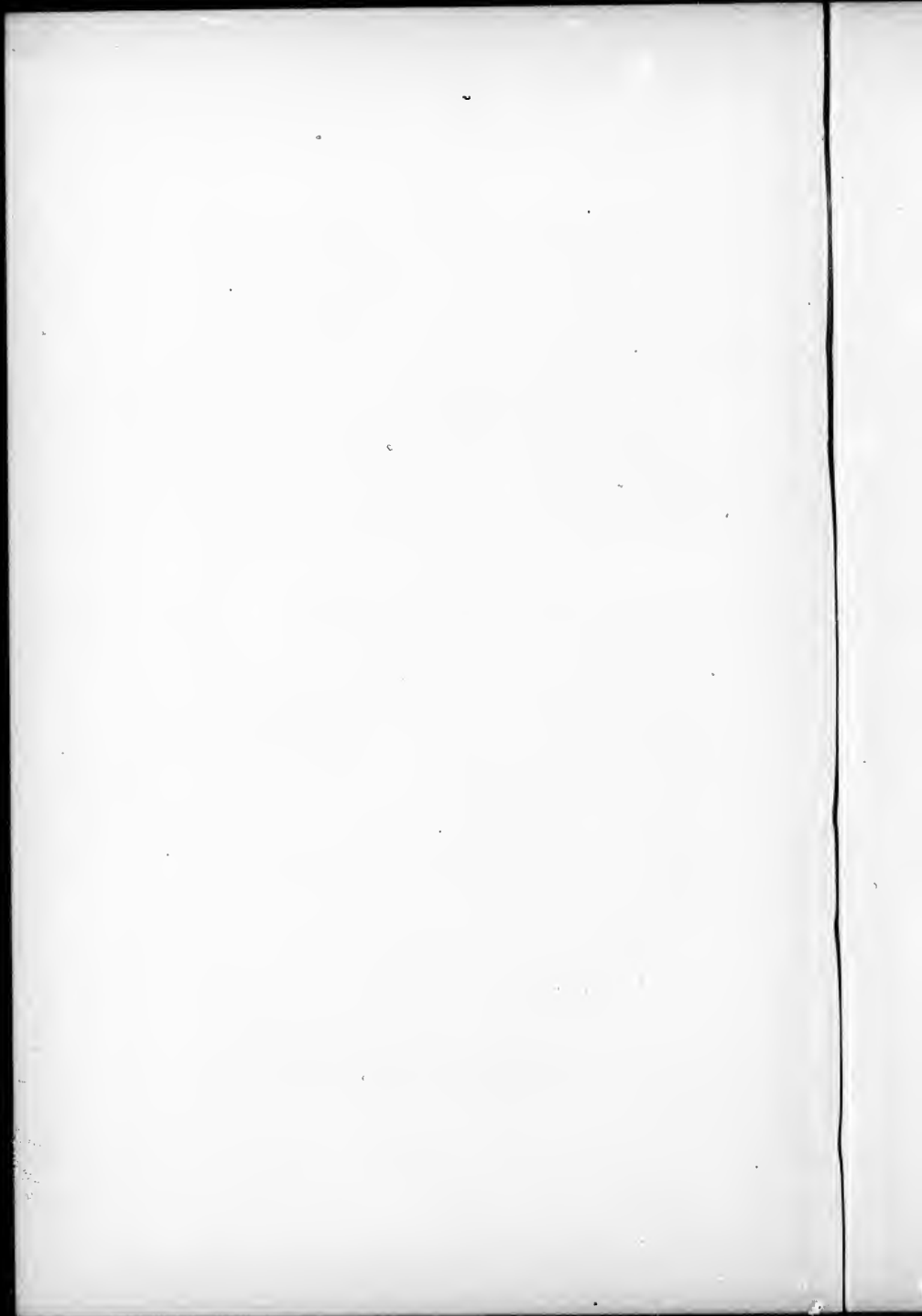
After dinner at the hotel, Hedley spied out Mr. Angus, our host at Montreal, and we had a long chat. The election is not yet decided, and the Democrats say that the others are likely to play tricks with the ballot boxes, and they have certainly delayed electoral returns; having command of ballot boxes, railways and telegraphs, they can easily do this, and if people arrive at thinking, as some do at *home*, that a man's conscience ought only to consider the importance of keeping *his party* in power, and ignore every other consideration, why, what is to stop these kind of things? If a man's conscience is not to *weigh down* the advantages of gain to his *party* in some matters, why in others?

*Thursday, 6th.*—We started as arranged at a quarter to nine to the Normal School for girls, richly endowed by some citizen, and entirely free. It was a good walk and we were not lucky in our trams, and so we arrived rather late at the large hall. Our friend General Wilson introduced me to the President, who placed me in *his* chair, and then I saw before me fifteen hundred young women. They got up singly and recited interesting quotations and sung, and then marched out to music in military order. We went to another hall, and saw them exercised, and they were healthy and graceful performances. These girls come at nine and stay till two, and are thoroughly well taught. Little ones, too, are instructed by the elder girls. It is a capital education for the future mothers and teachers. I suppose most of *our* girls go to service of that class! We then went to General Wilson's, and breakfasted on soup, fish, venison steak, &c. A very agreeable lady, a Southerner, was there, and as General Wilson is a Republican, *we* argued, and he found all the party against his views, but he is used to being crushed, for his wife is a Democrat! He

wanted us to go to see a famous library, but I was too tired, and when he and the boys returned we went home, and Mr. and Mrs. Neilson were waiting for us at the hotel. We then started for a very high building near the river, when we mounted in an elevator, and had a beautiful view of New York, and could see the Hudson river and water-way in which it rejoices, but everything is spoilt in America for the sake of the *railways*, and steamers, and wharves, and you see no pretty houses near the river banks in the cities. Brooklyn Bridge is fine, and I half hoped to cross it and find out Dr. Penticost, but was *finished up*, and went home to rest. Then visitors came: Mrs. Gardener, daughter of Bishop Doane, of Albany, very nice; then we dined at the Belmont's. The house is gorgeous in embroidery, and pictures, and statues, and all in very good taste, and more *comfortable* than most of their fine houses. The dinner, too, was *very good*, and I was the better for the excellent champagne. Mrs. Belmont is a wonderful little woman, with thick brown hair, and looking about forty, and I have seen people look as old at thirty. He is short and lame, and rather plain, but is clever and agreeable, and speaks with a strong foreign accent. Their son, Mr. Percy Belmont, has been elected three times for Congress. There was a southern lady there and her husband, Madame Hoffman, I think, and a Miss Wright. Madame Hoffman is very handsome and lively. The Belmonts apologized for a small party, because they are in mourning. They keep up mourning dress and customs tremendously long here. At first I thought there were a surprising number of widows going about, but I discovered they were mourning for their aunts or grandmothers!

The election was not settled till late last night, and they say the Republicans are still disputing the returns—







and they feared riots in New York. I must say they seem wonderfully quiet, and I slept till half past eight this morning, longer than for weeks past. To-day's papers announce Lord Londonderry's death and Mr. Fawcett's. How many people one is interested in have died since we left England in August!

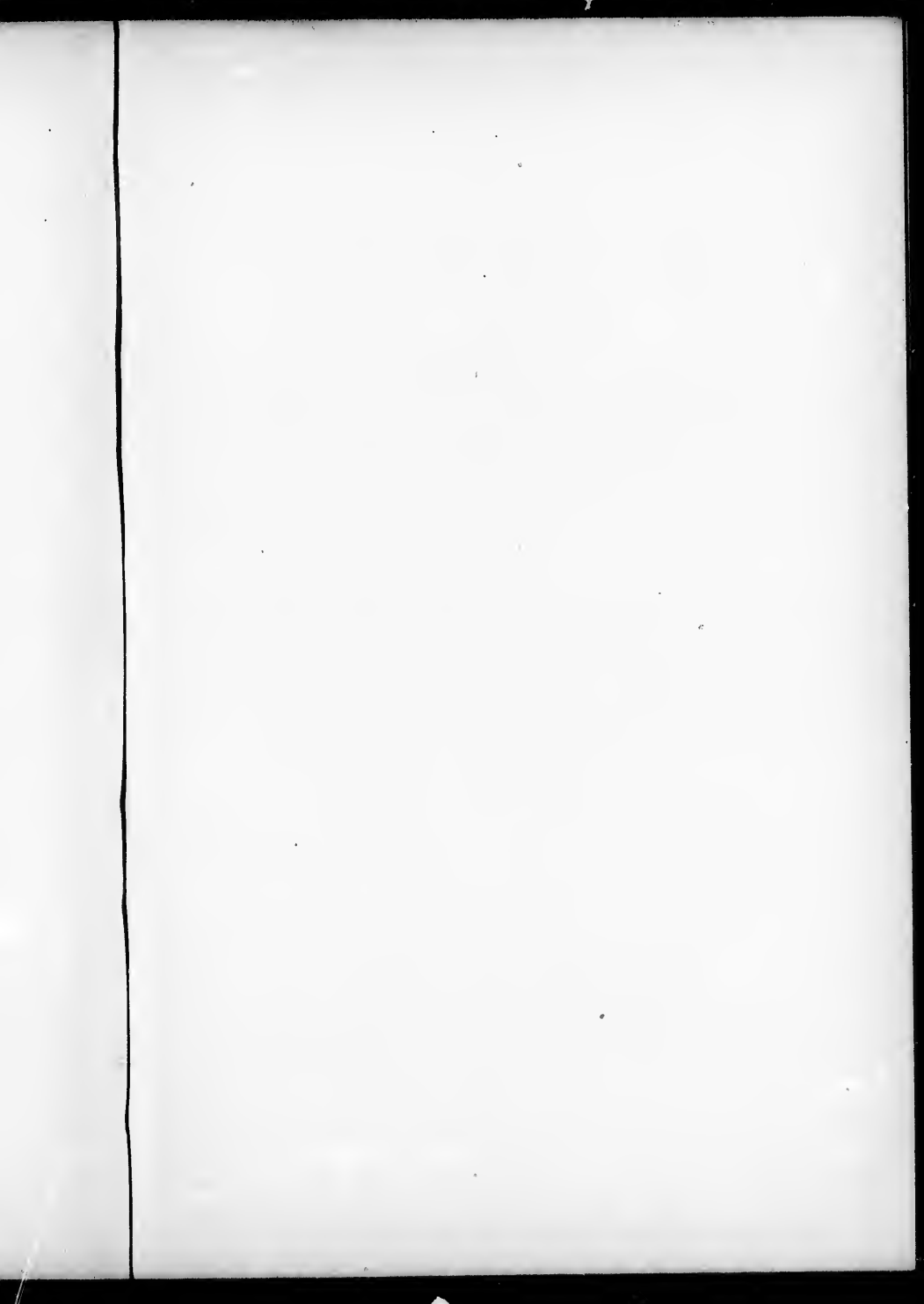
*Friday, 9th.*—Mr. Baillie Hamilton took Dick and me to hear his organ "*vocalian*," at a church, it was a *walk* for me, and the wind was very cold and strong, church very hot, and so I caught cold. I should die of some lung complaint if I remained here long! We started for Long Island about three, crossing in a ferry and then by rail, and found on reaching the station that Mr. Jones and Miss Miller were unhappy about us, as they could not find us in the train. Carriages were waiting and we reached Unqua in twenty minutes. A good sized house (and my bedroom quite splendid) on a bit of grass land, with stumpy trees scattered anyhow, opposite and close to South Oyster Bay, which is divided from the Atlantic by a narrow strip of sand, back premises in full view, with chickens and turkeys everywhere in full possession! All the establishment awaited our arrival, I think, in the hall, including two smart waiters come for the auspicious occasion. Mrs. and Miss Jones (her sister), and a Miss Jones (niece) with her father who is a widower and lives there, and Col. Jones a grass widower whose wife lives in Paris. At dinner I appeared as smart as I could, and I think made a sensation, judging by the approving looks and smiles cast upon me! Nearly all the neighbours are Jones's or Loyd Jones's, and some of them dined.

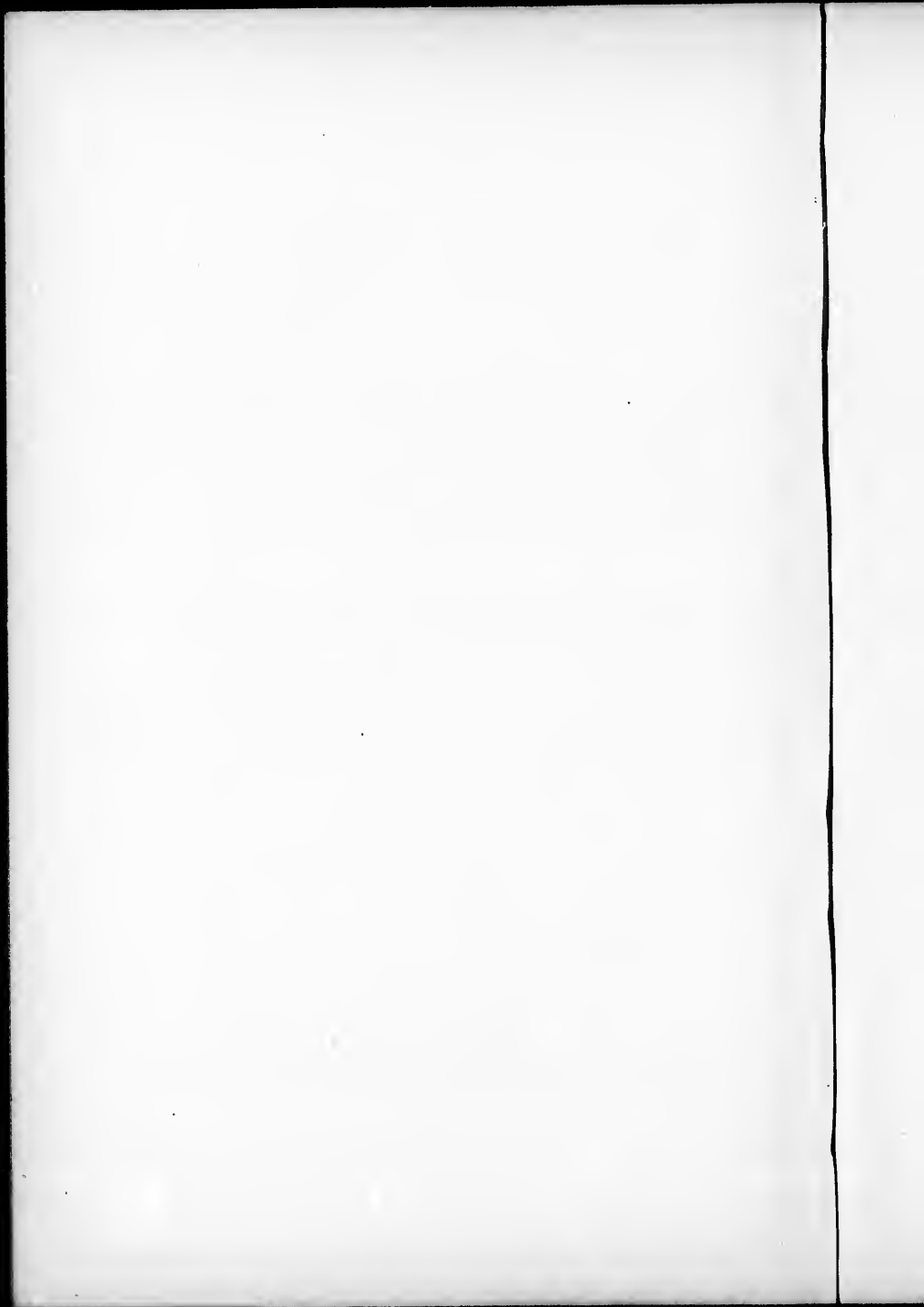
*Saturday, 8th.*—I rested in my room till twelve, and then in a smart tea gown was *seated* next Mrs. Jones on a sofa, and was introduced to each one as they shook hands with her and with me; they were nearly all strangers to

me, but some sat for a few minutes on my other side and talked, and some asked us to go and see them, but I was obliged to decline all hospitalities, as we have no time for more. They were not particularly well dressed *generally*, nor was I struck by the beauty of the young women. Mrs. Belmont, who is a leader of fashion in New York, said, "I hope you won't think this is the *best* of New York society;" however, I know I have at different times seen the *best*, and there were many there who represented *la crème de la crème*. Sir Richard Temple was one of the very few English present, all were very kind and cordial, and I really felt quite an important *Personage!* almost royalty!! The luncheon was a terrific scramble, for waiting is so bad in America, and I got nothing to eat till very late, and my head ached horribly—after shaking hands with four hundred people (three hundred came by special train from New York), it was not much wonder, and I retired to lie down at half-past four, when they all had gone.

*Sunday 9th.*—I was in bed quite ill till past four, and then I came down and was petted and nursed. Dick went back yesterday afternoon, and the last we saw of him was hanging on to the back of one of the numerous carriages, which he caught just in time to reach the train. I could not go out to tea as arranged with some relations, but the others did excepting Mrs. and Miss Jones. At half-past seven we had supper altogether and champagne, &c. Nothing could be kinder than everyone.

*Monday, 10th.*—At two, after luncheon, they sent us to the station (Mr. Jones, such a good nice man, had gone early to New York), and Miss Miller accompanied us. On arriving at the hotel there was Mrs. Bidgelow, a very cordial lady who had invited us to West Point; she seized us and exclaimed, "I am so glad just to have caught you





and seen you once more," and she called me "dear," sometimes, and begged she might kiss me at parting, and as she was nice looking I didn't mind! That night being engaged to go with Mrs. Belmont to the opera, I felt, in spite of the risk, I must do it. So I went well wrapped up and sat behind in the beautiful large box, so that I could cough without at any rate being *seen*, and I hope did not much interfere with the enjoyment of *Patti* by others, but for myself it was no enjoyment at all. There were smart and well-dressed people in the opera house, but *not up to our* upper "ten thousand" and they talked while *Patti* was singing in our box which was close to the stage.

*Tuesday*.—Mr. Cleland Burns of the Cunard Company, an old acquaintance, came to see me with many kind offers to arrange everything for my comfort, as he and his daughters were going in the *Oregon*, and also Mr. W. Cunard, and his son; a Mr. Morgan, a banker and friend of Mrs. Pruy'n's, has put off coming unfortunately, for from all accounts he is much to be liked; he called twice, and the second time I was able to see him. I remained quiet, but saw many visitors, and many I was obliged to decline seeing; the *sons* both went out to dine.

*Wednesday, 12th*.—At half-past ten we started with baggage for ship, got all on board comfortably, found one lady in my cabin, and I spoke to Mr. Burns, who said he would arrange for me after we had started; lots of people came to see their friends off. Mr. Neilson, brought me some beautiful butter for the voyage! Mrs. Pruy'n telegraphed and sent me the biscuits; Mr. Hall, a brother of Mrs. Edlmann, and Mr. Eyre, friends of Dick's came, and Mr. Carpenter an acquaintance from New Brunswick, and Mr. Whitehouse, a literary acquaintance. At six o'clock we started in the fine ship

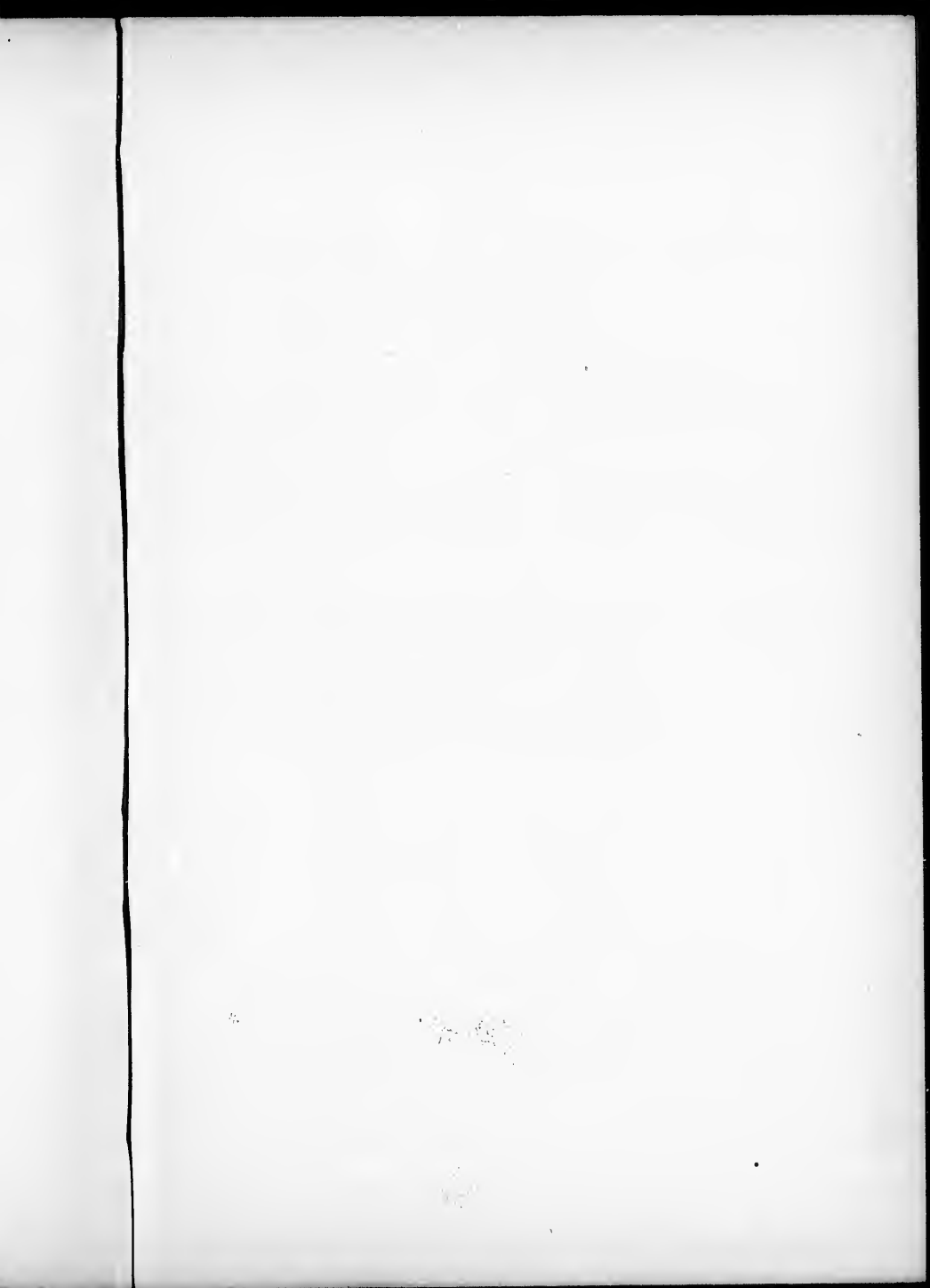
*Oregon*, in which I am now writing. It was a lovely *Indian* summer day, *clear* as we rarely see it in our Islands, sun shining, and so we saw the splendid Bay of New York to great advantage, it seemed wonderful to us after our experience going to Quebec, to see how calm and blue the great Atlantic *could* be. Mr. Burns put me into a cabin to myself near *them*, but unfortunately it was also very near the engines, and after two nights, I sneaked back to my own berth, and put up with a very quiet little lady in preference! Mr. Burns placed us at their table, and I have the benefit of his cheerful company and his lively daughters, as well as the champagne and good things he shares with us, and we are a very merry party, and enjoyed ourselves much, until Friday, when the weather changed. A Mr. Clinton, a fine looking man of six feet six inches, son of Lord Charles Clinton, a Mr. Dickson, a very gentlemanlike nice ex-guardsman, a Mr. and Mrs. Drake, who are very musical, and he plays the flute better than anyone I ever heard, all sat near us, but for two or three days we had the *old story*, and the waves beat and rolled us about, and the passengers disappeared like mice to their holes, and we could not go on deck.

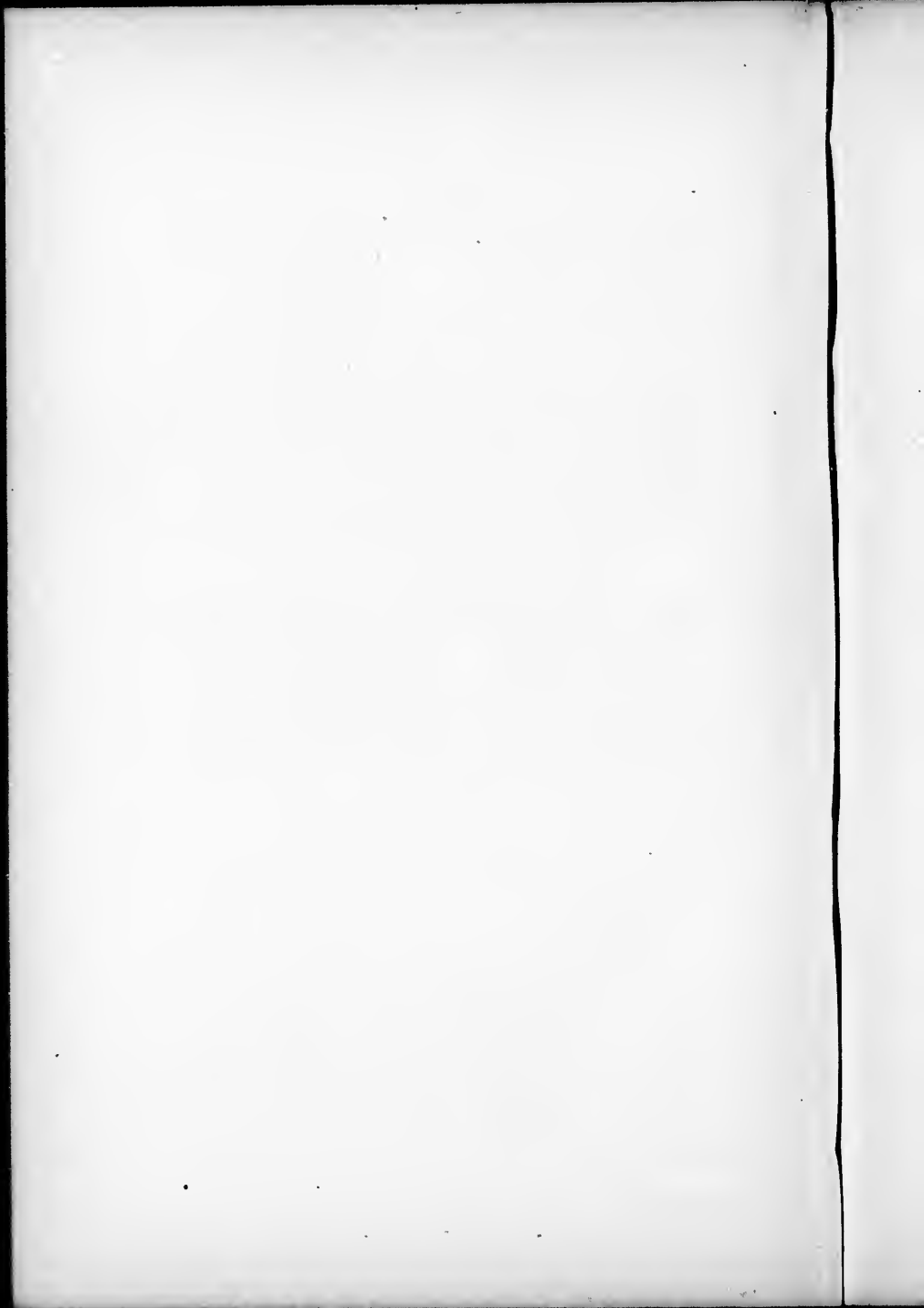
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LIST OF SALOON PASSENGERS PER R. M. S. "OREGON," (CAPTAIN  
MCMICKAN,) NEW YORK TO LIVERPOOL, NOV. 12TH, 1884.

Miss Appleford  
Mr. Julian B. Arnold  
Mr. J. Fred. Ackerman  
Mr. Jose d'Aranjo  
Mr. and Mrs. Edward Austin  
Mr. Alex. Aitchinson  
Mr. C. D. Armstrong  
Rev. J. A. Anderson

Capt. and Mrs. Bogle,  
six Children and two Servants  
Miss Bogle  
Master Bogle  
Miss Bodwell  
Mr. C. Bayley  
Mr. G. Bayley  
Mr. Thos. A. Bell



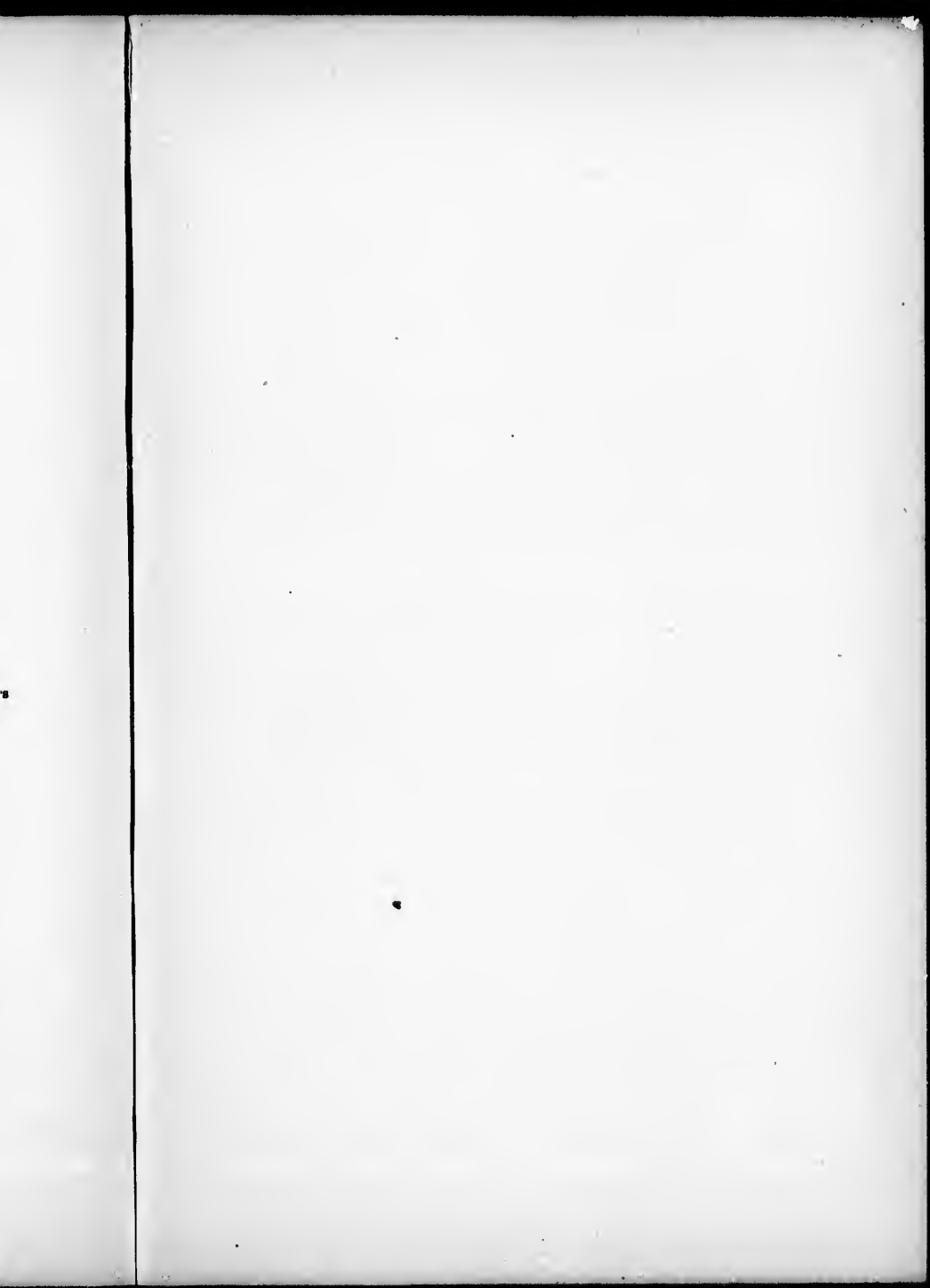


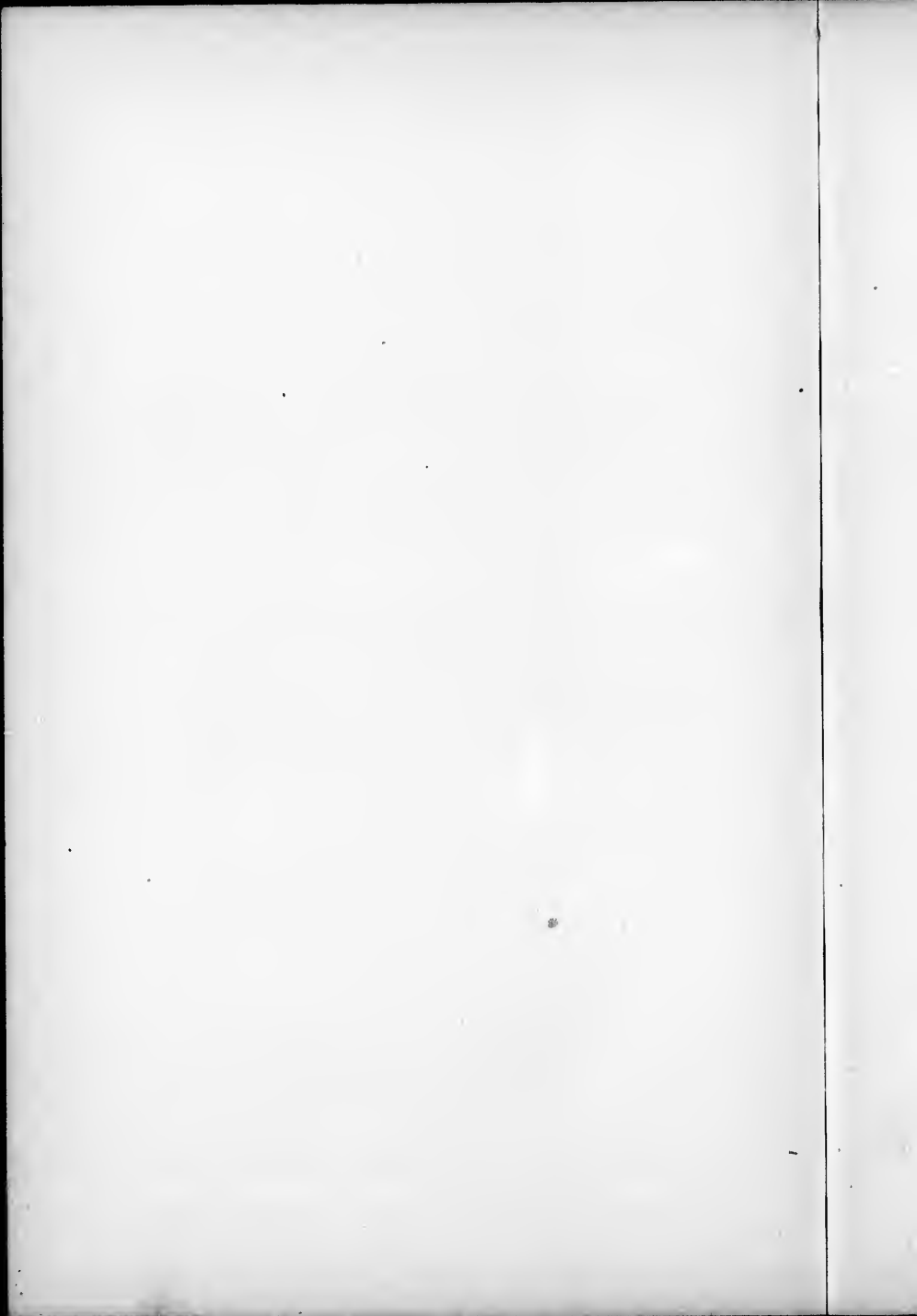


- Mr. J. N. Beach  
 Mr. Arthur A. Brigham  
 Hon. F. A. K. Bennett  
 Mr. S. A. Budgett  
 Mr. J. Cleland Burns  
 Miss Jean Burns  
 Miss Grace Burns,  
     and Maid  
 Rev. Geo. A. Brown  
 Mr. B. Bonfort  
 Miss Martha Bonfort  
 Mr. J. Barnes  
 Rev. Edwin M. Bliss  
 Mr. F. D. Blakeslee  
 Mr. J. Lomas Bullock  
 Mr. W. Butterworth  
 Mrs. Mary E. Byrne  
 Mr. John Blair  
 Rev. John Boylan  
 Mr. J. Collins  
 Mr. Stanley Conner  
 Mr. Aug. T. Chur  
 Miss Cranston  
 Mr. and Mrs. Wm. M. Cranston  
 Mr. J. P. Croal  
 Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Russell  
     Crampton  
 Miss Florence A. Cordis  
 Miss Nellie E. Cordis  
 Mr. L. Crules  
 Mr. F. M. Crick  
 Mr. and Mrs. Woodie Cook,  
     and Son  
 Mr. John Cholditch  
 Mr. Pelham Clinton  
 Mr. John L. Chapman  
 Mr. Alex. Campbell  
 Mr. Wm. Cunard  
 Mr. Ernst H. Cunard  
 Mr. Geo. Dixon  
 Mr. John Dixon  
 Mr. Frank S. Dougherty  
 Mr. Chas. Algernon Dougherty  
 Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Drake  
 Rev. and Mrs. W. E. Daniel  
 Miss Annie Davis  
 Mr. Walter Dickinson  
 Mr. Ed. M. Denny  
 Mr. Ed. Henry Denny  
 Mr. Chas. Edward Denny  
 Mr. J. H. Douglas-William  
 Mr. F. J. Douglas-William  
 Miss R. Emmett  
 Miss Emmett  
 Miss Lydia F. Emmett  
 Mr. and Mrs. Robert Easson,  
     and two Children  
 Mr. A. S. Emmet  
 Mr. Frank Evans  
 Miss Alice Foster  
 Miss Emma Foster  
 Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Fiddian  
 Rev. M. Flynn  
 Mr. Chandos-Pole-Gell  
 Mr. C. Gostenhofer  
 Mr. G. Greiner  
 Mr. E. Gebhardt  
 Rev. Miles Grant  
 Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Gordon,  
     and two Children  
 Mr. Francis Henry  
 Mrs. H. J. Hastings  
 Miss Hastings,  
     and two Maids  
 Mr. Nigel F. Hatton  
 Mr. Michael Hughes  
 Rev. and Mrs. E. P. Hammond  
 Mr. F. Henriques  
 Mr. Clarence M. Hyde  
 Mr. Theodore Haviland  
 Mr. C. T. Hunter  
 Mr. F. W. Hutchins  
 Mr. Henry R. Hoyt  
 Mr. E. L. Hamilton

Mr. John Hall  
 Mr. W. Howden  
 Mr. W. E. Jarratt  
 Mr. Chas. Johnston  
 Mr. A. de Journal  
 Mr. T. O. Jones  
 Mme. Marie Joseph  
 Mme. Honorat  
 Mme. Helena  
 Miss Kenyon  
 Mr. Adolph Keitel  
 Mr. Richard Kibble  
 Mrs. Kidd  
 Miss Kidd  
 Miss B. Kidd  
 Master Kidd  
 Mr. Frank Kemp  
 Mr. and Mrs. A. Ladenburg  
 Dr. and Mrs. Landis  
 Mr. W. Liddell  
 Mr. A. Lindsey  
 Mr. Edmund Lees  
 Mr. John Lawrance  
 Mr. P. Lawrence  
 Mr. John Leach  
 Mr. E. Middleton  
 Dr. Wm. B. Meany  
 Mr. G. B. Mackintire  
 Mr. Archd. A. McDonald  
 Mr. Ch. Mordaunt  
 Mr. M. L. Marcus  
 Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Makellar  
 Mr. Herbert Mead  
 Mrs. L. Middleton  
 Mr. W. W. Marks  
 Mr. M. MacLehose  
 Mr. Paul Meischer  
 Mr. Alex. McEwen  
 Miss Mills  
 Mr. Robt. J. McClure  
 Sister Eliza Monica  
 Mr. Francis More

Mr. A. Bishop Mason  
 Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Nichols,  
 and Child  
 Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Noyes  
 Mr. Jeffreys Owen  
 Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Peyser  
 Hon. F. Petre  
 Mr. Richd. C. Perkins  
 Miss Puleston  
 Mrs. C. B. Paulmier  
 Miss Nellie Paulmier  
 Miss Richardson,  
 and Maid  
 Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Rideout  
 and Maid  
 Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Richardson,  
 and Maid  
 Lady Rayleigh,  
 and Maid  
 Mr. J. E. Raymond  
 Mr. J. F. Raymond  
 Mr. Jno. F. Roy  
 Captain Hugh Rose  
 Mr. and Mrs. H. Skerrett Rogers  
 Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Riches  
 Miss Marion Riches  
 Mr. Champion B. Russell  
 Mr. W. Scott  
 Mr. Harmon Spruance  
 Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Schickle  
 Mr. Frank W. Steves  
 Mr. C. F. Schmidt  
 Mr. Matthew Snoeck  
 Mr. Phillip M. Smith  
 Mr. O. Streatfeild  
 Hon. Richd. Strutt  
 Hon. Hedley V. Strutt  
 Mr. G. S. Stephen  
 Rev. Geo. Mure Smith  
 Mr. I. L. Solomon  
 Mr. Frank Sartoris  
 Mr. H. W. Sawyer





Mrs. Trislihard  
 Mrs. Martin Thouron,  
     and two Sons  
 Mr. H. Trovenen  
 Mrs. Edwin F. Taylor  
 Mr. Alfred R. Tregellas  
 Mrs. L. J. Trowbridge  
 Mr. John A. Tulk  
 Mr. A. Taylor  
 Mr. A. M. Talbot  
 Mr. Jean Verga  
 Sister Mary Virginia  
 Mr. Chas. E. Willoughby  
 Mr. Geo. Windeler  
 Miss Minnie Wilson  
 Miss Walls  
 Mr. Wm. Ward

Mr. G. M. Warren  
 Miss Adelaide Wilson  
 Mr. Thomas Webb  
 Mr. C. F. Watson  
 Mr. Gordon Wendell  
 Mr. A. H. Willey  
 Mr. A. Woodthorpe  
 Mr. A. J. Winn  
 Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Watress  
 Mr. W. A. Webber  
 Mr. W. D. Webb  
 Mrs. E. Wolfe,  
     and Maid  
 Dr. Wm. N. Wilson  
 Mrs. Emily Woods  
 Mr. H. R. Williams  
 Mr. J. S. Wilson

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This morning, *Tuesday, 18th*, I awoke after a very "dirty" night, to find the sun shining, and the sea comparatively calm. Last night we had a concert; on their requesting some American to lead off the "Star Spangled Banner," a nice looking elderly man, whom we had called G. O. M., got up and said "perhaps you may be surprised to hear that for one American who knows "Star Spangled Banner," one hundred and fifty know "God Save the Queen," upon which we cheered him, and stood up and all lustily sang "God Save the Queen;" after this dissipation we added that of an oyster supper and *toddy!* thanks to Mr. Burns. Here is the Programme of our Concert:—

R.M.S. "OREGON," (CAPT. McMICKAN).

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"OREGONIAN COMPANY."

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## A GRAND CONCERT

WILL BE GIVEN TO-NIGHT,

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 17TH, 1884,

IN AID OF THE

LIVERPOOL SEAMEN'S ORPHANAGE.

PATRONESS:—CLARA LADY RAYLEIGH.

MANAGERS:—SIGNOR CUNARDO & SIGNOR BURNSEASI.

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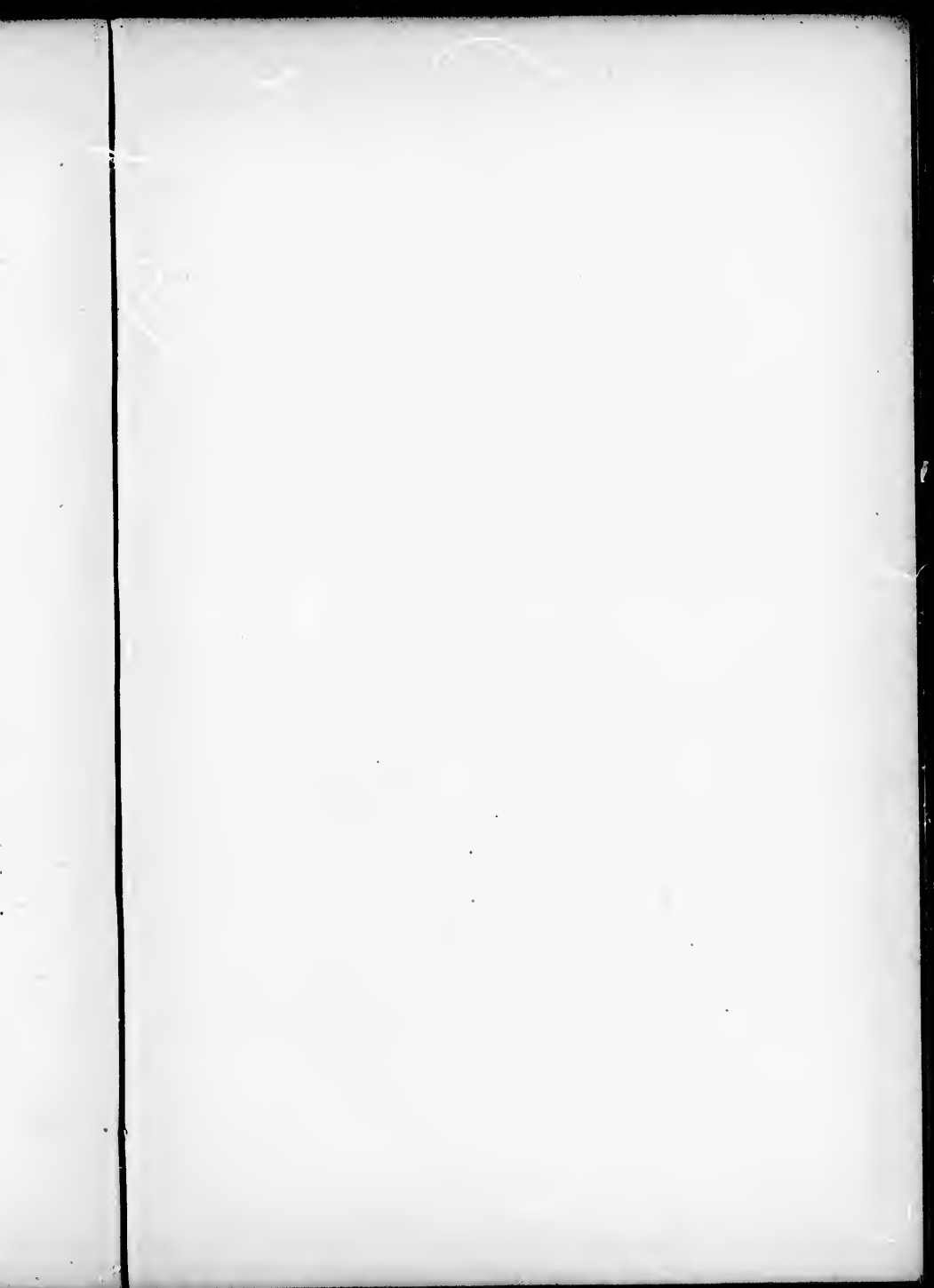
### PROGRAMME.

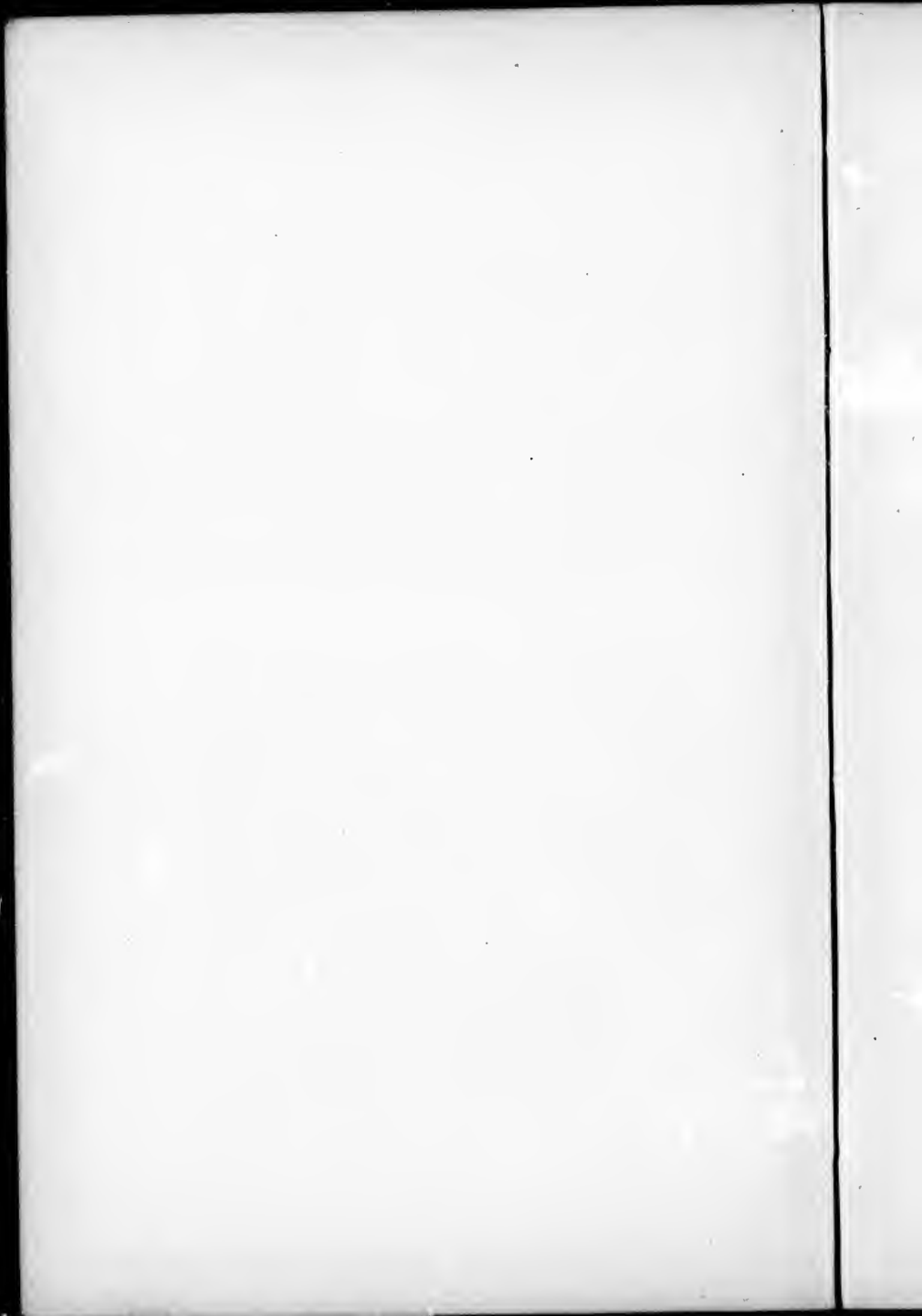
SONG	...	...	"Auld Robin Gray"	Prima Donna	Drake.
SONG	...	...	"For Ever and for Ever"	Mrs. E. Wolfe.	
SONG	...	...	"Sailing"	Mr. J. E. Willoughby.	
SOLO FLUTE	...	...	...	Herr Drake.	
SONG	...	...	...	Miss Puleston.	
SONG	...	...	...	Mr. Chandos-Pole-Gell.	
SONG	...	...	...	Mr. Brightman, A.B.	
SONG (Flute Obligato, Herr Drake)	...	...	...	Prima Donna	Drake.
SONG	...	...	...	Mr. J. Swanston Wilson.	
STAR SPANGLED BANNER	}	...	...	...	The Company.
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN					
ACCOMPANIST	...	...	Hon. Richard Strutt.		

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AMERICAN MONEY WILL BE TAKEN.

CARRIAGES MAY BE ORDERED FOR 9.30 P.M.







My cabin is opposite Dick and Hedley's, and the latter has great jokes about my treatment of my small lady companion! He says she is frightened to death of me, and is afraid to come into the cabin until I am safe in my berth! My love for the sea has received a severe check, though I think no other sea can be as bad and uninteresting as this tremendous Atlantic! I have not an idea where you are, but hope it is at Margaret's, and I shall send this there, as the best chance of your receiving it soon. I shall post this at Queenstown, when Dick will also telegraph to Augusta at Ampton, and he has asked her to let you know of our safety as far as that. The Americans have been singing in choruses while I have been writing, practising for a concert.

*Tuesday, 18th, eight o'clock p.m.*—I hear we shall get to Queenstown to-morrow morning, about ten o'clock. I have a game of whist coming on, and there is to be an American concert, "Star Spangled Banner," and all. Miss Puleston, who I have chaperoned in the *Oregon* from New York, is to be left at Queenstown.

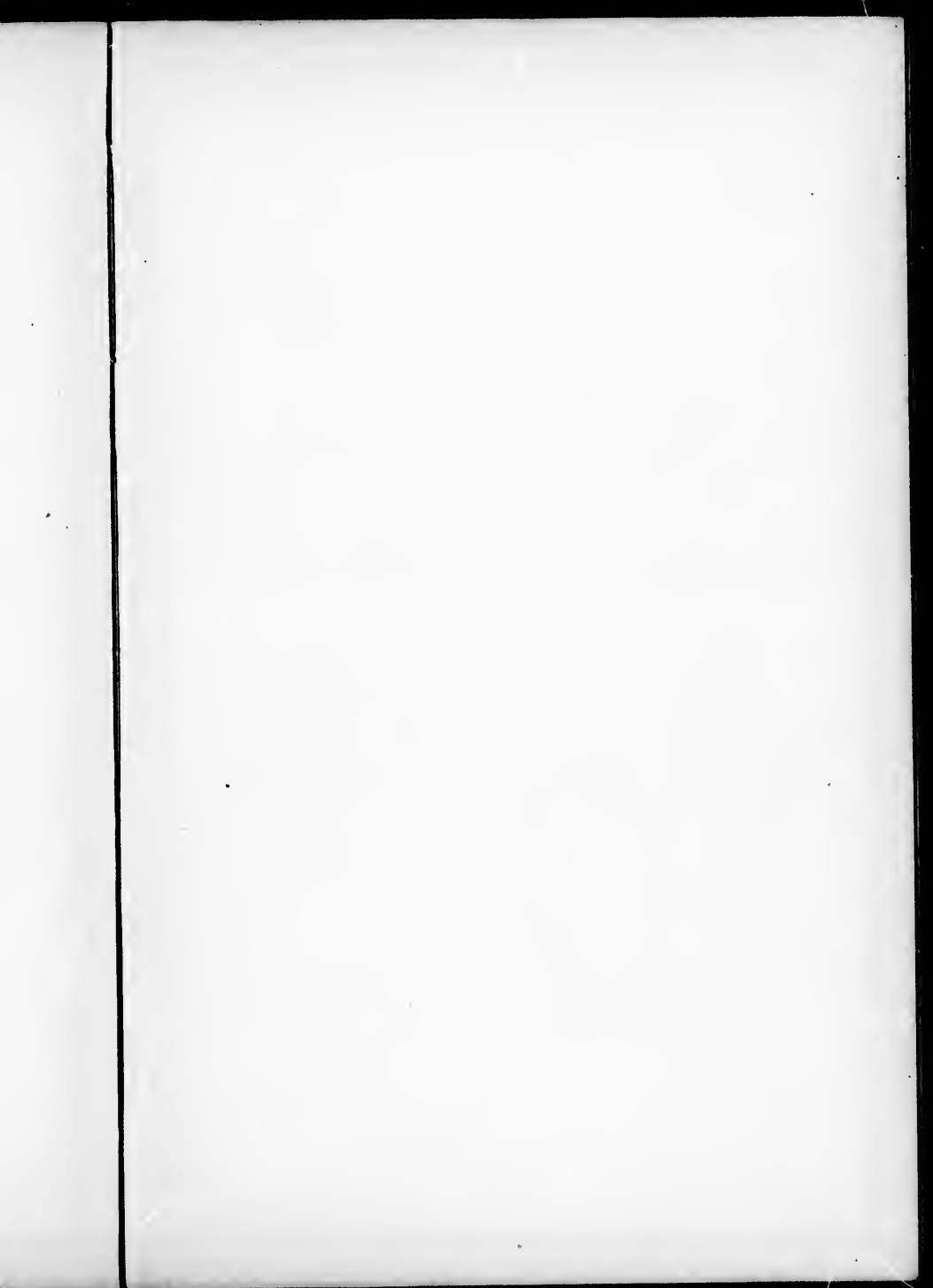
*Wednesday, 19th, Queenstown.*—The coast has been so pretty, and, of course, quite smooth, compared to what we have been accustomed to of late. I got up early, and saw all the sacks of letters, six hundred, from all parts of the world, carried on men's backs to the tugs on either side of the *Oregon*, and we parted with Miss Puleston and some others, and now I must stop as this is going to be posted. We expect to be at Liverpool some time to-night, and shall leave at once for Ampton, where I look forward to seeing so many of my dear ones. Dick and I agree that our happiest days have been the day we reached Quebec, and the day we left New York, both glorious in weather and scenery!

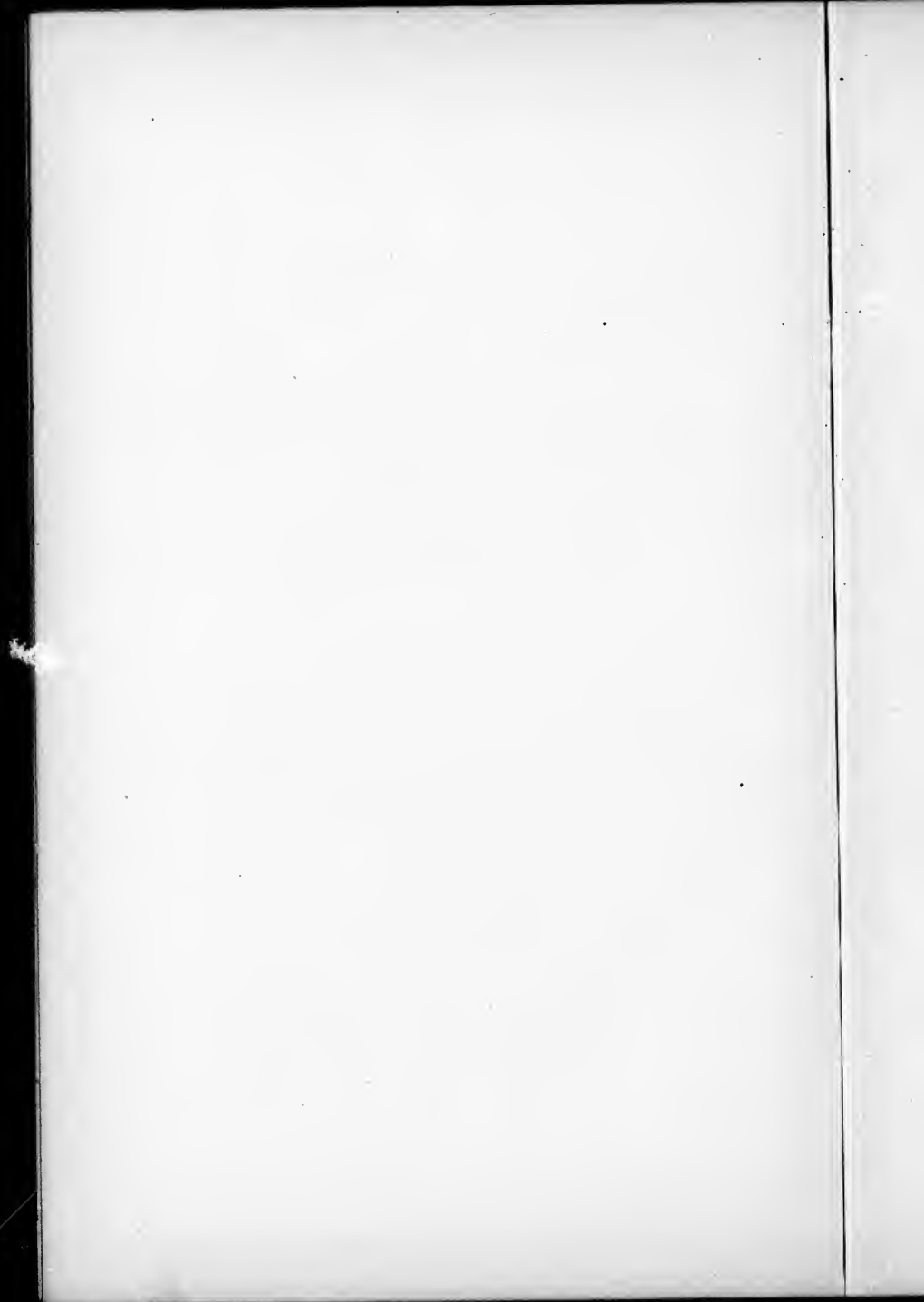
*Given me by Mr. AUGUST HUR, American, of New York, of  
German descent, November 18th, 1884, on "Oregon."*

My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing;  
Land where my Fathers died,  
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,  
From every mountain side  
Let Freedom ring.

My native country thee,  
Land of the noble free,  
Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills,  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.

Our Father, God, to Thee,  
Author of Liberty,  
Thy name we sing.  
Long may our land be bright  
With Freedom's holy light,  
Protect us by Thy might  
Great God our King.





November 19th.—I posted my letter to you at Queens-town. We had a very pleasant day on deck, and while playing some innocent whist in the evening, Mr. Burns announced, "We have arrived at Liverpool!" It seemed so wonderful! We remained at anchor after a very slow, careful steaming up the river, and it was pretty to watch the lights and the dim outlines as we passed by.

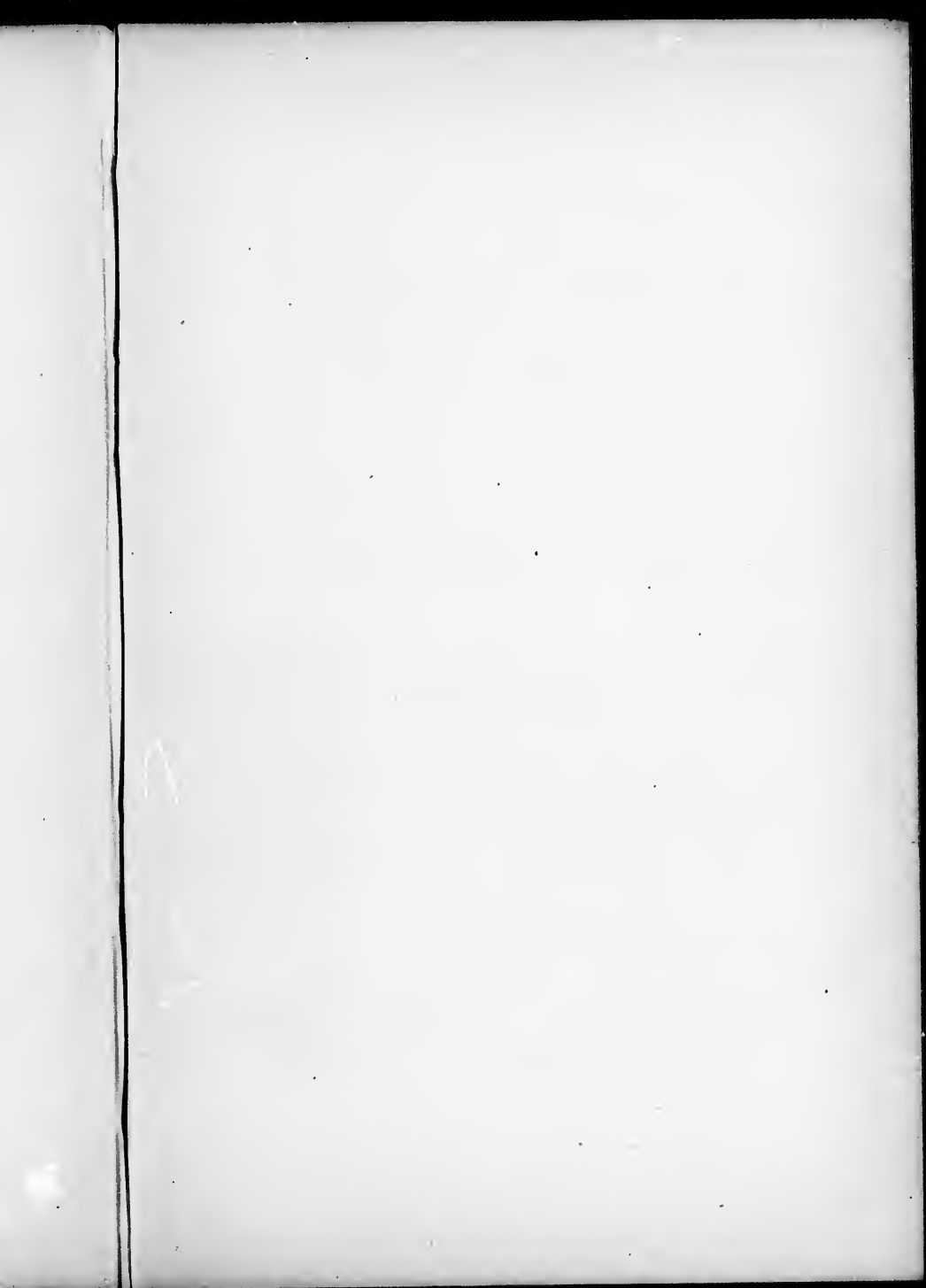
20th.—After a tremendous bustle at Custom House, where our boxes were all opened, but *mine* only just unfastened, Dick and I started in the train across country for Suffolk. We wished a hearty good-bye to our fellow-passengers. It was sad to see poor Mrs. Bogle standing with her seven children among her great deal boxes, *screwed down* (for she had only time on leaving Barbadoes to pack hurriedly), and then to look at the Custom House officials opening them all—thanks to the dynamite people, who make this precaution necessary. I must confess I thoroughly enjoyed our quiet smooth journey. All the time we had a carriage to ourselves (Hedley remained at Liverpool to visit the Woods at Birkenhead), and we only changed twice, having our luncheon comfortably in a basket *en route*, and reached Ingham about seven o'clock, where the carriage was waiting, and found dear Edward, Lisa, Augusta, and Rosa Paley at Ampton; Clara and Jack had been staying out, but returned after dinner when they heard of our arrival. It was so delightful to be among so many dear ones again, and oh! the luxury of a large comfortable bed, and how thoroughly I enjoyed it, and the quiet and beauty of Ampton altogether! I hear you are expected in London to-morrow. I never lost anything during my whole journey, excepting two things, which were left behind in our railway car at Winnipeg, owing to that horrid cook hiding them; but on this journey from

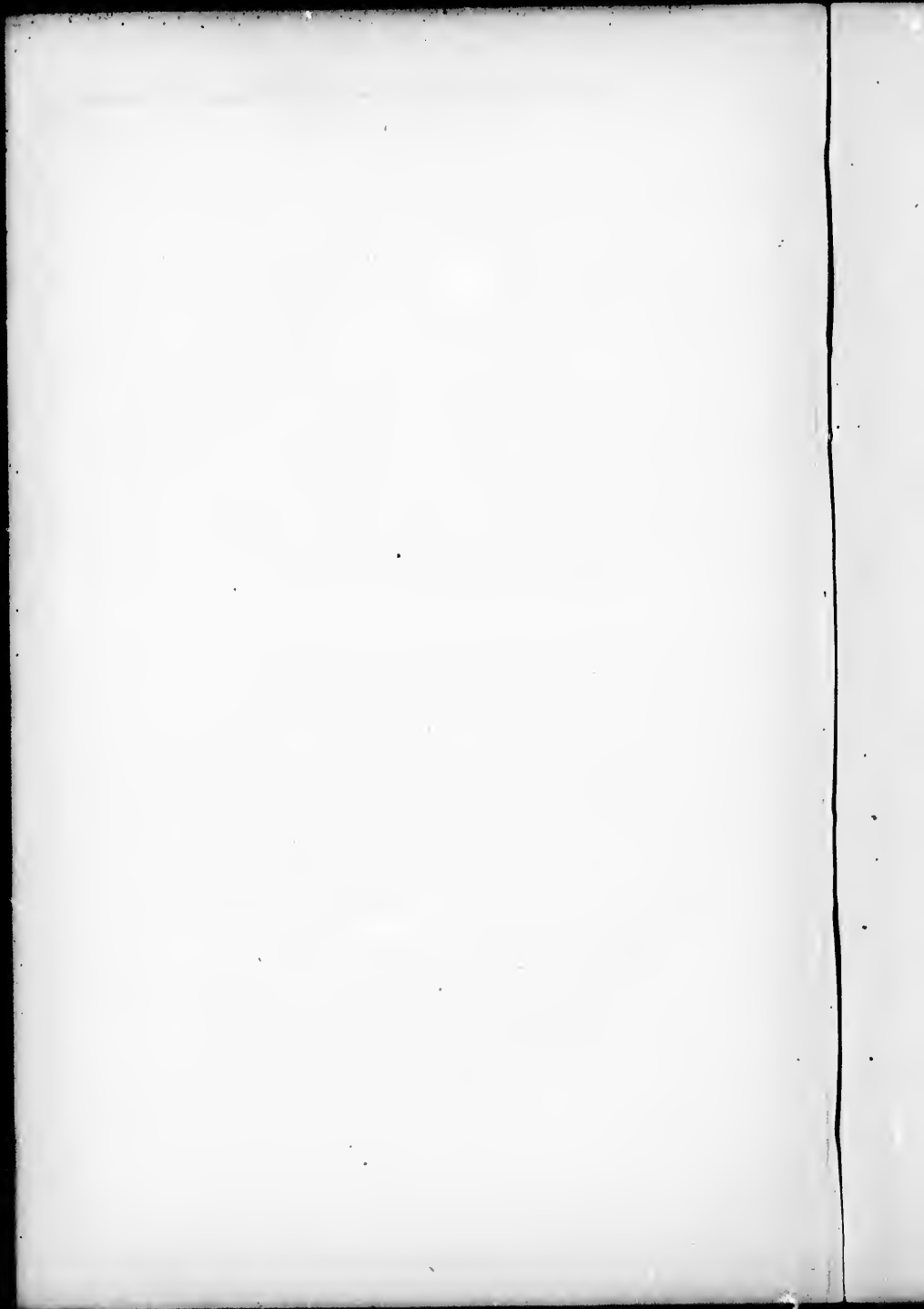
Liverpool, my emerald ring, set with diamonds, must have slipped off my finger, and could not be found, though I telegraphed, &c., at once; this is an unpleasant episode.

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*P. S. to my Diary.*—I spent a fortnight of complete rest and quiet at Ampton with dear Clara, &c., and was under medical care most of the time with a bad cough and derangement of liver; notwithstanding, it was a happy, peaceful time, and I little thought it was my last visit to that dear old house!

On *Saturday, 3rd January*, soon after my return from Weston, when I had been visiting Lady Camperdown, the three sisters Beatrice, Clara and Rosa arrived to tell me that the whole house, excepting the study and kitchen rooms, was burnt to a *shell* that morning at three o'clock! A large children's party had been given Friday evening, and many people had scarcely left at one o'clock, and Clara was not in bed till half-past one o'clock. The fire broke out at a quarter to three o'clock, was discovered by a maid visitor, and nearly everyone had to leave their bedrooms with only the clothes on their backs, and for some time Clara and Jack, &c., had not time to think of putting more on, though it was bitterly cold. Thank God, no one was hurt, and as the fire spread rapidly, and the cold was very great, there was great cause for thankfulness. Everyone worked well and showed presence of mind, with one or two exceptions, and Clara and Jack were calm and active throughout, but it was a dreadful blow,







and I felt quite *knocked down*, and did not recover for some time.

On *Wednesday, 21st January*, I accompanied Clara and Arthur, and Miss MacCormack to Barton, where Jack joined us from Ampton.

On *Thursday* we drove over there, and I had the melancholy satisfaction of seeing the *ruins*, and trying to find something for Rosa, who had lost everything; alas! without success.



